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PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

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OF

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plete in 63 vols.

THE PROTOTYPES OF THACKERAY'S CHARACTERS.

IN a letter to an American friend, who was seeking the prototypes of some of her father's characters, and especially of George Warrington and Blanche Amory, Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie used these words :

"My father scarcely ever put real characters into his books, though he of course found suggestions among the people with whom he was thrown. I have always thought there was something of himself in Warrington. Perhaps the serious part of his nature was vaguely drawn in that character. There was also a little likeness to his friend Edward Fitzgerald, who always lived a very solitary life. When I was a girl the Blanche Amory type was a great deal more common than it is now, and I remember several young ladies who used to sing and laugh and flirt very amusingly, but I am quite sure you will not find anything definite anywhere."

Thackeray himself makes a similar disclaimer in that admirable little Roundabout paper *De Finibus*. But, on the other hand, Edmund Yates asserts that "it was a pleasant peculiarity of Mr.

Thackeray's to make semi-veiled but unmistakable allusions in his books to persons at the time obnoxious to him." And he instances the fact that during the unpleasant episode at the Garrick Club, which lost him Thackeray's friendship, and estranged Dickens and Thackeray, "out came the (I think) seventh number of *The Virginians*, casting a wholly irrelevant and ridiculous lugged-in-by-the-shoulders allusion to me as Young Grub Street in its pages." Mr. Yates feelingly adds that this was "generally considered to be hitting below the belt while pretending to fight on the square, and to be unworthy of a man in Thackeray's position." In a succeeding number of the same story there was another fling at Yates as "my dear young literary friend, George Garbage."

George Augustus Sala, whose "Twice Around the Clock" papers were then running through the *Welcome Guest*, referred humorously to "Mr. Polyphemus the novelist" and his "Tom Thumb foes"—

NEW SERIES.—VOL. L., No. 1.

"George Garbage" and "Young Grub Street"—and asked what was the effect of all the thunder that had been launched against them :

"Is Grub Street," he inquired, "in some murky den, with a vulture's quill dipped in vitriol, inditing libels upon the great, good, and wise of the day? Wonder upon wonders, Grub Street sits in a handsome study, listening to his wife laughing over her crochet-work at Mr. Polyphemus's last attack on him, and dandling a little child upon his knee! Oh, the strange world in which we live, and the post that people will knock their heads against."

That "Pendennis" was in a measure autobiographical, and that many of the novelist's friends were introduced into it under more or less thin disguises, is evident from many passages in the recently published "Letters" to Mrs. Brookfield, and is, indeed, confessed in this note to George Moreland Crawford, Paris correspondent of the London *Daily News*, which accompanied a presentation copy of the book :

"You will find much to remind you of old talks and faces—of William John O'Connell, Jack Sheehan, and Andrew Archdeene. There is something of you in Warrington, but he is not fit to hold a candle to you, for, taking you all around, you are the most genuine fellow that ever strayed from a better world into this. You don't smoke, and he is a consumed smoker of tobacco; Bordeaux and port were your favorites at the 'Deanery' and the 'Garick,' and Warrington is always guzzling beer; but he has your honesty, and, like you, could not posture if he tried. You have a strong affinity for the Irish. May you some day find an Irish girl to lead you to matrimony; there's no such good wife as a daughter of Erin."

Warrington, therefore, seems to have been drawn largely from Crawford, although there is probably some truth in Mrs. Ritchie's suggestion that it vaguely represents the serious side—the Dr. Jekyll side—of Thackeray's own character. The vain, frivolous, snobbish side—the Dr. Hyde side—is undoubtedly presented in Arthur Pendennis. Indeed, some of the sketches of Arthur are recognizable portraits of the author-artist. Andrew Archdeene stood for Foker, Jack Sheehan for Captain Shandy, and William John O'Connell for Costigan.

Archdeene, like Foker, was small in stature and owned a large estate, which enabled him to gratify his tastes for eccentric clothing and for sports of all kinds. He especially delighted in driving coaches

as an amateur. With O'Connell, Sheehan, and Crawford, he was in the habit of frequenting a tavern near St. Paul's known as the "Deanery," because it had been presided over by "Ingoldsby" Barham—a canon of the neighboring cathedral. Archie was good-natured enough, but he never quite forgave Thackeray his caricature. The night that Thackeray delivered his first lecture on the "English Humorists," Archdeene was present, and, meeting him later at the Cider Cellars Club surrounded by a coterie of congratulators, he called out: "How are you, Thack? I was at your show to-day at Willis's. What a lot of swells you had there—yes! But I thought it was dull—devilish dull! I will tell you what it is, Thack, you want a piano!"

William John O'Connell was a cousin of the Liberator's, and Edmund Yates describes him as an Irish gentleman "of the old fighting, drinking, creditor-defying school," who lived in London nobody exactly knew how.

"He was a very handsome old man, with a red face and white hair, walked lame from the effects of a bullet in his hip received in a duel; and had the deepest, most rolling, most delightful brogue. With a compatriot named O'Gorman Mahone, he also shared the honor of being the Mulligan of 'Mrs. Perkins's Ball.'"

In the Roundabout paper already alluded to, Thackeray asserts that he had invented Costigan, "as I suppose authors invent their personages," out of "scraps, heel-taps, odds and ends of characters." And he tells the following entertaining story which, he says, happened ten years after the publication of "Pendennis":

"I was smoking in a tavern parlor one night, and this Costigan came into the room alive—the very man; the most remarkable resemblance of the printed sketches of the man, of the rude drawings in which I had depicted him. He had the same little coat, the same battered hat, cocked on one eye, the same twinkle in that eye. 'Sir,' said I, knowing him to be an old friend whom I had met in unknown regions—'Sir,' I said, 'may I offer you a glass of brandy-and-water?' 'Bedad, ye may,' says he, 'and I'll sing ye a song tu.' Of course he spoke with an Irish brogue. Of course he had been in the army; in ten minutes he pulled out an army agent's account whereon his name was written; a few months after we read of him in a police court. How had I come to know him, to divine him? Nothing shall convince me that I have not seen that man in the world of spirits; in the world of spirits and water I know I did, but

that is a mere quibble of words. I was not surprised when he spoke in an Irish brogue. I had had cognizance of him before, somehow."

Elsewhere Thackeray tells a similar story about another of his characters :

"A gentleman came in to see me the other day who was so like the picture of Philip Firmin in Mr. Walker's charming drawings in the *Cornhill Magazine*, that he was quite a curiosity to me. The same eyes, beard, shoulders, just as you have seen them from month to month. Well, he is not like the Philip Firmin in my mind. Asleep, asleep in the grave, lies the bold, the generous, the reckless, the tender-hearted creature whom I have made to pass through those adventures which have just been brought to an end. It is years since I heard the laughter ringing, or saw the bright blue eyes. When I knew him both were young ; I become young as I think of him."

Thackeray's recently published "Letters" give much interesting information as to the lay figures from whom he modelled his characters, although the good taste of the editor has in all cases suppressed the real names. We are left, therefore, to conjecture the identity of the person described in the following paragraph, who evidently sat for the Fotheringay :

"She is kind, frank, open-handed, not very refined, with a warm outpouring of language, and thinks herself the most feeling creature in the world ; the way in which she fascinates some people is quite extraordinary. She affected me by telling me of an old friend of ours in the country—Dr. Portman's daughter, indeed, who was a parson in our parts—who died of consumption the other day after leading the purest and saintliest life, and who after she had received the sacrament read over her friend's letter, and actually died with it on the bed. Her husband adores her ; he is an old cavalry colonel of sixty, and the poor fellow, away now in India, and yearning after her, writes her yards and yards of the most tender, submissive, frantic letters ; five or six other men are crazy about her. She trotted them all out, one after another, before me last night ; not humorously, I mean, not making fun of them, but complacently describing their adoration for her, and acquiescing in their opinion of herself. Friends, lover, husband, she coaxes them all, and no more cares for them than worthy Miss Fotheringay did. Oh, Becky is a trifle to her, and I am sure I might draw her picture and she would never know in the least that it was herself. I suppose I did not fall in love with her myself because we were brought up together ; she was a very simple, generous creature then."

Blanche Amory combined the characteristics of at least two young girls who flit across the pages of these "Letters,"

one of whom is called Miss G. and the other Miss B.

"Poor little B.," says Thackeray in one place, "does any one suppose I should be such an idiot as to write verses to her? I never wrote her a line. I once drew a picture in her music book, a caricature of a spooney song in which I laughed at her, as has been my practice, alas!"

The first reference to Miss G. occurs in the following passage (page 49) :

"At the train whom do you think I found? Miss G., who says she is Blanche Amory, and I think she is Blanche Amory ; amiable at times, amusing, clever, and depraved. We talked and persiflated all the way to London, and the idea of her will help me to a good chapter, in which I will make Pendennis and Blanche play at being in love, such a wicked, false, humbugging London love as two blasé London people might act and half deceive themselves that they were in earnest. That will complete the cycle of Mr. Pen's worldly experiences, and then we will make, or try to make, a good man of him. Oh, me ! we are wicked worldlings, most of us ; may God better us and cleanse us !"

Here is a curious little glimpse (page 71) :

"At Procter's was not furiously amusing—the eternal G. bores one. Her parents were of course there, the papa with a suspicious-looking little order in his buttonhole, and a *chevalier d'industrie* air which I can't get over. E. did not sing, but on the other hand Mrs. — did. She was passionate, she was enthusiastic, she was sublime, she was tender. When she had crushed G., who stood by the piano hating her and paying her the most profound compliments, she tripped off on my arm to the cab in waiting."

Dr. Sandwith says that Thackeray mentioned to him the name of the original Blanche Amory, and the novelist related how he once travelled with her in a railway carriage and cut his finger. She tore what seemed to be a costly cambric handkerchief and exclaimed : "See what I have sacrificed for you !" but he detected her hiding the common rag which she had torn.

Was this B. or G. ? And was it B. or G. who is humorously sketched off in the following passage from the letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle ?

"Have you been reading Thackeray's 'Pendennis' ?" writes Mrs. Carlyle in 1851. "If so, you have made acquaintance with Blanche Amory ; and when I tell you that my young lady of last week is the original of that portrait, you will give me joy that she, lady's-maid, and infinite baggage are all gone ! Not that the poor little — is quite such a little devil

as Thackeray, who has detested her from a child, has here represented; but the looks, the manners, the wiles, the *larmes*, 'and all that sort of thing' are a perfect likeness. The blame, however, is chiefly on those who placed her in a position so false that it required extraordinary virtue not to become false along with it. She was the only legitimate child of a beautiful young 'improper female,' who was for a number of years — 's mistress (she had had a husband, a swindler). His mother took the freak of patronizing this mistress, saw the child, and, behold! it was very pretty and clever. Poor Mrs. — had tired of parties, of politics, of most things in heaven and earth; 'a sudden thought struck her,' she would adopt this child, give herself the excitement of making a scandal and braving public opinion, and of educating a flesh-and-blood girl into the heroine of a three-volume novel, which she had for years been trying to write, but wanted perseverance to elaborate. The child was made the idol of the whole house; her showy education was fitting her more for her own mother's profession than for any honest one; and when she was seventeen and the novel was just rising into the interest of love affairs, a rich young man having been refused or rather jilted by her, Mrs. — died — her husband and son being already dead — and poor — was left without any earthly stay, and with only £250 a year to support her in the extravagantly luxurious habits she had been brought up in. She has a splendid voice, and wished to get trained for the opera. Mrs. —'s fine lady friends screamed at the idea, but offered her nothing instead, not even their countenance. Her two male guardians, to wash their hands of her, resolved to send her to India, and to India she had to go, vowing that if their object was to marry her off she would disappoint them and return 'to prosecute the artist life.' She produced the most extraordinary *furor* at Calcutta; had offers every week; refused them point blank; terrified Sir — by her extravagance; tormented Lady — by her caprices; 'fell into consumption' for the nonce; was ordered by the doctors back to England, and, to the dismay of her two cowardly guardians, arrived here six months ago with her health perfectly restored."

It will be interesting to decide who was the person referred to on pages 122 and 123 of Thackeray's "Letters," and there described as a friend of twenty years before, now a degenerate clergyman. The description ends thus:

"I used to worship him for about six months, and now he points a moral and adorns a tale, such as it is in 'Pendennis.' He lives at the Duke of —'s Park at — and wanted me to come and go to the Abbey —, poor old Harry —! And this battered, vulgar man was my idol of youth! My dear old Fitzgerald is always right about men, and said from the first that this was a bad one, and a sham."

Of the other characters of "Pendennis" Thackeray himself acknowledged that Helen was drawn after his mother, "though she was a thousand times better than the portrait." Wagg the novelist, whose name is great in the land where Captain Shandy, with ten times his brains, is unknown and unhonored, is presumably Theodore Hook. The noble men on the *Pall Mall Gazette* are Lords William and Henry Lennox, and a brother of the Duke of St. Albans, of whom Jack Sheehan used to say, "His name of Beaulerc is a misnomer, for he is always in a fog, and never clear about anything."

An attempt has been made to prove that the village of Clavering, in which the scenes of "Pendennis" are laid, is the village of that name in West Essex, six and a half miles southwest from Saffron Walden. But Clavering is certainly not the original of the town described under that name in "Pendennis," although Thackeray may have borrowed the name. Certainly he seems to have been acquainted with the place. It is not unlikely that the Claverings of Clavering Park was so called by him after the family of Clavering, which actually held the village during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The Welbores of the Barrow also may owe the casual introduction of their very uncommon name to the Welbores who resided at an old house called "Pondes" in Clavering in the sixteenth century. But the Clavering of the novel is undoubtedly Ottery-St.-Mary in Devonshire. Here Thackeray used to spend part of his vacations in his Charterhouse days (1825-28), at Larkbear on the confines of the parish, then occupied by his stepfather, Major Carmichael Smyth. There is a pamphlet entitled "Short Notes on the Church and Parish of Ottery-St.-Mary," compiled by the Vicar of the Parish, Rev. Sidney W. Cornish, D.D., who says:

"No person in these parts can read 'Pendennis' without being struck with the impression which the scenery of this neighborhood must have made upon his mind to be reproduced, . . . after a lapse of more than twenty years. . . . The local descriptions clearly identify Clavering-St.-Mary, Chatteris, and Baymouth, with Ottery-St.-Mary, Exeter, and Sidmouth; and in the first edition, which was ornamented with vignettes in the margin, a sketch of the cock-tower of the church is introduced."

Dr. Cornish, it may be mentioned, was

the probable original of Dr. Portman. He did not indeed become vicar until 1841, but Thackeray knew him when he was master of the king's school and a resident of the parish. We are told that in the woodcut which represents the meeting of Dr. Portman and his curate, Smirke, the side face of Dr. Portman strongly resembles that of Dr. Cornish, especially in the peculiar expression of the eye.

Major Carmichael Smyth was the original of Colonel Newcome. He is buried at Ayr, Scotland. Mrs. Ritchie has erected to his memory a memorial brass with the word "Adsum" on it. In a recently published letter she says, "The 'Adsum' and the rest of the quotation from the Newcomes was put upon the brass because I knew that Major Carmichael Smyth had suggested the character of Colonel Newcome to my father. There is no foundation, however, for the story that the death-bed scene in the novel was taken from the circumstances of the Major's death." Indeed, in this scene there appears to have been some unconscious reminiscence of the death of Leatherstocking in Fenimore Cooper's "Prairie." In one of his essays Thackeray has acknowledged a profound admiration for this wonderful old hero; and his simplicity, kindliness, and childlike trust made him nearly akin to the Colonel. Here is the concluding passage of Thackeray's description:

"At the usual evening hour the chapel bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands, outside the bed, feebly beat a tune. And just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said, 'Adsum,' and fell back. It was the word we used at school when the names were called; and lo, he whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of the Master."

So wrote Thackeray. Now compare with this the death of Cooper's aged trapper, the hero of his five Indian tales, as he gives it in the last chapter of his "Prairie":

"The old man had remained nearly motionless for an hour. His eyes alone had occasionally opened and shut. . . . Suddenly, while musing on the remarkable position in which he was placed, Middleton felt the hand which he held grasp his own with incredible power, and the old man, supported on either side by his friends, rose upright to his feet. For a moment he looked around him, as if to invite all in presence to listen (the lingering remnant of human frailty); and then, with a military elevation of the head, and with a voice that might be heard in every part of that numerous assembly, he pronounced the word, 'Here.'"

Surely, the "Adsum" and the "Here" in these two death scenes have some relation to each other. The other characters in "The Newcomes" are less easy to identify. The elocutionist Bellew, father of the Kyrle Bellew of the modern stage, is said to have suggested Charles Honeyman, but beyond the fact that Bellew in his younger days was a fashionable clergyman, was adored by the women, and looked upon with a certain good-natured contempt by the men of his congregation, the likeness is a very remote one. William Boland, whom Edmund Yates describes as "A big, heavy, handsome man of much peculiar humor," was the original of Fred Bayham in "The Newcomes." (Yates, by the way, adds, "I have ventured to reproduce him as Boker in 'Land at Last.'") Boland was a man of much ability who might have achieved great things, but, owing to indolence and Bohemian tastes, his name never became known to the world. He had a robust confidence in his own abilities. He deplored the fact that he was wasting them, and he had a trick of speaking of himself as William in the same way that Fred Bayham always speaks of himself in the third person as "F. B." As to the Becky Sharps, the Barnes, Newcomes, the Marquis of Steynes, and other delightfully wicked characters of that ilk, it is sufficient to quote Thackeray's own words to a friend: "I don't know where I got so many wicked people. I have never met them in real life."—*Temple Bar*.

BY — ?

BY ARTHUR GAYE.

"For it comes to pass oft," cries Sir Toby Belch, in a burst of vinous confidence, "that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever truth itself would have earned him." This is a doctrine which has never lacked supporters. Professors of Strong Language, if they have been more plentiful in one age than another, have not as yet been seriously threatened with extinction. No symptoms have hitherto been developed from which we could fairly foretell the approaching end of the long reign of imprecation. From time to time, it is true, there appears to be a lull in the disease; its virulence, at all events, becomes less patent on the surface, and its exacerbations seem to occur at longer intervals and with a somewhat milder intensity. But none the less is it there. Swearing, like tailoring, is a matter of fashion, and never goes out of fashion altogether. The form is apt to change; particular phrases become unpopular, then rare, then obsolete; yet the matter and fundamental idea remain the same, and the satisfaction of what Hotspur calls "a good mouth-filling oath" seems to descend, with volume unabated, from generation to generation. Non-jurors, of course, have always existed among us in greater or less plenty, even as teetotalers and vegetarians; but imprecations are no more extinct than alcohol or butcher's meat. So ancient and popular a custom is surely worthy of some little attention. Why do we swear, and what? Whence arises the apparently inordinate feeling of contentment which follows the delivery of a specially pungent execration? Why do the oaths of one age sound ridiculous, and lose all their point and aroma, in the mouth of another? These and kindred reflections seem to suggest themselves at the outset.

Etymology does not help us much here, indeed is rather embarrassing than otherwise. We are referred to the Aryan root *swar*, signifying "to hum" or "buzz." To swear meant originally, we are told, nothing more opprobrious than "to declare" or "affirm." Hence the word *answer*, of which the strict etymological

equivalent is "to swear in opposition to." Alas! there be those to this day whose answers are thus only too radically correct. "Oath," a monosyllable which may be traced in the German *Eid*, and in sundry other Teutonic dialects, affords no clew to the origin of the sentiment which it embodies. "Blasphemy," again, or "speaking injuriously," is a mere descriptive term, easy enough to derive, but conveying, when resolved into its factors, no intimation of the special sense which the word has for centuries carried with it. Finally, to "curse" is connected, according to some of our most modern root-grubbers, with the Swedish *korsa*, and may thus possibly signify the act of making the sign of the cross—an explanation too flimsy and far-fetched to be ranked above the level of conjecture. Beyond these poor shreds of philological guesswork we are in no wise helped on our way by the laborious tribe of lexicographers.

Roughly speaking, we may divide the practice of Swearing into three main varieties. It is either asseverative, denunciatory, or interjectional. These varieties, again, admit, especially the last, of certain subdivisions. It is to the first class that those judicial affirmations belong, under stress of which we bind ourselves to set forth "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth;" *sacramenta*, or oaths of allegiance, fall under the same head. The "so help me God" of our own law-courts finds a worthy forerunner in the "God do so to me and more also," or the frequent "as thy soul liveth," of Biblical authority; and with these may be compared the common *μή Δία* and *μή Δία* of the Greek classics. Strong asseverations, however, of this nature are more usually conveyed, for colloquial purposes, through the medium of hypothesis. The speaker invites the most fearful catastrophe conceivable by religious minds, if what he asserts be not the fact. Briefly, he pits his veracity against perdition.

Of denunciation, there is no better specimen extant than the Commination Service appointed by the Church of England for use on Ash Wednesday. Ernulphus' "Digest of Curses," whose bitter-

ness so offended Uncle Toby, can scarcely be considered more exhaustive, or the ban under whose influence the Jackdaw of Rheims so miserably moulted. But in private life we are accustomed to employ a delicately graduated scale of commination. Starting from some such generality as "*occupet extremum scabies*, the devil take the hindmost," we may rise to the highest flights of withering blasphemy, and fulminate a varied assortment of the choicest anathemas against those who may have provoked our indignation. But it is in the third variety, that which we may call the interjectional or complementary, that our fancy permits us the greatest play. We may indulge in it under the form of either ejaculation or epithet, and there is a copious glossary of both kinds to choose from. It is, and for many generations has been, the most popular of all varieties of the Oath, and, humanly speaking, the most harmless. Often, indeed, it appears as a mere exclamation, inoffensive, meaningless, and boasting neither rhyme nor reason.

Our older writers abound in imprecations of all shades of intensity. They sometimes afford, to those who have that taste, agreeable etymological *noces*, being, for the most part, curious examples of crasis or contraction. Quite a long list might be made of such ejaculations as "Odds pittikins," "By my halidom," "I'fegs," "Slight," "By God's liggens," and the like. What strikes us most forcibly here is the extreme familiarity with which most sacred names and attributes are freely handled. And with this familiarity is joined an evident disinclination to call things and persons by their accustomed names; hence the frequent corruptions. It is as though the swearers of that day argued that under the cloak of a more or less grotesque travesty their profanity would be condoned. "By God's sonties," for instance; which is variously explained by the commentators as a vulgarism for "saints" or "sanctities." So, too, "lakin" for "lady," "Zounds" and "Gog's wounds," for "God's Wounds," "Gis" for "Jesus." Shyness in ordinary social intercourse is sometimes said to disguise itself in excessive *brusquerie*, and the Elizabethan imprecatory code seems to have been based on somewhat the same principle. How otherwise are we to account for the ridicu-

lous diminutives and parodies which we so frequently find doing duty as expletives? Another curious reflection is this—that in our own day the complementary profanities of the Shakespearian and subsequent eras are apt to be regarded in the light of nothing more than a very mediocre pleasantry. A man may ejaculate "Zounds!" "Egad!" "Ods zooks!" "Ods bodikins!" or "Ecod!" if so minded, in almost any company, without exciting any particular resentment or disgust; possibly his hearers will be tickled and set him down for a wag. At any rate it is extremely doubtful whether at an ordinary clerical gathering, or indeed at anything short of a Lambeth Conference, he would be promptly called to order. Clever people have tried to explain to us that the God of one age becomes the Devil of another. Without going into this rather intricate question we may at least admit that the profane language of one period of English history becomes uncommonly like a joke in the next. Exceptions, of course, there are. Some few of Shakespeare's oaths, though like their fellows they have long ceased to be popular, could not be uttered even now without awakening a certain sense of solemnity, let alone the question of appropriateness and taste. Modern blasphemy is a product of our own; but our profanity proper, or improper, has this redeeming feature about it, that it is much more restricted than its predecessors. It is altogether devoid of impressiveness, and, as a rule, rings the changes on a few ugly words, in their context absolutely without meaning, which in some circles pass current enough, but in any mixed company can hardly fail to provoke an aversion, none the less profound or sincere in that it is so seldom openly expressed.

Anathemas of the comminatory order were not wholly wanting in our forefathers' speech, but they do not seem at any time to have been very plentiful. The much-abused but favorite monosyllable of this complexion, which is said to repose at the bottom of even the best man's vocabulary, where it may lie dormant a whole lifetime, or rise, perhaps, some once or twice under intolerable provocation to the surface, occurs not more than six or eight times in the entire range of Shakespeare's Plays. In his day it was evidently not the fashionable idiom for con-

signing one's friends to perdition. Dromio of Syracuse, however, makes use of it, and Gratiano may possibly be pardoned for applying it to the inexorable Shylock; we find it, too, in the mouth of Macbeth. Alternative *formulae* of denunciation, among ourselves unhappily too familiar, are conspicuous by their absence. And, generally, if we would be honest, we must admit that the swearing of the nineteenth century, if not so universally prevalent, is nevertheless, where it does flourish, at once fouler, uglier, and more hopelessly devoid of sense than any of the earlier codes. We seem to have reached the nadir of a silly profanity which can show not one poor vestige of poetry or the picturesque. If we are to continue the practice, at least let us hasten to remodel the glossary. It is bad enough to swear elegantly; to be clumsily, vulgarly, ungrammatically, profane is surely itself *Anathema Maranatha*.

The commonest (and ugliest) of all vulgar expletives, suggestive of blood if not of thunder, has crept into our vocabulary, no man knows precisely whence, almost within the memory of the present generation. Middle-aged pilgrims on the imperfectly macadamized pathway of life can easily call to mind a time when it did not exist, at any rate in the rank luxuriance of these latter days. Those who would fain regard it as a corruption of the mediæval and comparatively innocuous "By 'r Lady" have no sure ground to stand on. The Elizabethan adjuration can scarcely have degenerated into a mere epithet. A word or phrase may change its meaning, it is true, but very rarely becomes another part of speech altogether. And it is as an epithet, or even as nothing more than a particle indicative of special emphasis, that the term in question is mainly employed. It may be objected also that "By 'r Lady" has a distinctly Romanist flavor; whereas its disagreeable substitute, descendant, or corruption, be it which it may, is used impartially by all denominations of Christian men whose mother tongue is Anglo-Saxon. We must be content to leave its origin in obscurity, and regret only that the vagueness of its source in no way affects its popularity. It is essentially the expletive of low life. Here it plays an important, not to say indispensable, part in colloquial Queen's English. Sometimes it is combined with another ominous word, a sub-tantive this,

and monosyllabically expressive of those regions which Virgil and Dante have described in such graphic detail; and then, perhaps, it may be dignified with the title of imprecation. But for the most part, in the society which specially affects this remarkable idiom, it is manifestly intended to convey nothing worse than the speaker's anxiety to infuse a little extra strength into his language. Even this modest characteristic is losing ground, and any one who has ears to hear may, by diverging into the nearest alley, abundantly satisfy himself that as often as not it not only means nothing at all, but is *meant to mean* nothing. It becomes a mere prefix, to be inserted at will before all nouns and many adverbs. The Frenchman who in his English-French Dictionary rendered it baldly by *très* may well be excused; when it means anything it does mean *très*, or something like it.

There are a good many expressions which may be called unconscious oaths, and are considered to be the mildest form of imprecation that the lips of man or woman are competent to utter. They would appear to have been adopted in order to meet the views of those who would fain realize the comfort, whatever it may be, of swearing, and yet be held guiltless of outrages on religious decorum. We may liken them to the temperance beverages which contain just enough of alcohol to gratify the sense of tipping. There is even a legend of a certain "Whaup," who only after ignominious suspension over a bridge at the hands of his elder brother could be induced to "swear a waur swear" than "dash it." Such hyper-squeamishness occurs but rarely among the Whaup's compatriots, or, indeed, in any manly society on either side the Border. Other similar subterfuges are "what the mischief," "what the deuce," "drat it," and the like. Carlyle is said to have been tickled by the retort of the Irish corporal engaged in flogging his countryman: "Oh the devil burn it! there's no plasin' of ye, strike where one will." His biographer suggests that he may have felt how well the cap fitted, for he did not himself invariably deal in soft answers or the spirit of contentment.

When we come to examine these milk-and-water expletives a little more curiously, we find that, although they may

be, and in all probability usually are, uttered without the slightest hankering after profanity, yet in truth they mean, if anything, precisely the same as the bolder and more "mouth-filling" varieties. The dilution is a mere blind. For what, after all, is "deuce" but *Deus*, or "mischief" but *Diabolus*? We may "damn with faint praise" in any company, but in no other way, if we wish to be polite. Be our spirit never so sorely moved, we must still restrict ourselves to the use of such inferior phrases as "hang," "dash," or "blow!" Even these comparatively mild imperatives, however, must have some subject, expressed or understood. Who stops to consider what that subject is?

Schoolboys are especially fond of invoking the name of Jupiter, and usually under his more familiar title of Jove. The same adjuration crops up, but only once or twice, in Shakespeare, who also makes some of his classical characters in "*Troilus and Cressida*" swear "by Venus's hand," and "Venus's glove." Nobody now invokes Venus, or indeed (at least in this country) any other pagan divinity than the son of Saturn, who, however, still remains a great favorite. *Per Bacco*, on the other hand, is common enough in Italy, where one never hears *Per Giove*. What reasons can have induced us thus to appropriate the chief of the Roman theogony? Jove, at any rate, is become an essentially British deity, and many of us would find it very difficult to do without him. A schoolboy, ten years of age, is, thanks to the Ruler of Olympus, able to relieve his feelings in a decided and at the same time perfectly legitimate manner. Give him Mercury, Vulcan, even Phœbus Apollo himself, and he will derive no satisfaction whatever; but the strongest emotions of his little heart discover themselves in, and are assuaged by, the appeal to the majesty of Jove. Anxiety, astonishment, admiration, wrath, envy, and a host of other emotions, are one and all expressed and appeased by the prompt use of this invaluable monosyllable. It clings to us through life. Long after we have said farewell to the microcosmic school-world, we still, from time to time, deliver ourselves almost unconsciously of the expletive of our salad-days, and often with some semblance of relief. In many cases it remains the one poor shred of classical lore that we can call our

own. All else—wanderings of Ulysses, sieges of Troy, Persian invasions, Peloponnesian wars, the march of Hannibal, may long since have fled the tablets of our memory—the be-all and the end-all of our ten years, more or less, of classical education, is briefly summed up in the solitary remnant "By Jove!"

Another schoolboy adjuration, "By Jingo," or, more emphatically, "By the living Jingo," was dying a peaceful and natural death, when a sudden outburst of patriotism, so called, galvanized it a few years ago into renewed popularity. Probably few, if any, of the would be patriots could have suggested a clew to the origin of the oath, which indeed has puzzled many hard heads. It is referred by some to the Basque word for God, while others connect it with a certain St. Gingolph. Who this saint may have been, and why this greatness should have been thrust upon him, are questions which still await a conclusive answer: an explanation, amusing if nothing more, is given in the *Lay of St. Gengulphus* by Thomas Ingoldsby, Esquire. The word, however, is evidently a corruption of some kind, and seems to point to the half-familiar, half-fearful, avoidance (already noticed) of a plain title.

Readers of Smollett, Fielding, and Marryat cannot fail to mark the strict fidelity of those writers in the matter of strong language. They never shirk a difficulty by having recourse to the apologetic "dash" of modern novelists. A spade is never vaguely described in their pages as an agricultural implement. Their successors are, for the most part, more scrupulous, or less honest, according to the reader's point of view. They shrink from boldly printing words which are considered unparliamentary; but it is a fair question whether their half-hearted "dashes" are not even more offensive than the real thing. Dickens splits the difference in his usual felicitous manner. We all remember how Mr. Pell, relating an apocryphal anecdote of his friend the Chancellor, is promptly called to order by the elder Weller, who is only pacified on learning that the exalted functionary had "damned himself in confidence." And by the alteration of a single letter Mr. Mantalini is made irresistibly funny, as when he votes his wife "the demdest little fascinator in all the world," or when, hearing the total amount of his indebtedness to Mr. Scaley,

he ejaculates magnanimously, "The half-penny be damned." Thus, by a humorous reading of the objectionable term in the first instance, and by the mere substitution of one vowel for another in the second, the clever author not only satisfies our consciences and his own, but gratifies our sense of the ridiculous and all the while preserves an adequate odor of imprecation. Other writers who venture on this dangerous ground are not so successful. They dare not swear outright, and their genius suggests no convenient and telling paraphrase—hence the witless and futile "dash."

It is curious that we are quite unable to realize the enormity of some of the commonest Continental oaths. We can, of course, to a certain extent, appraise such terms as *Sacré*, *Sapristi*, and *Morbleu* (euphemistic for *Mort Dieu*), but, on the other hand, we wholly fail to appreciate the swearing value of *Mille Tonnerres* and *Tausend Donnerwetter*. Even though these latter be regarded as an invocation of Thor, the god of thunder and summer heat, we cannot see anything very dreadful or juratory in them. Anglicized they become perfectly harmless, and would indeed be welcomed in the room of some of our own more approbrious idioms. "Thunder!" or even "Thunder and Lightning!" we consider a very temperate exclamation; so, too, thought the author of the tragic story of the Bagman's Dog, which may be consulted with advantage on this head. Applying the Johnsonian maxim of "claret for boys, port for men, and brandy for heroes," we should certainly be inclined to class either or both of them with the claret, nay even with the yet milder variety of Gladstonian claret, a vintage happily unknown to the learned doctor. To our insular minds they convey absolutely no idea of impropriety. We might go about *Donnerwettering* for a month together, and not feel one atom the better for it, or the worse; while our character for propriety and decent speech would not be one whit damaged, whatever might be thought of our sanity. The German soul, however, is conscious of a distinct sense of relief after a judicious indulgence in the same pastime. Hence we are confronted by the strange paradox that what is a round oath in one country is not even a smart ejaculation in the next.

Do atheists swear? If they do not, here at least, assuming the habit to be reprehensible, is one point clearly in their favor, and one, too, which cannot be honestly claimed by a great many Theists, Deists, and Anglicans. If they do, how can they be atheists at all? For the adjuration of a Superior Being is the essence of the oath. It is only shyness or deference to common usage that leads us to omit the subject of our denunciatory imperatives; and the subject must be superior to ourselves, or we should not so confidently invoke divine aid toward consummating the ruin, here and hereafter, of our refractory friends and foes. But a commination which involves a belief in no power capable of carrying it into effect, is a contradiction in terms. Some *soi-disant* atheist must have been caught thus napping in David's time to account for his pointed remark that the fool (and no one else, be it noted) "hath said in his heart, There is no God." He had evidently been overheard to swear by the very Deity whose existence he professed to deny. Out of his own mouth he had proved the manifest absurdity of his atheism.

But whatever may be the custom of infidels in this respect, there can be no doubt as to the practice of many who profess and call themselves Christians. Many excellent (or otherwise excellent) citizens, merciful men, whose hearts are in the right place, whose integrity is undoubted, and whose rate-paying capacity is far above suspicion, indulge, nevertheless, with greater or less regularity in the luxury of imprecation. It cannot be a mere habit, for they are able to restrain their tongues in certain company. It cannot be from any real desire to have their denunciations carried into effect, for divers of them are infinitely too kind hearted to wish any real ill to their kindred, or even to their casual acquaintance or the stranger within or without their gates. Some of them again are men of strong intellect, who would be the first to see and to acknowledge the utter futility of their fulminations. They do not for a moment suppose that their prayers for the annihilation of any particular person or thing will ever be heeded. They are not like Popes, to believe that their excommunication will sooner or later land the offending party in everlasting Gehenna. They

know very well that it is *vox et præterea nihil*, winged words, which break no bones and assuredly cannot in any way control the destination of the soul of man or woman. It is a disease curable only by the patient himself, and too often allowed to run its course without let or hindrance. In some cases indeed it might even, like alcoholism, be found incurable. For the self-denial and strength of will, which alone in the moral pharmacopœia can be reckoned as efficacious drugs for such an emergency, are not always forthcoming. Occasionally it is inherited; like some other forms of insanity it will sometimes skip a generation and break forth with renewed vitality and virulence in a great nephew or a grandchild. More often it is contracted by the patient's own folly in the days of his youth. The boy thinks that it gives him a manly air, and the delusion accompanies him into manhood itself, where it is apt to become chronic.

There are those, however, and perhaps they form the most numerous class of anathematists, who only swear on special occasions, as, for example, when they miss a train, break a shoe-lace, or have the gout. It is the expulsive or complementary phase of imprecation which we then hear in perfection. In itself it is wholly unintelligible. A Roman, in similar plight, would probably have vented a *Pol* or a *Mehercle*; Homeric heroes would have cried ὦ πόποι. We should be altogether in error did we argue from it that the speaker really seeks to denounce his fellow-creatures, whether individually or in mass. He may not at the moment feel especially amiable toward his kind, but, if he were put to it, he could not formulate his resentment. His bearing at such times, it is true, is that of one who has been cruelly used, against whom not only all mankind, but all the powers of light and darkness have entered into a fell conspiracy. But meet the victim half an hour later, and observe the contrast in his demeanor. Where is that thunderous brow, where that rushing torrent, that Pelion on Ossa of execration? Can this bland and smiling gentleman be he, who, thirty short minutes ago, consigned his nearest and dearest to Tartarus and the pale kingdoms of Dis? Yes, it is verily he and none other. The storm is over and glorious Apollo shines forth once

more. And what is the net result of the explosion? On the one hand we have loss of dignity, infringement of laws written and unwritten, disgust, perhaps terror, of spectators, general degradation; against this we are bound to reckon, for in certain constitutions they indubitably follow, a definite sense of satisfaction, an ease of mind, and a clearing of the moral atmosphere, which, it seems, could not otherwise have been compassed. At such moments all considerations of temperance, decorum, and self-respect are thrown wholesale to the winds. The grave householder and father of a family, whose office and privilege it is to set a good example to all around him, will fall into the snare as readily, and imprecate as roundly, as the gay and irresponsible stripling. While the fit is on him he is as one bereft of reason. He has not even the excuse of patients under the influence of an anæsthetic, who, as is well known, will sometimes indulge in unexpected profanity, being, in their natural state, before they are finally lulled into their Lethæan slumber, paragons of virtue and piety. His, indeed, is rather a case of *hyper-æsthesia*; so sensitive at all points does he become, that nothing, apparently, but the explosive treatment, can give him relief. Knowing of old its subtle properties, he adopts it again and again, with extreme celerity and a confidence which, from his own point of view, is never misplaced. He swears freely, and breathes again; gradually his temperature becomes normal, his temporal arteries less and less turgid, his complexion and general aspect no longer sanguinary. The fit is over; a child may handle him now; he has been cured by the oath.

It seems, then, incontrovertible that some natures, in certain crises which are constantly recurring in the lives of all of us, derive an appreciable consolation, and even safeguard, from the habit of swearing. We find an analogy in one of the privileges of Eve's daughters; oaths in the man often correspond to tears in the woman. By both alike is the vexation of the moment relieved. Sometimes, indeed, oaths and tears react upon each other with painful punctuality; the voice of the imprecator will produce weeping, and the sniffs of the weeper on the other hand, will in some households infallibly elicit a "cursory" comment. Solomon

had no sympathy with either. He denounces the "scorner," and, speaking with an experience altogether unique, gauges with much acumen the aggravation produced by a "continual dropping." Nevertheless, absolutely and in themselves, tears are to be preferred to oaths. They may try our patience and stir our spleen, but at least they do not infringe any canon of morality or necessarily shock the pious consciences of those who may chance to witness them. As one of our own poets has said or sung: "Women must weep;" but he does not add that men must, or even may, swear.

In these days, which see so many crusades of one kind and another, it is a little strange that no dead set has been made against what is briefly but forcibly stigmatized as "foul language." Our beer is drunk in the face of a legion of hostile spectators; our tobacco is confronted by an adverse League; but we are still permitted to swear with impunity. No special "Army" has been levied to violate the sanctity of our oaths. And yet no one can pretend that they rest upon any more respectable basis than that of mere custom. For a nation which professes to take its moral stand on a code containing the plain precept "Swear not at all," it must be admitted that we are a little lax in our practice. A habit which we acknowledge to be in defiance equally of *jus*, *fas*, and perhaps *lex* also, we have nevertheless, within the memory of man, made no serious attempt to stamp out or even

to reform. Far from being killed, the snake has not been appreciably scotched, save in the drawing-room. If oaths in daily life cannot be abolished (that of "the Christian man, when the magistrate requireth," being of course excepted) we might at least have a revised version of the present alternative phrases. We would not, indeed, revert to the days of "ods bobs and bodikins" for the reason already mentioned. Nor do the trivialities of modern social intercourse seem to demand anything like the grand and massive adjurations of the prophets of the Old Testament. But surely the ingenuity of some master of language could devise for us a table of imprecations which, on the one hand, should be abundantly "mouth-filling" and satisfy the keenest critic of point and pungency, while, on the other, they should not offend against decency or religious scruples. Almost anything would be better than the current profanities and ineptitudes which constitute "the vain and rash swearing" of the average "Christian man." If we must swear, let the operation be conducted, like so many others nowadays, elegantly yet effectively, on true South Kensington lines. Let our execrations be in accordance with the canons of High Art. So might we remain still "full," to our heart's content, "of strange oaths"—possibly stranger, and certainly less noisome and unholy than any that have graced the lips of man since first he habitually swore.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

RECENT CONVERSATIONS IN A STUDIO.

BY W. W. STORY.

Belton. How pleasant it is to get into a studio. There is always something attractive to me in its atmosphere. It seems to be a little ideal world in itself, outside the turmoil and confusion of common life, and having different interests and influences. An artist ought to be very happy in his life. His occupation leads him into harmony with nature and man, lifts him into ideal regions and sympathies, and gives to the outward world a peculiar charm and beauty.

Mallett. It is a happy life; all other occupations after art seem flat and tasteless. The world has for the artist a dif-

ferent aspect from what it wears to the common eye. Beauty starts forth to greet him from the vilest corners, and nature shows him new delights of color, light, and form at every turn. He is her lover, and "love lends a precious seeing to the eye." If art be pursued in a high spirit and pure love, I know nothing more delightful. It gives a new meaning and value to everything. Life is only too short for the wooing.

Bel. Is an artist ever in love with his work? Do you recognize any truth in the myth of Pygmalion?

Mal. No. I cannot understand how

an artist can be enamored of what he has done. He, more than any one, must feel its shortcomings. He knows how inferior it is to his aim and to his conception, and the nearer he comes to the end of it, the less he is contented with it. Even when he succeeds, success is a merely relative term: the thing produced must necessarily be below and within the producer. It is not the victory so much as the battle that delights him. It is not the product, but the producing. There is a certain sadness which comes over one at the end of every work—first, from a sense of disappointment that the result is not more satisfactory; and, second, from the loss of a companion and friend of many days, to whom the greater part of his time and thought has been given. Before the work is completed, there comes a certain exhaustion of purpose and power. Already the mind is projecting itself beyond into new conceptions and ideas, which beckon forward with illusory promises of higher beauty and fairer accomplishment. The thing to be done will be better than what is done. The next combat will be crowned with victory. The future is glad and large of promise—the present is sad and unsatisfied.

Bel. This is so with every pursuit—with life itself. The past and the future have a certain consecration which the present has not: the mists of memory enchant the one; the glories of hope transfigure the other.

Mal. Still, one enjoys the present through the ministrations of art more than by any other means. Every day has its happiness and its work; and it is the union of the mechanical and the poetic—the real and the ideal—which gives it a special charm. The body and mind are working together. Artists are generally long lived—and particularly sculptors—for the simple reason that the mind and body are both kept constantly in harmonious action.

Bel. I suppose irritation and worry kill far more than hard work, and this is the reason why business and commerce use men up so rapidly.

Mal. Besides, in art one is always learning, and that begets a kind of cheerfulness, under the influence of which the mind works more easily, and with less wear and tear. The labor we delight in physics pain, and as long as we enjoy our

work there is no danger of overworking. It is only when we get irritated and worried that work begins to tell on us and wear us out.

Bel. I suppose artists have their black days too? I hope you have. You have no right to have all your lives pleasant.

Mal. Black enough days we have undoubtedly, when nothing will come to our hand; when we get confused and tormented, and know we are going wrong, and cannot see the right way. Then our work haunts us and harries us, and pursues us in our dreams, and will not give us peace. But these days pass, and we get over the trouble; the sun shines again, and all goes well.

Bel. Do you ever get any hints in your dreams which help you?

Mal. Never! When I dream of my work, it is always going wrong, and I am vainly attempting to put it right. And this arises from the simple fact, I suppose, that it does not occupy my dreaming thoughts unless I have been worried by it or by something else. But I never get anything of value from dreams.

Bel. With time and study, at last, I suppose you embody your conceptions at once with more ease and with more certainty? But every work must have its own difficulties, however you may have accomplished yourself in the practice of your art.

Mal. The beginnings of art are comparatively easy, and we are often surprised to find so little difficulty in achieving a certain result not utterly bad. The friends of every youth who begins to paint or to model see in him the promise of a future Phidias or Raffaele. But as we train our powers and continue our studies, the difficulties increase—we see more to do, and we are less satisfied with our work. The horizon grows larger and larger at every advance, and we soon begin to feel not only that perfection is impossible, but excellence exceedingly difficult. We labor to attain what is less tangible and more essential. Of course the mere facility increases enormously, so that at last we do with ease what cost us at first great labor; but we strain ourselves to harder tasks. Nature taunts us, and tempts us, and tries us with her infinite variations and finesses and subtleties. There is never an end. The more we learn the more there remains to learn. The higher we go the

more precipitous rise the heights above. The peak that, seen from its base in the valley below, seemed to tower into the sky above, proves, when we have reached its crest, to be but a trivial fragment in a mighty chain of mountains,—that cliff over cliff rise, towering beyond, and never do we reach a summit that does not dwarf all below, and open the way to loftier heights, to ideal Silberhörner, that dazzle and delight us with their unattainable splendors and inaccessible despairs. Then, again, in seizing one thing we lose another. What we gain in knowledge and facility we lose in naïveté and freshness of impression. It is difficult to keep up to the end that sustained enthusiasm which alone holds the keys of success in art; and in proportion as we lose our love we lose our power. Nothing good is done in art by trick or sleight-of-hand. The complete force of the man must be put forth, and his work must be done in absolute earnest.

Bel. It is said that Thorwaldsen, in the latter part of his career, stood before one of his statues which he had just completed, and after looking sadly at it for a time, said, "I see I am growing old, and my powers are failing. This statue satisfies me."

Mal. I know not whether the story is true, but the observation was just, and contains a great deal of philosophic truth. In age the temptation is to relax one's efforts, and to rest satisfied with achieving a certain excellence, within one's knowledge and power, instead of striving for more. So we see in the later works of distinguished artists more freedom of style and brush, but more carelessness of detail and execution, more mannerism, and but too often mere repetitions of themselves. Art is an imperious mistress, and we must give her all if we are to obtain her utmost favors. Nor is it so alone in Art. It is so in everything. Nature never gives. She exacts strict pay for all you take. She does not scatter her largesses to the idle and the careless. She only pays the wages of your work. Worse than that, her highest fruit she puts just beyond your reach to tempt you on to your extreme effort. If you will not strain to your utmost for it, you must be content to go without it: it does not drop into your hands of itself.

Bel. Ah! I am afraid I do not quite

agree with you. You take no account of genius, with which some few are dowered by nature, and into their hands the fruit sometimes does seem to drop without any pains and struggles on their part. And then, again, there is so great a difference between men in their natural facility. Some seem to do with ease what others labor for in vain.

Mal. True—but the strain comes somewhere with every one. Great natural facility at first is not always, if it be ever, a boon to be coveted by one who seeks to attain great excellence. Somewhere at some time the whole soul must be put into one's work, the whole powers strained to the utmost; and it is perhaps better that this should occur at an early period, otherwise the danger is that we may rest contented with those small achievements which are bounded by our facilities. There is a desperate wall somewhere or other to block our progress. It may be early in our course, when we are bold and fresh and enthusiastic, and then with will and energy we may overleap it; or it may be in the middle of the course, when fatigue has come on, and the mind is jaded, and we have been spoiled by praise, and then we lack the energy to surmount it, and prefer to canter about within the easy limits we possess. No man ever did his best without laying out all that was in him. There is nothing so dangerous and so tempting as facility, unless it come from hard study and long practice, and even then it is a temptation and a danger.

Bel. That is very true. Facility is often mistaken for genius, but it generally leads to mediocrity. How many a person I have known who, with great promise at the beginning, soon faltered and then stopped; while others, with no early facility, strengthened themselves by study and will, and passed far beyond them at the end. So many are satisfied with doing pretty well what they can do easily, and want the energy to do very well when it costs labor and struggle. But at least four-fifths of genius is an indomitable will.

Mal. Very true. Take Michel Angelo, for instance: he had not a natural facility like Raffaele, but he climbed to far higher regions by force of will, and an energy that ninety years did not tire; while Raffaele had passed his culmination at thirty-seven, and his last works, young as he was, are far from being his best. How-

ever, we need not go to great examples ; common life and every day will furnish them. A thousand are pleased with dabbling in water-colors and toying with them as amateurs, to one who earnestly works with the determination to be an artist. After all, there is far greater difference between men in their will than in their talent. What we will to do, despite of obstacles and failures, we generally succeed in doing at last. "Easy writing," says Sheridan, "makes damned hard reading ;" and we must make up our minds to work if we wish to win success.

" Nil sine magno
Vita labore dedit mortalibus,"

says Horace.

Bel. I remember years ago a little incident which amused me, and illustrates these remarks. An accomplished artist in water-colors in Rome was one day showing his portfolio to an English lady. She was delighted with them, as well she might be, and after many expressions of admiration, she turned to him and said, "They are perfectly beautiful. How I wish I could paint in this way ! Pray, how long do you think it would take me to learn to paint thus !" "I cannot tell," replied the artist, "how long it would take *you*, but it has taken me all my life."

Mal. It is a very common thing to hear persons say, How I wish I could do this or that thing, but nine times out of ten it is just the earnestness of wish or will that is wanting. The desire has no real root of determination. It is a momentary feeling. Such persons would not be willing to give laborious hours and days and years to attain the end they covet ; but they would like to reach out their hand and pluck the fruit at once without trouble. I can't do this, means very commonly, I don't choose to do it. I should like to have it, but I won't pay for it. If they do not succeed at the first trial they are discouraged. A true artist must make up his mind to fail a thousand times, and never be discouraged, but bravely to try again. I am always surprised to see how well most people begin, and how little way they go. They seem to think that to be an artist comes like reading and writing, as Dogberry has it, by nature.

Bel. And so it does. But remember that Dogberry also says—and his judg-

ment in such matters you surely will not question—"God is to be worshipped ; all men are not alike ; alas ! good neighbor." And when Leonato says to this, "Indeed, neighbor, he comes too short of you," Dogberry replies, "Gifts that God gives."

Mal. "It shall be suffigance !" I will say no more. Dogberry also is right. There are gifts that God gives. If the creative power be wanting that moulds the material to its purpose, nothing great ever will be achieved. But without the additional gifts of courage and will, whatever is the power, it will come to nothing.

Bel. It is a common notion that no general education or high culture is necessary to the artist, but that art is a special faculty, a handicraft, a gift requiring no education save in its practice. No mistake could, as it seems to me, be greater. It is only from the pressure of full and lofty streams that the fountain owes the exultant spring of its column. The imagination needs to be fed from high sources, and strengthened and enriched to fulness, before it can freely develop its native force. The mere drilling of hand and eye, the mere technical skill, nay, even the natural bias and faculty of the mind, are not sufficient. They are indeed necessary, but they are not all. It is from the soul and mind that the germs of thought and feeling must spring ; and in proportion as these are nourished and expanded by culture do they flower forth in richer hues and forms. It is by these means that the taint of the vulgar and common is eradicated, that ideas are purified and exalted, that feeling and thought are stimulated, and taste refined. Out of the fulness of the whole being each word is spoken, and each act takes the force of the whole man. It is not alone the athlete's arm that strikes—it is his whole body. The blacksmith's arm in itself may be stronger, but his blow is far less effective.

Mal. Undoubtedly ; but on the other hand, the public, on whose approbation the artist to a certain extent depends, requires equally to be educated, for without this the higher fruit of art cannot be tasted or appreciated. While the general education of the public in art is so deficient, criticism must necessarily be low and ignorant. All that we can ask is, that it be not also arrogant.

Bel. There is no doubt that a taste and

knowledge in art is rapidly growing in America.

Mal. Very true ; but as yet there is a very general idea prevalent that the big is the great, and that it is size that constitutes grandeur. I have heard it constantly boasted, for instance, that the so-called monument to Washington, in the city of Washington, was the tallest obelisk in the world—as if that was in itself a great recommendation of it as a work of art. To which I have ventured to answer, Yes, perhaps. But it is not, correctly speaking, an obelisk, to begin with, for an obelisk proper should be a monolith. But I am willing to own that it is the tallest chimney in the world, and, I will also add, the most useless—and the ugliest. And besides, it has not only no use, but no meaning and no appropriateness as a memorial to Washington. We are now also loudly called upon to admire the Eiffel Tower just erected at Paris, on the ground that it is the highest in the world, and has I know not how many steps and stories. But has mere size any claims on our admiration in a work of art ? Some of the smallest are among the grandest that ever were made ; some of the largest the most insane and empty. What rare Ben Jonson says of life is equally true of art—

“ In small proportions we just beauties see,
And in short measures life may perfect be.”

Bel. Yes ; and, on the other hand, it is not minuteness of finish and elaboration of detail which are primarily to be desired. A great work can afford to be imperfect in detail. Where the grand conception and impression are, there is the great work. But between the claims of Realism on the one side and Idealism on the other, the true mean seems to be pretty hard to hit.

Mal. Did I ever say art was easy ? Nothing that is great is easy or common. There is no clearly defined road, more than for the bird in the air. One must know it by intuition and feel it by internal conviction. “ What is it that makes your music Mozartish ? ” asked some one of that great composer. “ I know not,” he answered ; “ it is as it comes to me.” And where does it come from ? Ah ! who knows ? That which is force or power or individuality in any work is an unconscious effluence from the spirit of

the artist. He knows not how or whence it comes. He only knows that it is imperious, and he must obey.

Bel. Which do you think the higher art—painting or sculpture ?

Mal. Neither or either. The cup is nothing. It is what you put into it that is of value. Each art has its great difficulties, and it is not easy to say which has the greater. Still, in one sense, sculpture is the higher art, in my estimation—for the reason that, while its means are far more limited, its requisitions are greater and higher. It is at once more positive and more ideal. It has the highest requirements and the poorest means. Its ends are more difficult, its beginnings far more easy. To mould the pliant clay into some sort of material resemblance to any form is not difficult—it is in the grasp of almost every one. But to conceive a great statue and embody a noble idea—not simply by imitation of the model, but by a grand treatment of form, and a noble character of design and expression,—this is doubtless as difficult a task as can be set to an artist. There is every grade, from a mud-pie of a child to the work of Phidias. But, on the other hand, painting has the great requirements of tone and harmonious coloring which are avoided in sculpture, so that these difficulties nearly balance each other. Again, painting is more illusory, more imitative, more literal in its aims. It may please and enchant by literal reproductions of actual facts in nature. The whole field of genre, the facts and incidents of daily life, and the wide range of landscape, are open to it ; while in sculpture a higher and more restricted class of subjects is demanded, and a nobler treatment of forms. It cannot stoop to genre without losing its true characteristics. It has only form to deal with, it is true, but that form must be ideal in its character, and while in nature, must also be above nature. If it content itself with copying the model, it degenerates into commonplace, and abdicates its highest functions. The pure imitation which pleases in painting by creating a partial illusion, is denied to sculpture. Besides, a statue must be right, harmonious, and effective from every point of view and in every light and shade. And, last, sculpture is restricted for the most part to a single figure, or at most to two or three, and into this everything must be put. In

a word, it is the most material and the most ideal art. Each, however, has its great difficulties, and it is idle to put one above the other.

Bel. One thing at least is certain, that many more artists have attained great excellence in painting than in sculpture. The great sculptors are very few; the great painters many. Setting aside the Greeks, with whom the two arts seem to have been nearly balanced, as far as history informs us, there is no doubt that since then there have been scarcely any great sculptors to compare with the great painters. I do not speak of the present time, for that would be invidious; but up to our time there is scarcely a sculptor, except Michel Angelo, entitled to be called great, or whose works are to be placed beside those of the renowned painters. Nay, even Michel Angelo himself was perhaps greater in fresco than in marble. This would seem to show that sculpture is at least a more difficult art than painting. At all events, Michel Angelo, so excellent in both arts, gave the higher rank to sculpture.

Mal. It is far less understood, and far less popular, certainly. A picture appeals to a much larger number than does a statue. To feel and understand the beauty of the statue requires more knowledge and more culture. Few are capable of criticising it in its execution with intelligence. Its refinements of treatment, its delicate modelling, its picked truth to nature, are for the most part lost on the crowd. The public appreciate neither its anatomical accuracy nor its subtle expression of the human form; because the naked figure is so rarely seen, and so unfamiliar, that few are able to say whether it is right or wrong. All the finest parts of the execution are "caviare to the general." The public are only capable of understanding the expression and the pose.

Bel. The taste for sculpture seems to be growing of late, and especially among the Americans. They buy more statues, I am told, than any other nation. The English seem to care little for it, and to prefer painting. How do you account for this?

Mal. You have only to breathe the English atmosphere, and see the English landscape, to understand this. Everything is color in England—and even more,

water-color. The atmosphere is thick and humid, and obliterates form. Everything is saturated or washed in color. On the contrary, the American atmosphere is tense and dry, revealing the outlines of everything, and insisting on form. The distances are clear—the far-off hill is drawn sharply on the sky. The trees are not blotted as in England, but defined and etched upon it. The form asserts itself far more strongly than the color. So it is in Greece, where sculpture attained its largest proportions and its finest expression.

Bel. That is ingenious—but is it true?

Mal. I think so. You will see these characteristics in the minds and in the persons of the people, as well as in their art. The American is slenderer and more nervous in his material organization, more metaphysical in his intellect, more irritable in his temperament, than the Englishman. His sharp thin air acts always on him as a stimulus. It will not let him rest, but whips him on. The brilliant sunshine is like a wine that intoxicates him. It eats away his flesh, turns muscle into tendon, and refines and quickens his perceptions. So we find him always inquiring, investigating, questioning, inventing, working. His perceptions dominate his sentiments. He is always organizing and reorganizing, and inventing, and putting things into shape. Everything runs to form rather than to color in his mind. He must have things definite and decided. The Englishman has more equipoise. His susceptibilities are more blunted; he is less nervous and more contented, calmer-minded and steadier of purpose. He has his loyal sentiments, his fixed habits, his regular formulas of life and thought, his quiet prejudices, and, in a word, his inertia of nature. He is fonder of facts than of metaphysics. He is full of general impressions, and does not like to be disturbed in them. His sentiments dominate and color his perceptions and opinions. His face and figure are vaguer in outline than the American's, and fuller of color. He is fitter for a picture than for a bust. Much of this difference undoubtedly is to be attributed to the influences of climate; for even the unmixed English blood in America has already lost its type, and developed a new one. Take an English girl, and put her beside an American girl whose ancestry is pure English, and there is a

remarkable difference between them in shape, nature, and color. The American, as a rule, is slenderer, fairer, and slighter limbed, thinner featured, and more vivacious and excited in manner. The English girl is fuller, rosier in color, heavier in build, and calmer. The voice of the American is thin and high, that of the English girl is rich and low. But where you will find the greatest physical difference is in the feet and hands. The American's foot is small, thin, high-arched, and tendonous in the ankle. The English girl's is plump, flat, and full in the ankle. There is the same difference in the hands. Take a cast from an American and an English foot, and any one can distinguish them with half an eye. All the attachments, as they are called, are longer and more tendonous in the American than in the English.

Bel. You seem to make out your case. Certainly there is a great difference between the general appearance of the English and the American. There is something charming in the one as of a rose, and in the other of a lily. Where the English have the advantage over the Americans is in their voices and intonations. An Englishwoman's voice is a pleasure to hear—so sweet, and low, and pleasant in its modulations—while the Americans whine with a high-pitched voice. I wish they would correct this. You know them “as the blind man knew the cuckoo by the bad voice.”

Mal. They sing better than the English, because the English never can fully utter their voice and throw it out.

Bel. Certainly the American girls are sometimes very handsome, and they generally have a refinement of look and feature, if not of manner. In their ways, too, there is a certain wild wilfulness and independence which, when it does not go too far (as it frequently does), is very attractive.

Mal. The English have had at least one great sculptor—Flaxman. He was a man of rare genius and a most refined imagination—almost a Greek born out of his time and country. His illustrations to Homer and Æschylus are full of restrained grace and simplicity, and admirable in their character and composition. His illustrations of Dante are very inferior to them, though full of talent. His life, however, was spent in making monuments

and allegorical figures for which he had no taste, but which the public demanded. But he will be remembered by the ideal works which the public refused and rejected. I think, for only one of his outlined compositions did he ever receive a commission, and that was for the Mercury and Pandora which is among his drawings from Hesiod.

Bel. His power seems to have been best exhibited on his outlines. In the technical parts of his art, and in his modelling and manipulation, he was as clumsy as he was refined and poetic in his conceptions. At least, so I should judge from the modelled bas-reliefs of his which I have seen.

Mal. It is very true. He did not model well—at least, all the casts from his models that I have seen are carelessly executed, and, in fact, mere sketches. But perhaps I have not seen any of what he could consider his finished models.

Bel. You were reproaching modern art the other day for its slavish following of nature, and saying that we could never attain a high development of art so long as we aimed simply at an imitation of nature. You promised at the same time that you would give me your notions of what true art is. Will it bore you to do this now?

Mal. Not at all, if it won't bore you.

Bel. I'll risk it. Go on.

Mal. In considering the true principles which govern art, we must first clear our minds of the notion that the object of art is illusion. Art is art because it is not nature; and could we absolutely reproduce anything by means of form, tone, color, or any other means, so as actually to deceive, it would at once fail to interest the mind and heart as art. However we might, on being undeceived, wonder at the skill with which it was imitated, we should not accept it as a true work of art. It is only so long as imitative skill is subordinated to creative energy, and poetic sensibility, that it occupies its proper place. Otherwise, if by any process we could fix on a mirror the reflection of anything, we should have a perfect picture. Yet, perfect as the reflection is in every respect, it is not a picture, and it does not interest us as art. The most perfect imitation of nature is therefore not art. It must pass through the mind of the artist and be changed.

Bel. Shakespeare says we should "hold the mirror up to nature" in our art.

Mal. Ay, but what mirror? Not the senseless material mirror, in which nature is simply reproduced as fact. Art is nature reflected in the spiritual mirror, and tinged with all the sentiment, feeling, passion of the spirit that reflects it. It is nature that has "suffered a sea change into something rich and strange." It is then an absolute requisite of a work of art, that it should neither be real nor illusory. The moment reality or illusion comes in, art disappears. The birds that strove to peck the painted grapes of Zeuxis, the ape that ate the colored beetles in the volume of natural history, are types of the ignorant and vulgar mind that never entered into the sacred precincts of art.

Bel. The story of the birds pecking the grapes in the picture of Zeuxis is always related as a proof of his wonderful power of copying nature, even to the point of literal deception. But birds and insects are easily deceived by the commonest representation of fruit and flowers. I have often watched the bee-moth as he tried flower after flower, painted coarsely along under the cornice of my Italian villa walls, sometimes making the entire round of the room in search of his sustenance, and never learning by experience.

Mal. The old story of the painted curtain of Parrhasius, which he was requested to draw aside from before his picture, is in the same class. It is evidently made out of the whole cloth—like a hundred others that are told about artists. But supposing it true, it proves that the result of the perfect imitation was to take the picture out of the domain of art—to the minds of all who saw it. Much as one might admire the skill of the deception, the result was not interesting as art in its higher sense. But art is not only not illusion—it is not even a mere reproduction of nature,—but an expression and bodying forth of the inmost being of the artist. Its germ is within and not without; it only uses nature as an outward garment in which to clothe the living idea and conception, assimilating whatever in nature belongs to it of right, and rejecting all which is not fit or necessary. It weaves its figure out of nature, but nature is only the material which it uses in its loom, and which obeys the motions of the working spirit as it transfigures the outward sub-

stance with its own inner life. Truth and fact are to be carefully discriminated. Mere facts, however true in and for themselves, may be all untrue in art. Nothing is true in art unless it be assimilated by the imagination to the idea which is the soul of the work, whatever it may be, independently of that connection, and viewed by itself. Too close an imitation of facts often lowers the character of the work and degrades the idea, and this is specially to be seen in music, which, in so far as it is imitation, is on a low plane.

Bel. Is it not equally so with regard to sculpture? Suppose illusion to be its object, and literal imitation its true means, on such principles the wax figures of Madame Tussaud, with their real dresses, their real hair, and painted faces, ought to be truer products of art than the noblest of Greek statues. But, in truth, it is this very illusion which disgusts us while it deceives. So far from desiring illusion; it is an impertinence which we reject.

Mal. Undoubtedly it is.

Bel. And let me, before you go on, also recall to you those charming lines of Wordsworth, suggested by a picture of Peele Castle in a storm, by Sir George Beaumont:—

"I was thy neighbor once, thou rugged pile!
Four summer weeks I dwelt in sight of thee:
I saw thee every day; and all the while
Thy form was sleeping on a glassy sea.

"So pure the sky, so quiet was the air!
So like, so very like, was day to day!
Whene'er I looked, thy image still was there;
It trembled, but it never passed away.

"How perfect was the calm! It seemed no
sleep,
No mood, which season takes away, or brings:
I could have fancied that the mighty deep
Was even the gentlest of all gentle things.

"Ah! then, if mine had been the painter's
hand,
To express what then I saw; and add the
gleam,
The light that never was, on sea or land,
The consecration, and the Poet's dream."

Mal. Exactly! That is what is wanted in art—the consecration, and the poet's dream—and without it there is no real art in the highest sense of the word.

Bel. One moment before you go on. These lines of Wordsworth reminded me of a passage in Shelley which it very closely resembles—

"Within the surface of the fleeting river
The wrinkled image of the city lay,
Immovably unquiet, yet forever
It trembles, but it never fades away;"—

a passage which he seems to have liked, for he repeats it, with a variation, in his "Ode to Liberty," almost identical with this line of Wordsworth's—

"It trembles, but it cannot pass away."

But if we continue quoting poetry, we shall not get on with our discussion. You were saying that art should be above nature while it was in it—as the spirit is above and in the body—and that it should be an interpretation and not an imitation of nature. Now go on, if I have not entirely put you out.

Mal. In art there is no nature independent of man and his relation to it. While art should never be false to nature, it should be its master and not its slave. Nature is the grammar and dictionary of art; but it is not until we have mastered these so as to use them freely and almost unconsciously as a language, that we can rise to be poets or artists. A faultless grammatical sentence, or series of sentences, does not make a poem; and many are the artists who, after they have learned the language of art, have nothing to say which is worth saying. If we have nothing really to say, what is the use of learning the language. A servile imitation of nature is fatal to all the higher impulses of the spirit, and will never result in anything admirable. A sketch by a great master is better, despite all its incorrectness, not only than the most careful reproduction through mere imitation of any facts in nature, but often better than the finished work of the same master—better, because freer and fuller of the idea. Every artist will tell you that he finds it difficult in his finished work to come up to the impression of his sketch, for the former is produced in the heat of enthusiasm, and when the mind is penetrated thoroughly with the idea, while the latter is more studied and mechanical. Persons ordinarily speak of imitations of nature—as if nature were something definite, and positive, and absolute. But nature is to each one a different thing. It is what we are, and takes the coloring of the eye and the mind. It is infinite, too, in its variety, infinite in its scale, and infinite in its combinations—while an imitation of a

definite fact is limited to that fact. Yet even that one fact is protean. It changes with every light, and is affected by every emotion of the artist. Nature is not an aggregation of facts—it is an idea in the mind derived from a long series of varying impressions and experiences. When we say a work of art is natural, it is because it answers to this idea, not because it is true to some particular fact. Many incidents true in fact are to the imagination false, unnatural, and unfit for art.

Bel. You remember Coleridge's lines beginning—

"Oh, lady, we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone doth nature live," etc.—

all so true and so charming. But go on.

Mal. The vice of modern art is that it founds itself too much on the low principle of imitation and literal realism, as it is called. The study of particular facts in nature is considered as an end and not as a means; and they are treated, not as idioms or phrases of a language to be learned and freely used to express ideas, but as being in themselves poems which are merely to be copied. The artist subordinates himself to some particular scene, or place, or room, or dress, and by patiently, and often servilely, copying these, he expects to produce a great picture. He sets a model before him, and by imitating carefully every detail of the individual, expects to produce a great statue. But in this kind of work there is no opportunity for style and grand character. Its place but too often is usurped by the sham and counterfeit *chique*. The imagination is not tasked to a great conception, but cleverness and trick play its part. Undoubtedly the dexterity and ability shown in some of these works of mere handicraft is very great, but there it all but too often ends. Such works surprise and delight for a moment, but their time is short. The public admire and buy. The artist yields to temptation and paints to sell, and thus talent and skill of a rare quality are wasted; and when the fashion of the day goes, such works go with it. The consequence is, that we have many phrase-books, note-books, and studies from nature, and very little art in its highest sense. That nature should be studied with the utmost earnestness and zeal, that it should never be falsely represented in our work, is too obvious to need

to be stated. But all this study is only preparation for art. It is learning to play the scales, but it is not music. It is acquiring the language, not writing poems.

Bel. You differ from the principles laid down by Mr. Ruskin, who seems to think that a perfect reproduction of anything physical before you will constitute an admirable work of art.

Mal. Oh, I don't believe he would accept such a rendering of his thought and teaching. He has done an immense deal of good by his writings. He has stimulated the mind to think. He has brought art over from vague generalities to a real study of nature, which is the true basis of excellence in sculpture and painting. But it is not the end. We cannot idealize anything by omitting its peculiarities and slurring over its facts; but only by mastering them, and then subjecting them to the idea to be represented. Besides this, he is a poet, and his descriptions of nature in landscape are wonderfully true and subtle. But in his statement of principles he is vague, contradictory, and unphilosophical. The principles he lays down dogmatically in one chapter, he controverts and refutes in the next, so that it is impossible to understand what his real principles are. He has no system, but very many just observations; no metaphysical accuracy, but a high poetic and critical faculty. He has changed his view in regard to many of the great painters in the most remarkable way,—now deeming them as comparatively worthless, and at a later time praising them with equal vehemence. It always seems to me as if he were learning his lesson aloud, and correcting his impressions before the public. Still, he speaks as authoritatively when he is beginning to study his lesson, as afterward when he has advanced to a position where he finds what he said is untrue. But he has one great merit. He is honest, bold, and in earnest.

Bel. His observations of nature always strike me as particularly admirable and close, and his descriptions are so poetic and rich in expression and style that they carry one away with their eloquence. But you were saying that imitation is a mere means and not an end of art. You are speaking, I suppose, more in relation to sculpture and painting than in relation to poetry and music?

Mal. I have been speaking of art in

general, and not of art as confined to any particular form. Undoubtedly, in sculpture and painting, imitation must properly be carried further than in music or poetry. Music, which is the most ideal of all the arts, at once wrenches itself entirely from imitation, and seeks to stir the emotions by fiery sallies into the upper nature which overbroods the lower nature of facts, forms, and incidents, as the sky over the earth. In landscape, for instance, the material facts are etherealized and transfigured by air, light, and color, so as to lift them out of prosa facts, and the true artist should seek the sentiment as well as the facts. It is by the imaginative sense that he subdues the prosaic facts to the emotion and idea to be conveyed in his work, and thus fuses the literal into poetry. Round every form there hovers an essence that spiritualizes it, and it is this which the true artist should seek to appropriate as well as the form, for without it the form is vacuous. Nature is plastic to the soul. There is no stock, or stone, or weed which a great emotion in the heart will not spiritualize. Nature is not a dead repertory of facts—it is a living keyboard for the imagination to play upon, out of which infinite combinations of harmony or melody may be produced. But nature must be played by the artist in the key of the emotion to be embodied, and the modulations must follow the creative energy, or only consecutive sounds will be evoked, and not music.

Bel. That is what we mean in common parlance when we say of a work that it may be very clever, but it has no feeling,—that it shows great skill and technical mastery, but does not touch us. Nothing, I suppose, ever does touch us, unless it has come from a deep feeling. Unless the artist profoundly feels his own work, and infuses into it his own spirit, how can he expect to move any one? Mere mechanical dexterity will not evidently suffice. How many works, despite their technical merit, seem to us hard, cold, or clever; while other works, despite their manifest defects and incompleteness, delight us? But I did not mean to interrupt you, though you require, perhaps, to be taken down from your high horse once in a while, lest you go out of sight and lose yourself in the clouds. But go on.

Mal. Look at poetry, and you will see how little imitation has to do with it. The

poet will never evoke the simplest scenery by enumerating its facts, but he condenses into a single phrase the whole spirit of the scene, and makes it live again in the sympathetic mind of the reader. He leaves out the barren and waste details which do not of necessity belong to his emotion, and without falsifying, reproduces nature as a garment to his thought. In music, too, the composer does not imitate the sounds of the natural world, though he summons it up to you by the tones in which he embodies it. So it should be, though in a less degree, with the painter and with the sculptor. He cannot say all, and he must select. What is not necessary in art is impertinent. Each work has its one word to say, its one blow to strike, and if that be missed, all the rest is rubbish. If the artist have a real and sincere intent, a living idea and thought, let him subordinate all to that, rejecting the unnecessary, however pleasing in itself, and making his work in all its details converge to one point, and cry out with one voice. But to do this, he must have an imperious conception to which all must yield. He must learn the virtue of renunciation. What is left undone is as necessary to a true work of art as what is done. In each of the arts too much is as fatal as too little. A suggestion is often better than a statement. The imagination is always ready to be beckoned, but rebels against being drilled or driven.

Bel. I have a modern picture in my mind now, which justifies all you say. It was painted with very great technical skill—all the parts were carefully finished, and it showed great talent. But it had no central point of interest. Each detail was emphasized as if it were essential, and the artist seemed to have given as much love to each bit as to the whole. Indeed the whole was lost in the parts. When I first saw it, the impression it made on me I cannot better express than by saying, that it seemed to me as if I entered a room where everybody was talking at once—each claiming my attention, and each saying his word as loud as he could. Apparently the artist was afraid of not being true to every part in detail, and thus lost his grasp on the essential one thing to be said. The public was delighted with the care with which everything was done; but the whole picture seemed to me a mistake, and a waste of talent. Notwith-

standing its skill, it left no real impression upon me.

Mal. Art is now a slave or servant of the age, and no longer a leader and master. Yet this is not its true function. It is born to command, and its life is Freedom. But the necessities of the time, the follies of fashion, and the public desire for illusion and imitation, pull it down from its pedestal, and drag it in their train. It goes creeping along to swell the pageant of wealth and utility. But art does not sing well in a cage. It is only in the fulness of freedom that it does its best. As Schiller says in his "Letters on the *Æsthetic Education of Man*," "Man only *plays* when in the fullest sense of the word he is man; and he is then only truly man when he plays." What is mere truth is only the mechanics of art. It is of the earth, earthy. But inspiration and imagination have the spirit of what Schiller calls play. They are rejoicing and self-sufficing, and freely play with the materials that work has collected. So long as our art is mere work, it is a vulgar drudge. It is only when imagination lends it wings that it soars into its true sphere of the ideal, and becomes the master and not the slave of Nature. Let me read you a passage from Schiller on this subject. He says—"The current of events has given the genius of the age a bias, which draws it further and further from the art of the Ideal. This must abandon actualities, and lift itself with becoming boldness above mere necessities. For art is the daughter of freedom, and from the urgency of the spirit, not from the necessity of the matter, must its conceptions spring. But necessities now rule, and bow fallen manhood under her tyrannical yoke. Utility is the great idol of the age, which all powers serve, and to which all talent does homage."

Bel. There is no doubt truth in all this, though it is a little vague in expression. Yet between the claims of the ideal on the one side and of practical adherence to nature on the other, the artist seems to have as difficult a course to steer as between Scylla and Charybdis. In the past generation we had the Ideal school, which, by endeavoring to lift itself above nature, became vague and untrue and phantasmical. Now we have the Realistic school, which sins as much on the other side, and becomes literal and prosaic in its slavery to

imitation. Taking to avoid Scylla, we have fallen on Charybdis.

Mal. The true mean is of course difficult. If art were easy, and its path strictly drawn, it would cease to be the problem it is. But listen again to Schiller: "Matter without Form" (he uses Form in the highest sense of imaginative shaping) "is only a half possession, for the most royal knowledge is buried when dead treasure in a mind, which knows not how to give it its shape. Form without matter, again, is only the shadow of a possession, and the utmost dexterity of art in expression is useless to him who has nothing to express."

Bel. All very true, but is it not also self-evident?

Mal. I suppose it is; but in discussions upon art, one has often strongly to insist upon principles which seem to be almost self-evident.

Bel. Let us go back a little to what you were saying about Imitation not being the end of art. In music and in poetry, one sees at once that it is not. The ear has a science for its art, but unfortunately the eye has not. There is no absolute harmonic scale of color, and still less of form. And we must therefore depend on our natural instincts, as we have no definite positive rules.

Mal. That is undoubtedly true to a certain extent; but I have no doubt that there is a real science of harmony to the eye as well as to the ear, only we have not yet discovered and formally established it; and so we blindly work in the one, while our way is comparatively clear in the other. I spent a good many hours at one time in endeavoring to make a thorough-bass of color, but it foiled me, and after many experiments I gave it up. But sounds and colors are closely connected, and the harmonies of one are as absolute as those of the other. The blind feel this perhaps more than those who see, and certain sounds represent to their minds a corresponding color. You remember the blind man who said that the sound of the trumpet seemed to him scarlet. Do we not all feel that he was right? It may be fanciful, and of course it is, but most of the instruments represent to me colors.

Bel. You may well say this is fanciful. I do not follow you at all. They represent nothing of the kind to me; and even if what you say were true, I suppose to

each different mind the effect would be different, and it would be difficult, if not impossible, to establish any agreement.

Mal. I dare say it would. I merely threw out a hint. But the common use of the words "tone" and "harmony," as applied to color, indicate that there is a subtle connection between sound and color, however dim and intangible. Certainly some colors clash together, and produce the same mental impression as discords in music. So also harmonies of forms and lines are felt to be allied to music, though we cannot explain the relation. Proportion is harmony; symmetry is nothing but the harmonious relations of measures, and I have no doubt they have an absolute mathematical relation, as much as the pulsations of strings. It is because we do not scientifically know these relations that we are always groping in the dark; and having only an empirical knowledge, gained from practice, we are never sure of anything, and so cannot lift ourselves above imitations of what we see and feel to be agreeable; and this brings me back to what I was saying. In art, servile imitation means ignorance. Take sculpture, for instance. This, as I have said before, is at once the most positive, the most restricted in its means, and the most requiring in its end. If in this art mere imitation be not required as of necessity, it would seem to be required in no form of art. Yet it is precisely because of its literal imitation that sculpture in the modern days is defective. It has no style. It is not nature, it is the individual model; it is Lisette or Antoine. When compared with the best antique work, though it is far more elaborate in its execution, and more finished in its details, it is far inferior in character, dignity, and style. In the antique the forms are scientifically disposed, according to a certain established scale or harmony of proportion, and the details are subordinated to that distribution. The type is never lost sight of; it dominates all the parts. The Greek artist in his ideal works never suffered himself to be seduced by any accidents of the model from principles established by long study of the varying forms of nature, and reduced to system. His art has, like music, a thorough-bass, a scientific standard of proportion which is absolute. He permits himself no extravagance of gesture or form, but he seizes on

the characteristic, works it boldly out, and knows what he is doing. All the ancient sculpture has a style of its own; whether the individual work be good or bad in execution, it is founded upon a distinct and scientific distribution of parts,—upon a system which the artist has learned, and knows as if it were a multiplication-table. Modern sculpture, on the contrary, is full of accident. It is domineered over by the model. It is founded on no system and on no scientific basis. It has no absolute standard of proportion for the human form, it is governed by no law, and seeks through imitation of the individual model to supply this want. Part by part it is worked out, but without any understanding of the whole, and without any style. Imitation is its bane, because the imitation is carried out without principles and without selection, and what is seen in the model is copied and taken as absolute.

Bel. Do you say the ancients had a mathematical and scientific standard of proportion to which they always adhered?

Mal. Undoubtedly. No one can carefully examine the ancient statues without being struck by that. They are all marked by the same characteristics of proportion, and even their poorest works are blocked out on a regular system.

Bel. Would not such a rule limit the sculptor exceedingly, and tend to render his work mechanical?

Mal. Certainly not, if the standard was just. Nothing would help him more than an absolute rule of mean proportion. He might vary it in any figure, if he chose, for a special effect, but in so doing he would always know how far he strayed, and would be careful not to exaggerate. Besides, small variations produce great differences; and, after all, he must be careful to keep to the real proportions of the human figure, whatever he do. Does grammar prevent us from being poets? Does the exact science of thorough-bass limit the range of music? Does not the imagination play with the utmost freedom within its bounds? Is the result of its strict rules, monotony of character among different composers? Is there any resemblance between Beethoven and Rossini? Yet they both worked within the same absolute rules of thorough bass; and if at times Beethoven chose for effect, contrary to rule, to make consecutive fifths, he vio-

lated the rule consciously, while he recognized it as in ordinary cases just.

Bel. Was the rule of proportion the same through all ages of Greek art?

Mal. No. The first scientific and absolute standard of the proportion of the human figure was established by Polykleitus, who wrote the famous treatise on the canons of proportion, celebrated in antiquity, and who embodied its rules in the statue of the Doryphorus, which was called the Canon. After him Enphranor introduced a variation, by lengthening the lower limbs in proportion to the torso; and still later, Lysippus increased this variation. But all recognize the necessity of a standard of proportion for the formalization of their work. This in nowise restrained their inventive powers, or limited the range of their imagination. How could it?

Bel. I do not see how it could. I merely asked the question, because I remember an article written upon a treatise of proportion, where the critic objected to any elaborate system or standard of proportion upon the ground that it restricted the artist's powers, left him no free play in his art, and tended to render his work mechanical.

Mal. Nonsense. Such a critic could have had little idea about art to entertain such a notion. He must have supposed that a sculptor could do nothing better than to set a model before him, and copy as accurately as possible what he saw. But such a method as this would never result in excellence, except by chance. A model should serve an artist only as a grammar or dictionary of reference, to supply gaps in his knowledge of special facts and nothing else. It would be impossible to take from one the soul of his work,—nay, even the pose of it, for the artist must use it in reference to a fixed notion of movement and expression in his own mind, and modify it to that. No model can take even the pose of the statue you are making, as you wish it to be; and some fixed notion you must have, otherwise, as the model constantly changes, not only in pose but even in parts, according to her changes of movement, his work would require constant changes to correspond, and he would never end.

Bel. Besides, no model can ever enter, I suppose, into the feeling of the artist, and assume the true movement he seeks.

Mal. Never; and therefore it becomes necessary for the artist to have a fixed conception, and a thorough knowledge of what is just and proper to express it, taking only from the model what suits his idea, and rejecting or modifying the rest. And here the Greeks are our great masters. They sought for style, and not for minute imitation of details. The details came in subordinated intelligently to the masses, and they formalized their statues to a scientific standard of proportion. Too minute an imitation was by them considered a defect. Callimachus, for instance, on account of his exceeding devotion to detail, was nicknamed *καταρτηρέτης*—the over-refiner or niggler—and he was criticised by Quintilian as “*nimius in veritate*.” Lysippus, indeed, was celebrated for the great finish of his works (*argutia operum*), but in his standard of proportions he was more ideal than any of his predecessors, and he worked upon a peculiar system of his own, saying that “men should be represented, not as they were but as they ought to be.” Yet in his day the grand school was already on the wane, and soon began to decline into eclecticism, over-refinement, and delicacy, and to betake itself to portraiture and the making of Venuses and Cupids—just as the best style of the great Italian painters declined and became academic in the time of the Caracci. In the grand school of Phidias, the details were completely subordinated to the masses. Nature was thoroughly understood and treated with great mastery, but minute detail was avoided.

Bel. Mr. Ruskin would seem to trace back to imitation of nature even the forms of arabesque, and has endeavored to account for the pleasing effect of certain lines and combinations by the suggestion that they are taken from natural products, as leaves and flowers, and are therefore beautiful. This seems to me to be an utterly untenable position. Forms and lines, and combinations of these, are not beautiful because they are to be found in nature, but simply because they are beautiful—that is, because there is an inborn sense of harmonious relations in the human mind to which they respond. Certain forms and certain proportions please the sense of beauty—and there is the end of it. A line does not please us because it may be found on the outline of a leaf,

—for the outline on the leaf would not please us merely because it was found in nature, but because simply it pleases us. Both please us for the same reason. The combinations of harmonious and melodious tones in music are not taken from nature. They do not owe their charm to any imitation of nature's sounds, but to the inward sense of man. And the same is the case with arabesque. Certain combinations are agreeable, and others are not, whether they may be found in nature or not. It is idle to tell me I ought not to like the Greek fret, because there is no such form to be found in nature, and it is an imitation of nothing; and that I ought to like the honeysuckle pattern, because it is taken from the flower. I answer that this has nothing to do with the reason why I like or dislike either pattern. All forms in nature are not necessarily or equally beautiful, otherwise we might as well copy in arabesque one thing as another.

Mal. It was only this morning that I read a passage from Mr. Ruskin which bears upon this very question, and which is a famous specimen of his autocratic style and his inconsequential argumentation, or rather affirmation—which he deems philosophy. Here it is: “I have repeated again and again” (how imperious!) “that the *ideas of beauty are instinctive*, and that it is only upon consideration and in a *doubtful* and disputable way that they appear in their typical character.” This would seem to agree with the notions you have just expressed. But mark how he continues: “While I assert positively, and have no fear of being able to *prove*, that a curve of any kind is more beautiful than a right line, I leave it to the reader to accept or not the only reason for its agreeableness that I can at all trace—namely, that every curve divides itself infinitely by its change of direction.” Can there be a more extraordinary contradiction of sentiment than is exhibited in this passage? First, he asserts that the ideas of beauty are instinctive, and appear in a doubtful and disputable way; then that he can *prove* that a curve is more agreeable than a right line; and then the only *proof* that he can offer is a suggestion, which the reader may accept or not. How can you prove anything which is doubtful and disputable by a suggestion that in itself is admitted to be questionable?

Bel. If the ideas of beauty are instinctive, then of course a thing is beautiful because we like it, because it is agreeable to us, because it corresponds to an instinctive sense of beauty; and this is the end of the whole matter. Besides, I deny the proposition that "a curve of any kind is more beautiful than a straight line." A half-circle drawn with the compass is no more beautiful than the line of the diameter. Nothing is more fatiguing or mechanical than an uninterrupted curve. It is the combination of various curves, now flattened so as to be almost quite straight, now swelling, balancing each other, interrupted, and related to each other and to straight lines, which is agreeable in composition and in form.

Mal. On the coast of Cornwall the wreckers have the custom, on dark and stormy nights, of tying a lantern to the neck of a bell-wether, and setting him loose on the cliffs. As he moves along, nodding his head up and down, he attracts the notice of sailors and fishermen making for shore, and, taking his wavering lantern for a lighted boat in harbor, they direct their course toward him, expecting thus to make a safe landing, and are lured and wrecked upon the rocks. I must confess I think that artists who take Mr. Ruskin as an absolute and practical guide in art will but too often find him a wandering—however brilliant—light to lure them to danger, and perhaps destruction. And the worst of it is, that he is all the more dangerous as a guide because of his brilliancy.

Bel. Let us leave Mr. Ruskin and return to our text. Art, according to you, would be the medium between nature and man—the interfusion of facts with feelings and ideas—and not a mere rescript or imitation of dead nature.

Mal. If art be a language, it is plainly the duty of an artist to learn its grammar and structure as thoroughly as he can. Then the question is whether he has anything to say which is original, poetic, or interesting? It is scarcely worth while to learn the language if one has nothing but trivial commonplaces to announce by means of it. Where is the use in learning to make rhymes and verses if you have no poetic and inspiring ideas to express? The means employed in the various forms of art—in music, painting, sculpture, and poetry—are indeed quite different; but

the end to be attained is the same—to stir and move the heart and mind, to lift it out of commonplace, and to idealize the literal and make it subservient to some grand or beautiful conception of the imagination. In each of the arts there is as great danger of doing too much as of doing too little, or being too literal as in being too vague. In many if not in most cases, a suggestion is better than a statement. Too much literalness of imitation invariably degenerates into dullness and prose, and a hint, suggestion, or touch often does more to stimulate the mind than a careful elaboration. Every great work contains more than its statements. It has a mystery in it that stimulates the mind, and carries it beyond the mere facts into a dreamland of sentiment and feeling. In poetry especially, the poet is often tempted to say too much. The imagination is always ready to supply whatever is suggested, but refuses to be guided and taught its lesson. In a picture, also, there is one thing to be represented in especial to which all else should be subordinated—one main idea to be expressed, and to insist in giving equal value to all that is accessory is a mistake. Besides, it is not true to nature. When the eye is in the centre of the scene, then all is definite, while all else is subordinated and comparatively vague. To give to all the parts equal value and precision, is to draw off the mind from the main object upon which the attention should be fixed. The true artist shows his judgment as well as his imagination in not distracting the eye and the mind by giving the same importance of treatment or the same vividness of representation to the accidental and unnecessary as to the necessary and essential.

Bel. The same observation will apply to the theatre. The actors are obliterated by the gorgeous scenery behind them. The "Tempest" of Shakespeare, for instance, by this treatment becomes a scenic effect, and Prospero and Miranda are merely subordinate figures in a splendid landscape. With a green curtain behind them, the imagination will supply the scene, and the passions of the persons become the all in all, as they should. This is one reason why Shakespeare always produces a vastly greater effect on one who reads any of his plays than on the same person seeing it on the stage. The imagination must be very dull if we need

actual facts and properties and scenery to stimulate them. But nowadays we must have a real wreck for Ferdinand; a real, or apparently real, river for Ophelia to drown in; a real castle, battlements, and moonlight for Hamlet to meet the ghost upon; and the poet is reduced to the line of the playwright. The scene-painter gets as much applause as the author. It is like the artist in "Little Peddlington," with the actual pump and the veritable ax and cow-house. We want illusion, not reality.

Mal. The stage has always exercised a great influence on art, as well as art has upon the stage. The Greeks had almost no scenery; their imaginations were so quick that they did not need it. They did not seek for scenic effects and illusions, but were absorbed in the passions portrayed by the actors in their words and gestures. They had no *asides* on the stage; but all was represented, so to speak, in *basso-relievo*. In like manner the figures in their pictures were in a plane, and had the character of *basso-relievo*. They had no middle distances, no far off backgrounds, no various incidents, but only foreground figures. They were sparing in effects, and simple and almost sculptural in their arrangements, and concentrated the interest in few figures. On our stage we represent distances and narrow planes with many figures and elaborate backgrounds and scenery, and our historical pictures partake of the effects of the theatre in their groupings and arrangements. We should not be satisfied with the simple and bare effects of the Greek stage. We not only want the play, but the scenery.

Bel. All our art is different from the art of the Greeks; and certainly in one art—that of music—we have left them, so to say, nowhere. The monotony of their music would bore us to death. This is the great art of our century, which has developed a new world. I doubt if they did not surpass us in painting as much as in sculpture; but unfortunately we have none of their pictures except a few wall-decorations, and not one of their wonderful statues except those which are partly decorative—so, at least, I have often heard you say.

Mal. It is true. The noble works of the Parthenon, of which only a few defaced and broken statues now remain, are

decorative figures made by unknown artists, and not celebrated by any ancient writer. But if these noble statues were only decorative, and not considered worthy of special notice, what must have been those famous ones which were the wonder of the world, and so extravagantly praised by the critics of antiquity! What must have been the Athena of Phidias, or the Olympian Zeus, which was said to have exalted and enlarged religion itself! What the magnificent works of Praxiteles, Calamis, Polykleitos, Lysippos, Scopas, Alcamenes, Myron, Agoracritus, and the rest! All these are lost; not one remains—unless, perhaps, we may except the group of Hermes and Cupid lately unearthed at Olympia, which is full of feeling, grace, and nature, and which, as it corresponds to the text of Pausanias in subject and place where it was found, may possibly be by Praxiteles. But which Praxiteles—for there were two—if either? We must be very careful to remember that Pausanias wrote centuries after Praxiteles died; and all that he can say is that a statue then stood in this place which was called a work of Praxiteles. Well, how many pictures that are called Raphaels, and how many statues that are called Michel Angelos, do we not know that neither Raphael nor Michel Angelo ever saw? And we have only Roman copies of the great Greek works. Nay, we even do not know with certainty that even these are copies, or if so, of what they are copies. The Apollo Belvedere itself is a Roman work of about the time of Nero.

Bel. How do you know this?

Mal. First, from its workmanship. It is not in the Greek style—not *carré*—squared, and flat in its planes, but rounded in its forms, as the Romans worked; and second, because it is executed in Luna or Carrara marble, which fixes its date—the quarries of Carrara having been first opened about the time of Nero.

Bel. Is there, then, so great a difference between the style of workmanship among the Romans and the Greeks?

Mal. Very great. But it would take too long to explain it here; and, besides, I doubt if I should make it perfectly intelligible in words after all, though I could easily show you the difference by comparing two statues. All I can say is that the Greek work is, to use two French words which better explain what I mean than

any English ones which I can now think of, *carré* and *arrêté*—more squared out and decisive in its statements of form. The scientific statement of form is never lost. The treatment is freer, bolder, and based on clearer knowledge and principles. The Roman work is more puffy and rounded, and the muscles are more feebly stated and smoothed away. Compare the Apollo with the Theseus of the Elgin Marbles, and you will at once see the difference.

Bel. But were not all, or nearly all, the sculptors in Rome Greeks?

Mal. That is the general opinion, I know; but I do not agree to it. If they were, they changed their whole style of workmanship. But I see no sufficient reason for any such supposition. Almost all the known names of sculptors in Rome are Greek in their terminations undoubtedly, but this proves nothing. Greece was the land of art and of sculpture, and at one period undoubtedly many came to Rome and practised this profession there—although it does not seem that among these there was a single one of the celebrated sculptors. But Greece could never have supplied artists enough to make the almost incredible number of statues that existed in Rome. They were, as you remember, said to equal in number the inhabitants. One man alone—Emilius Scaurus—had three thousand disposable statues to put into his temporary theatre; and how many more he had, who knows! Now the inhabitants of Rome—not of the *urbs* or city, but of what was called Rome (the Romans making in this respect the same distinction that is now made between London and the City)—must have been at least four millions; and it is difficult to believe that Greece alone could have furnished artists enough to make them, even if she had sent every sculptor she had to Rome.

Bel. Do you place the inhabitants of Rome at so high a figure? You surprise me. Mr. Merivale, if I remember right, only puts them at some 700,000.

Mal. Justus Lipsius, who is a far better authority on this point, has discussed the question in a very elaborate essay, and he estimates the number at four millions. After carefully examining all the data we have, all the statements of the various ancient writers who allude to it, and all the facts which seem to bear on the question,

I am convinced that in estimating the number at four millions, I am rather understating than overstating it. It is much more probable that it was larger than that it was smaller. But if you are interested in the question, I will lend you an essay on it which I wrote years ago, and which will give you the grounds on which my estimate is founded. De Quincey also estimates the inhabitants of Rome at four millions. I will only cite one fact, and then leave this question. The Circus Maximus was constructed to hold 250,000, or, according to Victor, at a later period probably, 385,000 spectators. Taking the smaller number, then, it would be one in sixteen of all the inhabitants if there were four millions. But as one half the population was composed of slaves, who must be struck out of the spectators, when the circus was built there would be accommodation then for one in eight of the total population, excluding slaves. Reducing again the number one half by striking out the women, there would be room for one in four. Again, striking out the young children and the old men and the sick and impotent, you would have accommodation for nearly the whole population. Is it possible to believe that the Romans constructed a circus to hold the entire population of Rome capable of going to it?—for such must have been the case were there only four millions of inhabitants. But suppose there were only a million inhabitants, it is plain from the mere figures that it would never have been possible to half fill the circus. But I will say no more on this subject now, for otherwise we shall spend the whole day on it, and I have already thoroughly discussed it in the paper of which I spoke. Let us now go back to the Roman sculptors. I was saying that I saw no sufficient reason for supposing the sculptors in Rome to be Greeks, although for the most part the names which have come down to us have Greek terminations. I take it that it was the fashion in Rome for sculptors to assume Greek names, just as in our day singers assume Italian names, and for a similar reason. Italy is the land of song and opera; the language is the language of opera; and singers of all nations take Italian terminations to their names—just as Greece, being the land of sculpture originally, and having produced the most renowned sculptors, the Roman

sculptors assumed Greek names, and perhaps pretended to be Greeks. Some of them probably, although long domesticated in Rome, also came of Greek ancestry; at all events, we know it was the fashion among dandies and literary men in Rome to talk Greek, and to quote Greek, and put on Greek airs, and to wear Greek dresses; and it is quite probable, therefore, that this affectation extended to sculptors. To such an extent was this carried, that the great Julius Cæsar himself, while dying, remonstrated in Greek with his assassins; and Cicero in his "Officiis" recommends the Romans "not to lard their talk with Greek quotations," though, as far as his own letters are concerned, he greatly sinned against his own precept.

Bel. Yes; and I remember Shakespeare, who divined everything, girds at this peculiarity of Cicero in his "Julius Cæsar." Cassius says, "Did Cicero say anything?" and Cassius answers, "Ay, he spoke Greek."

Mal. Well, suppose a thousand years to pass by, and some Australian or South American or Patagonian to be endeavoring to trace the history of music from the records we have—would we not be as much justified in declaring that all the singers of this age were plainly Italians, inasmuch as their very names were evidences of the fact, as we are in declaring all the Roman sculptors to have been Greeks?

Bel. In like manner in later terms, when Latin was the literary language, most of the writers assumed Latin names, of whatever nation they were—as for instance the old chroniclers, Luitprandus, Frisingius, Ditmarus, Arnulphus, Adalboldus, Rupertus, Adhemarus Ostiensis, Chronographus Saxo, and others. Nay, even in our own day we see the German historian of the middle ages in Rome calling himself Gregorovius, after the old fashion.

Mal. It is a curious fact, however, that Rome itself has given us no great names in literature or art. None of the great Latin writers of ancient times in prose or poetry were Romans; and none of the great painters, poets, or writers of the Renaissance. Among the former, for instance—Virgil was a Mantuan; Terence a Carthaginian and a slave; Lucan and Seneca were Spaniards, and were both born

at Cordova; Plautus was an Umbrian; the elder Pliny came from Verona, and the younger was born at Como; Cicero was born at Arpinum, in the Abruzzi; Sallust was a Sabine, and came from Amiternum; Catullus came from Verona; Propertius was an Umbrian; Tibullus came from Penum, in the Sabine hills; Juvenal probably was born at Aquinum, though the exact place of his birth is not known; Martial was born at Sulmo, in the country of the Peligni; Horace was an Apulian from Venusia; Phædrus was a Thracian or Macedonian; Strabo came from Amasia, in Pontus; Julius Columella from Cadiz; Quinctilian from Calagurris, in Spain; Apuleius from Madaura, in Africa; Ausonius from Bordeaux; Statius from Naples; Valerius Flaccus from Padua; Fronto from Numidia.

Bel. This is very remarkable, but you have left out in your list Tacitus, Lucretius, and Suetonius.

Mal. I shall have to give up Lucretius, and also Varro. These were both born at Rome, and in the whole range of authors these are the only exceptions. As for Tacitus, the time and the place of his birth are unknown, as well as the time of his death, so we can say nothing about him. If he were a Roman he was an exception, as you see, to the general rule, and there is no reason to suppose he was. So also the birthplace of Suetonius is unknown. Rome has therefore no great name among authors to boast of in the ancient days, with the exception of Julius Cæsar, Lucretius, and Varro. The same observation holds good of the time of the Renaissance. All the great painters, and sculptors, and poets, and historians, and essayists came from other places—principally from Venetia, from Umbria, from Tuscany, from Naples. I cannot recall a single one who was born in Rome, unless, perhaps, Julio Romano. Dante, Petrarca, Ariosto, Pulci, Tasso, Macchiavelli, Muratori, Boccaccio, Michel Angelo, Titian, Correggio, Veronese, Palma, Da Vinci, Giotto, Massaccio, Lippi—in a word, all the great men who illustrate the literature and art of Italy—were born out of Rome. The Eternal City can show "no single volume paramount"—no master spirit.

Bel. Ah! but you cannot make good all your quotation. You cannot say, "No single volume paramount—no code." There at least the Romans were great—in their laws and their science of government. The Roman code is the basis of all our law.

Mal. I am not so sure even of that. The Institutes, Digests, Code, and Novellæ—that is, the whole Corpus Juris Civilis—was indeed compiled under the order of Justinian, then emperor of Constantinople. But he was not born in Rome, and we have no knowledge that on the commission of jurists to whom the compilation of this great work was confided there was a single Roman. There may have been, but there is no proof, nor even probability, that there was. So, too, the Theodosian Codex was compiled in the east in the reign of Theodosius, called the Great, and he was not a Roman. We do not even know that Gaius, the great Roman jurist, whose "Institutiones" were the text-book of the Roman law before the Institutes of Justinian, was a Roman by birth. Besides, the law was not a science, and scarcely a system, in the time of Cicero, and the advocate founded his cases more upon appeals to the passions and prejudices of his jurors than on strictly legal arguments. Cicero, in one of his speeches, casts a slur upon the condition of the law in his day, and says, "Occupied as I am, I could yet make myself sufficient of a lawyer in three days." In trials of state criminals the jury selected from the senators were judges as well of law as of fact, and the presiding magistrate was scarcely more than the curule chairman, without any power of decision.

Bel. You must add to the list of Romans the name of Marcus Aurelius, who was certainly born in Rome.

Mal. How could I have omitted him? Yes, truly his name does make up for a great deal. I know nothing nobler in spirit than his "Meditations," though perhaps his name could not properly come in among the great authors of Rome. He was the purest and noblest character that ever wore the purple, and one of the purest and noblest spirits that ever lived. It is not the literary merit of his book, however, that gives it value. It was but a private journal, and not a book intended for the public, and I was rather thinking of authors who wrote for the world.

Bel. Well, at all events you will admit that the great artists in Greece were Greeks, and that Athens was not as poor in native artists as Rome.

Mal. That depends on what you mean by Greeks. Many of them certainly were not Greeks proper, and very few Athenians. Polygnotus, for instance, was a Thracian by birth, and came from Thasos, and his Athenian citizenship was only conferred upon him on account of his distinction. Zeuxis, again, was a Macedonian from Heraclea; Parrhasius was an Ephesian from Asia Minor; Pamphelus was also a Macedonian from Amphipolis.

Bel. Who was Pamphelus? His name is not familiar to me among the great Greek painters.

Mal. Still he was a very distinguished man, and of great repute in his country—a Greek Leonardo da Vinci, skilled in mathematics, geometry, various branches of science, and painting in all its methods, of wax, encaustic, etc. He was the master, among others, of Apelles, Melanthius, and Pausias, and it was through his influence that the arts of Greece were greatly developed. He had a school of art, in which the course of study occupied ten years, and his entrance fee was a talent, which the scholar was obliged to pay whether he pursued the whole course or not. But to go on with the Greek artists who were not Greeks, we must add the great name of Apelles, who was born in Asia Minor, though at what precise place is not agreed upon. Suidas refers his birth to Colophon, but Pliny to Cos. The Apelles to whom Lucian refers as an Ephesian is probably another person: whatever he was, however, he was not a Greek proper. Dionysius was also a native of Colophon; Athenion was a Thracian from Maurea; Autophilus an Egyptian; and Protogenes, either a Carian from Caunus, or, according to Suidas, a Lycian from Xanthus.

Bel. Were there none of the great painters of antiquity who were Greeks proper?—none who were Athenians?

Mal. A few. Timanthes was a Greek from Sicily; so was Eupompus, I believe. Apollodorus, Nicias, and Pancæus (the nephew of Phidias) were Athenians; but I recall no one else among the painters. Yes, I do. Nicomachus and Aristides were both Bæotians from Thebes. As for the sculptors—

Bel. No, I thank you. I am sufficiently upset now in my ideas. You will go on and prove that Greece never produced any great men. I decline, I am not sure that you won't undertake to prove, in Mrs. Gamp's phraseology, that "there wa'n't never no such place as Athens," and that it is a sort of "Harris" among cities—a *Ἀρρισσοπόλις*, and that Haristides is as apocryphal as William Tell. I should not dare to ask you who Pericles was.

Mal. Your last statement reminds me of a pretty girl, not over-cultivated in literature and classical lore, who was turning over the leaves of Shakespeare's plays one day, and came to Pericles. Here she paused for a moment, and then looking up, said, with a delightful smile, and pro-

nouncing the great Athenian's name as she would "obstacles" or "manacles"—
"Pericles, Pericles—what are Pericles?"

Bel. Did you tell her?

Mal. I told her they were a queer sort of shell-fish, or periwinkle, or oyster, found in Greece, and that when the Greek girls got tired of a man they wrote his name on the half-shell, which was a delicate way of sending him off, and this they called ostracizing him.

Bel. And what did she say?

Mal. No matter.

Bel. That reminds me of a definition of mind and matter, which I once heard: "What is mind?" "No matter."
"What is matter?" "Never mind."
Blackwood's Magazine.

THE POET OF PORTUGAL.

BY F. G. WALTERS.

THE history and language of Portugal, save for a comparatively brief period at the commencement of the Peninsular War, may be classed among subjects which have been unpopular, or at any rate unfamiliar, in the case of most English readers. The Portuguese language, though a fine and sonorous one, shares, perhaps from its difficulty, the same fate which Dutch, Russian, and the Scandinavian languages have experienced from English students in general. But there are many life stories which are more well known than are less interesting in episode and tenor than is that of the Poet of Portugal. "The" Poet I call him, inasmuch as he stands, in the estimation of the majority at any rate of his own nation, alone—none but himself being his own parallel. England has Shakespeare and Milton; France, Boileau and Racine; Italy, Dante and Petrarch; Germany, Goethe and Schiller—but Portugal puts no second name in juxtaposition with that of Camoens, and few authors for successive centuries have so concentrated in their individual names the patriotic pride of their countrymen. The great epic of the "*Lusiad*," which has been translated into many languages, including our own, by two standard authors presently to be noticed, was the sole object of his life after

the loss of the woman whom he had hopelessly loved from his youth, and it so immediately attained celebrity that Continho his admirer, but sixteen years after his death, could inscribe on his tomb "Prince of the Poets of his time." Yet his reward was nothing but a fame which resembles the state of things shown in the lines—

And bailiffs shall seize his last blanket to-day,
Whose pall shall be borne by princes to-morrow.

save that Camoens was too honorable and high-souled to get into debt. But his life closed prematurely in utter misery, from no neglect of any of the rules of worldly wisdom on his part, from none of the recklessness of genius, but rather as if some destiny akin to that which runs through the Greek tragedies influenced his whole life. It is a story which must remain vividly fresh in the memories of those who can appreciate the vicissitudes of genius, and it certainly is less known to that convenient abstraction the general reader than are those of Dante, Tasso, Shakespeare, Racine, or Milton. It is a story of unhappy but pure and unchangeable love, of constant misfortunes varied by gleams of success, of ills borne in varied shapes with manly courage and patience, of spurs taken by patient merit of the unworthy, of crowning misfortune private

and patriotic, and of death in utter penury; but through all these varied phases of his life-story the unchanging devotion to his great work remains the one unalterable and strongest emotion of the poet which consoled him for all his woes.

Of Castilian family, which had migrated to Portugal after the downfall of Pedro the Cruel, to whose cause his forefathers had steadily adhered—in its way a proof of the chivalry of his breed—Luis de Camoens was born in what was formerly the Moorish part of Lisbon in 1524, and was educated at Coimbra, and some years later, after the fashion of men in his position, appeared at court, the only road to success then for “persons of quality.” It is necessary to remember that Portugal then was famous in Europe as owning an enormous empire in the East, and having reaped the full harvest of laurels which Vasco de Gama had planted. With such unexplored realms before them, it is easy to imagine that power, place, and wealth in many shapes depended on the favor of the sovereign, and all the high-born youth of Portugal surrounded the throne as eager aspirants to preferment. None had greater reason to hope for it than Camoens, both on the score of his family history and personal genius. But, if ancient and knightly blood as he was, he had that disadvantage which then as now weighs heavily against any gift of intellect—he was poor. And he soon found that at the Court of Lisbon in the sixteenth century merit had no chance against money, and venality was the motive power of everything. Being poor and neglected he proceeded to improve his prospects by falling in love with a lady of rank and wealthy family, whose relatives would not dream of giving her to any but a suitor of ample means. But Catharine de Atayde returned Luis de Camoens’s love with a passion as fervent as his own; and through their joint lives the “hapless pair who looked their last” when Camoens sailed for the Indies continued tenderly attached to each other though separated by time and ocean, and never ceased to cherish the hope of a union which was never destined to be. At the very outset this hapless love was clouded by misfortune. One of the curious laws of the Portuguese Court was that all lovemaking was forbidden within its precincts, even on pain of death. Indeed, one courtier, a favorite

too of the reigning monarch, had at a former era been sent to the stake for it. Such grim reality of penalties, however, did not influence young Camoens, and the result was he was banished to Ceuta, doubtless much in the same mood as Romeo’s under the same circumstances. At Ceuta there was fighting, and in an action at sea he lost an eye. Returning when his term had expired the young poet again visited the Court, thinking his services might find him some favor; but save for Catharine’s constant but hopeless love all was dark, and wearied out with waiting he sailed for the Indies in 1553, with no special design save to seek his fortunes. Out of all the fleet Camoens’s ship alone reached Goa, after such a lengthened and dangerous voyage as the modern traveller is quite unable in his wildest moments to imagine. At Goa Camoens got plenty of fighting; it was the hereditary fashion of his gallant house to “draw and strike in,” and he joined in the battles between two of the native sovereigns. After this he joined in a barren expedition to the Red Sea against Arab pirates, where he wrote one of his minor poems, which is a favorite with Portuguese scholars, and in masterly style describes the arid, barren surroundings of the locality, comparing it with his own desolate feelings. In this poem is seen the first glimpse of the genius yet unknown perhaps even to himself.

Returning to Goa he got into some dispute, the merits of which at this distance of time it is impossible to decide upon, with Barreto, the Governor, and was exiled by him to the Malaccas, whence after some time he was removed to Macao, which possibly Eastern travellers who have visited it will chiefly remember for the gambling which is, or at any rate was, so prominent. But, little known as it is to many who have been to the place, Macao has an interest of its own in the eyes of all lovers of literature, for here during the years of his exile—which however was softened by the possession of a good civil appointment—Camoens composed the concluding part of his great epic. According to the local traditions, a natural grotto which overlooked the sea was the poet’s favorite resort. Meanwhile, with as much common sense as if he were not a genius (and which belongs to our geniuses of the latter years of the nineteenth

century), he was looking after his money as well as his poem, and gradually realizing a competence from his savings, while constantly filled with the hope of returning to Lisbon rich, and so becoming the husband of Catharine de Atayde. Thus everything concurred for the time in smoothing the poet's progress with the "*Lusiad*," which was to secure his fame.

Here it seems appropriate to speak of the epic, which is possibly less known for its contents than for its name and reputation to many northern readers. No translation can do full justice to the Portuguese, but, on the whole, though Mickle has ever since his rendering in the last century been considered the popular translator of Camoens, those who wish to see the exact work of the poet far more faithfully reflected will turn to the translation made in the seventeenth century by Fanshaw at Lord Strafford's seat in Yorkshire, from whose walls the author never stirred till the translation was finished. Old-fashioned as is the style, and quaint as are the phrases, Fanshaw's is a genuine translation, whereas Mickle's work is in great part his own composition, which was not for some time discovered, owing to the scarcity of Portuguese scholars in this country.

The "*Lusiad*" appealed to every heart in Portugal which was ready to respond to the chord of patriotism. It is a glorification of the discoveries of Gama, and Portugal's part in the opening of the Indies to European domination. Mythological machinery, according to the taste of the time, is interwoven—allegories more suitable to the sixteenth-century reader than to the nineteenth. Of the poem, the most famous passages are those relating to the Floating Island, the apparition of the Spirit of the Cape, and the episode of Inez de Castro, one of the most pathetic in literature. The epic has faults, but on the whole merits the estimation in which Portugal holds it—that of the poem of the nation. It is as regards them much what Chaucer and Spenser combined would be here—the chief source of the enriching and purifying of the language. And Camoens's language has a musical fitness of its own which reminds one of Edgar Poe in English. In fact, the best scholars in the language have found a kind of inexplicable charm in the choice of the words which any other writer has found it

impossible to attempt to rival, and which of course disappears in any translation, however faithful. But with all its defects, and after all the criticisms which have been passed upon it, it is to this charm of diction and collocation of words as much as to its imaginary episodes and general scheme that the "*Lusiad*" owes the position it occupies and the renown that it has secured for its author. It was published first in 1571, and the edition was rapidly sold, a second being soon called for, and others in succession. It was translated into several languages, and, what is probably unique in epics, one of the most learned and laborious of Portuguese scholars set himself in the next century to write a most elaborate and erudite Commentary on the book, which had then gone through twenty-two editions. This was Faria e Sousa—a man who literally devoted all his life to his books, shortening it by reason of the constant confinement in his study, for he secluded himself from all society and his wife shared his feelings. His great book was published in 1639, and is a masterpiece of learning and minute detail; and as the whole history of Portugal is brought into Camoens's poem, such a complete Commentary was of course very valuable in explaining the innumerable allusions which were made in the course of the epic. Faria e Sousa did his work thoroughly well, and such enormous labor is he said to have bestowed on his Commentary as to have recopied it five times himself.

But we must now return to Camoens, whom we left having completed the work of his life. That current of misfortune which was henceforth to bear him upon it now commenced. He had amassed from his office a competence, and he obtained permission to return from Macao to Goa and thence to Europe. He realized all his gains, and placed his whole fortune on board the ship which bore him, as he hoped, to happy ease and wedded felicity. At the mouth of the river Mecon the ship was wrecked, and Camoens escaped, it is said, almost miraculously, only saving his great MS.; his whole fortune was engulfed in the waves. He found his way to Goa in 1581, where he was received with kindness by the Governor. He continued some years here, and took part in military reconnaissances. But now came the news of woe far deeper than any he had experi-

enced. Catharine de Atayde died. All the hopes of his life were gone. He prayed that he might soon rejoin her. He became quite indifferent as to the re-acquisition of wealth or the chances of advancement, and seemed to have but one end in life—that of establishing his name and fame as the author of the “*Lusiad*.” And before he could reach Lisbon yet further troubles were in store for him. Barreto (Pedro), the new Governor of Sofala, took him into his train, not from any generous feeling, but from a mean man’s desire to have a genius whose name was growing great as one of his *entourage*. The two, of course, did not agree and parted, Camoens in extreme poverty, in which condition some of his generous friends supplied him with money and clothes. Barreto, to wreak his revenge, basely threw him into prison for a debt which he asserted was due from Camoens for money spent for his needs. His friends paid the money, foiled the base patron who did his best to crush the high spirit of the poet, and sailed with him to Portugal, where in due course his great book, as has been mentioned, was published. But, for some reason never fully explained, the poet of Portugal, despite the fame which he, and the money which the publishers, secured by the “*Lusiad*,” obtained none of the places, pay, and honor constantly distributed at Court to men far his inferior, and he was rewarded for his *magnum opus* by a miserable pittance quite insufficient for his needs, which was merely the calculated pension due to his rank and military service. Thus, like many another genius in various lands, was the man whose memory all Portugal honors suffered to spend the remainder of his days.

They were not many, nor was there any amelioration in their condition. All educated Portugal was studying the great poem which enshrined the episodes which were their country’s pride—the very peasants and muleteers had snatches of it by heart from oral repetition. Luis de Camoens, whose name was in every one’s mouth, was living near a convent in wretched poverty, with neither friends nor pleasures. His only relaxation, his only variation and relief from the monotony of misery and poverty and sorrow, were his conversations from time to time with some of the learned brethren belonging to the

convent—that of San Domingo. His friends were dead or departed into other regions, his spirits were broken, he met with neglect and oblivion, and so bitter was his need that on one occasion, as he himself said, he had not twopence to give the attached Indian slave who was his trusted and faithful servant wherewith to buy fuel. His living was of the most meagre description, his surroundings of the poorest, and he was desolate and worn with unceasing care and sorrow. Only his thoughts remained to console him, and the knowledge, despite the absence of any reward for it in tangible form, that his great poem, the work of his life, had secured for him a niche in the Temple of Fame; like Danton before the Revolutionary tribunal, he was at least sure that “his name would live in the pantheon of history.” One passionate feeling survived. This was his love of his country, despite the neglect and ingratitude with which she had treated him. For Camoens was essentially as much patriot as poet. His patriotism was a real, a glowing, an unalterable part of his being, and its influence had been the motive power of the “*Lusiad*.” Therefore it was that he now, after personal sorrow had been so much his destiny, felt more almost than any of his contemporaries the crushing blow of public calamity, such as that which was experienced by Scotland at the field of Flodden. In a battle with the Moors in Barbary, King Sebastian and the very pick and flower of the chivalry of Portugal were slaughtered *en masse*—a calamity which meant the cessation of his country’s independent existence, and its fall from the haughty position which was surrounded by so many memories of pride, memories of which he himself had been the most brilliant chronicler. To a mind and heart like Camoens’s this was a blow not to be understood or appreciated by lower natures. It struck him like an arrow. He was only fifty-five years of age, at a time of life when many men are still in the full vigor of middle age with many years of hard mental work before them. But in his case, sorrow, misery, misfortune and solitude had eaten away his vital powers, and this great public calamity completed the work. Poverty of the most dreadful kind was the accompaniment of this catastrophe. To such straits was the genius of Portugal reduced that

the poor slave, whose fidelity was such a reproach to Camoens's wealthy compatriots, begged every night from house to house for broken victuals to support life in his unhappy master. Ultimately some slight measure of compunction was roused somewhere, and Luis de Camoens was by his grateful country presented with a bed in a hospital, which had he not secured he would probably in a short period have perished from starvation. He did not long tax the hospital's resources, and in 1579 he died. Even after death Camoens the Great, as Portugal calls him, showed how little his country had given him. The winding-sheet in which his remains were enfolded had to be begged in charity from the house of a Portuguese noble; and therein, in the Church of St. Anna, the great Portuguese poet was buried. Well might Continho inscribe years later on his tomb—

Here lies Luis de Camoens,
Prince
Of the Poets of his time;
He lived poor and miserable,
And so he died,
1579.

After his death, as has been mentioned, edition after edition of his poem was published. It became the standard history of

Portugal. It became the subject of continual comment and correspondence, and, as has been said, the theme of a most learned and laborious man's lifelong labors. It was translated into many languages, and was the subject of imitations more or less ambitious, possibly the sincerest form of literary compliment.

Perhaps in all the melancholy stories of literary life, a subject full of saddest chronicles, there are none which surpass, nor many which equal, for one constant succession of woe that of Camoens. Perhaps of all the many instances of the nations' neglect of living geniuses, to honor them when dead, there is none more vivid than this one. But it is to be noticed that in Camoens's life there are none of the causes assigned which the world is always ready enough to suggest as the accompaniments of an unhappy and gifted career. Luis de Camoens was not a genius who lost himself in dreams or disregarded the teachings of worldly experience. In all respects he united with his genius, common sense, industry, and energy in looking after his advancement. Yet the result is summed up in the pithily pathetic lines on his tomb.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

MODERN SCIENCE IN BIBLE LANDS.*

THE connection between physical geography and history is a subject worthy of close attention, but, perhaps, the difficulties of the study, and the very extensive information required, as well as the necessary union of two qualities seldom found in the same person, have hitherto deterred scholars from attempting the task. Dean Stanley's valuable work on Sinai and Palestine is a partial contribution to the subject, and this book by Sir William Dawson is written with the avowed purpose of upholding and illustrating the history of the Bible, by an examination of the physical features of Bible lands, of Egypt and Palestine, and of the coasts of the Mediterranean generally. The book is somewhat pretentious, and the author

takes science in a wide application, and includes a discussion regarding the origin and development of civilization. In such a discussion he must necessarily touch upon some of the subjects most debated at the present time. In the chapters on "Early Man in Genesis" and "The Structure and History of Palestine," he has gathered information which is interesting, if not always trustworthy; but in his wider treatment of his subject he evidently lacks those qualities which are essential in either a judicious scientist or a faithful historian.

Truth is, or ought to be, the one object at which a scientist or a historian must aim. If he should go to the study of his subject with preconceived opinions, or with prejudices already formed, his researches will not be of that independent character which can alone make them valuable, and this not least in regard to any

* *Modern Science in Bible Lands.* By Sir J. W. Dawson, LL.D., F.R.S. With illustrations, crown 8vo. London: Hodder & Stoughton, 1888.

scientific expositor of Bible lands, or any research into Bible history. But this spirit of independent research Sir William Dawson does not possess. It seems scarcely conceivable that at this time of day, in this learned and liberal nineteenth century, there are minds so narrow and so weak that they are unable to love truth for its own sake, and have so little confidence in the wisdom and consistency of God in all his works, that they are afraid to search deeply either into the problems of science or into the lessons of history, lest they should find some inconsistency in what they believe to be God's purpose—minds unable to appreciate the great spiritual and moral lessons of Scripture unless these are supported by the complete infallibility of its scientific and historical teaching also. But Sir William is one of these, and he has gained some popularity as the champion of orthodoxy. He is not a vigorous thinker, and even in his own special department of study he does not hold a high place; but when he ventures beyond this he immediately betrays the meagreness of his information, both in quantity and in quality. He does not consult original authorities, but gains his knowledge at second-hand, and certainly not from the most trustworthy sources; while, in straining after some illustration to corroborate or elucidate his views of Scripture, he is both crude and puerile. Sir William rejects with unfeigned contempt the Elohist and Jahvist views of modern critics, but as he cannot deny the fact that there is an evident difference in parts of the Pentateuch, he feels it necessary to propound a theory so original that it must be given in his own words. "It seems that Cain and Abel were already representatives of two types of religion—that of the worship of God as creator, and that of a coming Redeemer, and we are not surprised afterward to hear that the Sethites began to call and evoke the name of Jahveh, and the Cainites Bene ha Elohim. The two tribes were respectively the Christians and the Deists of their day. . . . The one, Jahveh, was the name specially venerated by the Sethites, and the other, Elohim, by the Cainites." And he implies, if he does not expressly maintain, that the employing the two distinct terms does not betoken two distinct narrators, but rather the one narrator kindly accommodating himself to the feelings of one or the other

party—the Cainites or Sethites. This new theory has the merit of being amiable, and no one is likely to dispute its originality. When Sir William has in view to defend the infallibility of the Bible, or rather his opinions in regard to it, no theory is too absurd for his purpose, and he never seems to realize that such puerilities do incalculable harm to the cause he is defending. But a large part of the book is devoted to the solution of the question as to the antiquity of civilization, and as this is the most important part, and as the subject is one of very deep interest, and as our views differ entirely from those held by Sir William, we propose in this paper to give the grounds on which we have arrived at a conclusion so opposed.

It is well to notice that Sir William has receded from the position which he formerly held. He now admits the antiquity of man, though, when the slightest occasion offers, he, with a painful want of decision, still makes an effort to regain and defend the position he has been forced to yield. He holds, however, that the deluge swept away the whole human race with the exception of the family in the ark. Accepting the verdict of Lenormant that the tradition of the deluge is universal, Sir William concludes that the deluge was itself universal, and that the household of Noah alone escaped the terrible cataclysm. In maintaining this, however, he is not always consistent, for he afterward suggests that possibly the negro may be descended from an antediluvian race. But the deluge is made the starting-point, or the limit, behind which no history of civilization can go, though he says that it is quite possible that language and the rudiments of civilization may have been inherited from the antediluvians. He, however, does not give us any idea of this inherited language, nor of the degree of civilization which had been reached prior to the deluge. In his further treatment of the subject he accepts the chronology of our Bible, and evidently regards it as equally important with the text itself; he therefore maintains that 3000 years is the utmost limit to which the history of civilization can be extended. Our readers will scarcely require to be reminded that there are three leading chronological tables of Bible history, of the Masoretic Hebrew text, of the Septuagint, and of the Samaritan Pentateuch, and that the table of our

English version is formed from a comparison of these tables made by Bishop Usher. But these tables were framed at times wholly uncritical, when earnest research was unknown, and when very few of the means which we now possess for forming a correct estimate were even dreamed of; and these tables differ so much from one another that they destroy each other's value. Sir William naturally turns to Egypt as presenting the earliest form of civilization, and he admits that the Pyramids give evidence of a civilization somewhat advanced, and imply a large population, but he suggests that the civilization may have been inherited from the antediluvians, and that the large population is not astonishing, since, in a comparatively short time, the population of the United States has reached sixty millions. We are unwilling to accuse Sir William of disingenuousness, but we are driven to the other conclusion that he is utterly ignorant of the subject, on which, however, he does not hesitate to express a very dogmatic opinion. Surely he must see that there can be no parallelism between the circumstances by which the United States have reached their large population and the circumstances in which a country was placed in times virtually prehistoric. Into the United States all Europe, in fact, the whole world, has been pouring its surplus population; but at the times of the Pyramids there could be no surplus population to pour into Egypt. Certainly, the data on which we might be expected to form an estimate of the antiquity of civilization are not so full or so definite as we might desire—the circumstances of the case do not permit it; yet, in the monuments and other remains found not only in Egypt but in other countries, also, we possess most valuable materials which throw much light on the subject. Manetho, an Egyptian, and a scribe in the temple at Thebes in the third century before Christ, wrote in Greek a history of Egypt. This has, unfortunately, been lost; but Josephus and others have preserved some extracts from his book, including a list of dynasties with a large proportion of the names of kings. According to his calculation, a period of 5366 years intervened between the founding of the kingdom by Menes and the last year of Nectenebo, or 340 years before Christ. Herodotus gives 346 generations from Menes to the conquest by Cambyes,

and Diodorus has a list of 476 kings for the same period. The Turin Papyrus also gives a list of kings, but it is, unfortunately, in a very dilapidated state, and is only valuable as it serves to supplement the lists. Between these lists there are discrepancies which, though not after all very great, are yet sufficient to diminish their value. But we have not to depend on these alone, for we have lists from Karnak, from Saqqarah, and from the greater and lesser temples at Abydos. In each of these cases the reigning king is represented as offering incense, or doing homage to his ancestors, and we may be sure that he would carefully ascertain the legitimacy of the claims of each to the throne; and so we find that in these lists the kings from the twelfth to the eighteenth dynasty—the Hyksos kings—are omitted, as they were always regarded as foreigners and usurpers. But besides these lists of kings there are lists of Court architects, forming a continuous list from Seti to Darius, and these confirm in a very remarkable manner the lists of kings for the same period. But the lists, both of the kings and of the Court architects, for this latter period from Seti, confirm very exactly the lists of Manetho for the same period, and must strengthen our confidence in his lists of the earlier periods also. From a comparison of all these lists we have from Seti, the second king of the nineteenth dynasty, to the birth of Christ, a period of 1558 years. This may be regarded as determined with perfect certainty. From Seti to Menes, omitting the Hyksos kings, we have sixty-five reigns, and, if we take the average durations of the reigns from Seti to Darius as our guide, we have a period of 2166 years, and allowing 500 years for the five dynasties of the Hyksos period we have $1558 + 2166 + 500 = 4224$ years as the whole period from Menes, the founder of the monarchy, to the birth of Christ. Brugsch gives 4455 and Mariette 5004 years for the same period, and Sayce adopts Mariette's figures. These three scholars are the highest authorities on Egyptian history, careful and judicious in their researches and calculations. But the establishment of the monarchy by Menes is not by any means the beginning of Egyptian history: there must have been a period during which the Egyptian nation was forming itself. No nation has

ever presented the same staid immobile character as the Egyptians. This is a remarkably striking feature and may be observed in the earliest representations. But this could only have been acquired after a lengthened period. The Egyptians claimed for themselves a very long period prior to Menes. Manetho gives a list of Gods, Demigods, and Heroes covering a period of 24,000 years, while Bunsen calculates that not less than 10,000 years was necessary in order to afford the opportunity for the Egyptians to arrive at the degree of civilization they had reached at the founding of the monarchy. We attach little importance to either of these calculations: the first are essentially mythical, and Bunsen attempts definiteness, where no definiteness is possible; yet, as Sayce very judiciously remarks regarding Manetho's mythical characters, "These founders are figures like those of living men, but grander, greater, and nearer the immortal. They are not empty creatures of the fancy, but in them the actual deeds of the earlier ages are personified and endowed with life." It is quite evident that there must have been a period before Menes, and this by no means a short period, during which society was forming itself, when the lines which separate the social classes from one another were being drawn, when art and religion and language were being developed. Though we may not be able to assign dates to that early prehistoric period, we cannot fail to be convinced that it must have taken a very long time for that early civilization to have developed itself. We have to deal not with years, but with cycles; not with individual events, but with developments which are naturally slow. We have, for instance, no means of assigning dates for the growth of language, but as in geology we use terms which are exceedingly elastic, and which are expressive not so much of times as of states and conditions of the earth's crust—such terms as Eocene, Miocene, and Pliocene—so in regard to language we may use terms which point out the condition of a language and its growth. Languages may be classified according to these conditions, and regarded as stratified in these conditions. Words are the expression of individual conception, and these conceptions must exist before we can expose them. As, at first, conceptions may be simple and crude, so the

terms in which these conceptions are expressed must be also simple and crude: only with the growth of ideas, with the increase of knowledge, with the more extended requirements of social life do our conceptions become enlarged and more complex. But with this development of civilization comes the development of language; the one must keep pace with the other; language cannot anticipate this development of civilization. But in this development it becomes necessary to express shades of meaning and the relation of ideas to one another, and so language assumes changed forms, and grammar is the law according to which these forms are determined. But it is a very remarkable fact that all the languages are petrified in the earliest forms in which they are known to us, and have undergone no change since. They may possibly have added to their vocabulary, but they have undergone no change in form. Egyptian became inevitably stratified in the form presented by the earliest monuments, and, if we may borrow a term from geology, it is stratified in the earlier Miocene period—the period which Schleicher would distinguish as the period when the roots of ideas were developed, and never reached the confixative state—the state in which the roots of connection are formed. But there was no change in the language from the period of the earliest monuments till the Ptolemies. As early as the establishment of the monarchy, upward of 4000 B.C., it was in a state as perfect as it was at any future time. The development of the language must therefore have taken place in that indefinite period between the separation of the Egyptian from the Semitic stem, and the founding of the kingdom under Menes. We say Semitic stem, for we hold that it is Semitic. Sir William calls it Turanian, and he may be allowed the full merit of the new discovery. We are quite aware that Renan, and after him Renouf, are unwilling to classify it with the Semitic, on account of its imperfect development, and would prefer to call it Khamitic, or Prehistoric-Semitic. But this does not impair its legitimate descent from the Semitic. We think that Rawlinson is wrong in saying that its grammar is predominantly Semitic, but if the roots of a language can guide us in placing it, there can be no doubt in determining the Semitic character of the

Egyptian. Any development of the language must then have taken place in the interval between the separation between the parent stem in the plains of Central Asia and the earliest of the Egyptian monuments, and after this period it underwent no change. It was in this interval that the language and the civilization slowly developed themselves; we say slowly advisedly, for the changes in a nation's development are only hastened by the introduction of foreign elements, and such foreign elements were not likely to have hastened the progress of the Egyptian. At the time of Menes the language was not in its infancy, not even in its youth, and had already entered on a period of decay.

But language may exist in oral form, and never be committed to writing, for writing is purely accidental and artificial. Like language, however, writing does not spring at once into perfect form, it passes through progressive stages: there is first the ideogrammatic, then the syllabic, and finally the alphabetic, or the phonetic, stage. But here, again, it is important to note the fact that in the earliest of the monuments the writing is already alphabetic. It still retained its ideogrammatic character, but it had reached the alphabetic stage, and in this form it was accepted by the Phœnicians and conveyed by them to the Greeks and other European nations. In Papyri, some of which it is claimed belong to the second dynasty, we have even a cursive form of writing, called hieratic. As in the case of the language, so of the writing also, it had reached its highest development at the earliest period, the establishment of the monarchy. It must, therefore, have been developed in that indefinite prehistoric period which we most reckon by cycles and not by years. But writing is never developed when a nation is in the nomadic stage: not till it has settled permanently in a home, not till it has gathered a store of oral traditions, is writing or literature developed; and in the medical papyrus at Berlin we have reference to a medical literature of the first dynasty. Egyptian writing must then have been developed between the founding of the monarchy and the settlement in Egypt. But the Egyptian religion and government, as well as art, present facts equally remarkable with what we find in reference to lan-

guage and writing. We accept the verdict of Brugsch, of J. de Rougé, and of Robiou, that the original form of the Egyptian religion was undoubtedly monotheistic, though we cannot agree with Robiou in thinking that it continued monotheistic till the period of the second dynasty. Before the establishment of the monarchy mythical elements had grown up around the original type. The oldest known papyrus of the Book of the Dead only dates back to the eighteenth dynasty; but the sacred ritual preserved in it belongs to a period very much earlier, for extracts from it are found on sarcophagi and in tombs of the earliest dynasties, and there is a reference to it in the *Prisse Papyrus*, as if to an old and well-known ritual. On the site of old Memphis, and near the Sphinx, there were lately unearthed some ruins evidently of a very early period, and which have been recognized as the remains of an old temple of Isis. From records of Cheops, the builder of the great Pyramid, we learn that he had discovered at Memphis the ruins of an earlier city, and especially of a temple of Isis. The ruins lately discovered are believed to be the same as were discovered by Cheops, confirming the view that Memphis was built on the site of a city still earlier. The existence of such a temple carries the religion of the Egyptian very far back; but every student of mythology knows that the mythology of each nation has been developed after its separation from its kindred tribes, and this is especially true regarding the mythology of Egypt; it is indigenous to the banks of the Nile. Bunsen remarks that "Egyptian mythology could have developed nowhere else but under an African sky, and the overpowering influence of a solar symbolism." And we may be allowed to add that it is as strongly marked by the peculiar features of the fertilizing Nile. If the religious system of the Egyptians was very complex it was still very well developed and of great excellence; it was a religious system which presented a very pure morality, which clearly taught of a future life of rewards and punishments, and which, in its ritual, addressed the supreme God by that name so dear to every Christian—of Father; a religious system to which the Hebrew system was very deeply indebted, from which it borrowed very many of its precepts, and

copied much of its ritualistic service as well as many of its temple forms, and the mode of its priestly garments with their rich Eastern ornamentations, a religious system, in fact, as much older than the Hebrew as the language and the writing of the Egyptians exceeded in age by many centuries, the language and writing of the Phœnicians or the Hebrews.

A study of Egyptian art still further confirms our view of the very great antiquity of Egypt's civilization. Only one who has visited Egypt can form any idea of the massiveness of its ancient structures, and the artistic merit of its architecture. Its tombs excavated for acres, and the walls of which are covered with well-cut bas-reliefs, or with brilliant paintings, which reveal the social life of the period; its magnificent temples, built of massive blocks and adorned with majestic columns and beautiful caryatides; its gigantic pyramids, built with wonderful symmetry and in strict obedience to the laws of art; the Sphinx, which for ages has remained so expressive of mysterious majesty; its obelisks, so gracefully pointing heavenward—all speak of a wonderful development of art and culture, yet breathe the air of a far distant past. We quote the very highest authority on the subject, Sir James Ferguson:—"We are startled to find Egyptian art nearly as perfect in the oldest pyramids as in any of the later, or as it afterward became when all the refinement and all the science of the Greeks had been applied to its elaboration. Even at the earliest period the Egyptians had attained the art of transporting the heaviest blocks of granite from Syene to Memphis, of squaring them with a mathematical precision never surpassed, of polishing them to a surface as smooth as glass, and of raising them higher than any such blocks have ever been raised in any other building in the world, and setting them with a truth and precision so wonderful that they now lie without flaw or settlement after thousands of years have passed over them, and swept the more modern buildings of other nations from the face of the earth, or laid them in undefinable and indiscriminate ruin. At that early period, too, the art of sculpture was as perfect as it ever afterward became; the hieroglyphics are as perfectly cut, as beautifully colored, and told their tale with the same quaint distinctness which afterward characterized

them." Indeed, it is very remarkable that the oldest monuments are not only the most massive, but show the most artistic taste. After the twentieth dynasty there is a very perceptible decline both in the art and size of materials of the buildings; down to the twentieth dynasty they are of the hard granite or syenite from the Upper Nile, but after that period they are of the more easily worked and less beautiful sandstone of the Lower Nile. But it is not only in the more massive buildings that this very wonderful artistic merit appears: it is, also, in small objects, as trinkets and jewelry, which possess great artistic beauty. The argument in favor of a great antiquity of civilization, especially in regard to Egypt, is of a very accumulative character, and still other facts disclose themselves to us. We learn that at the time of the earliest monuments the population was divided not only into different social classes, but into the different trades and occupations, into the military and priestly orders, and also the agricultural and manufacturing and trading classes. Indeed, Egyptian civilization seems to have been at once many-sided and highly developed, the position of the several classes being remarkably well defined. But the very existence of these social distinctions, and of the various occupations, must have necessitated laws and government which might afford security, not only to life, but to the requirements of society, to the various industries, to the development of trade and commerce. In fact, a settled state of society implies that the obligations and responsibilities of the several classes must have been fully recognized before there could have been any real development. The peculiar character of agriculture in Egypt seems to have required from the very first a well-regulated administration and a close and careful supervision. The soil of Egypt owes its great fertility to the overflowing of the Nile, but in order to take full advantage of this peculiar feature a canal and dyke system has been at all times necessary. Classical writers, as Herodotus and Eratosthenes, allude to the wonderful system of artificial irrigation in Egypt, and to the lakes and canals which had been formed to retain the waters of the receding river. But tradition places the origin of this system at a very early date, long before the establishment of the monarchy,

and late researches have tended to verify this tradition. There is every reason to believe that the government by nomes, or districts, grew out of this system of irrigation. Each nome seems early to have felt the necessity of looking after its own interests, and to have begun a system of irrigation to meet its requirements. The nomes existed long prior to any historic period, and each exercised its own independent government, apparently in the patriarchal form. There were forty-two of these nomes, each quite distinct from the others. Bunsen concludes that these nomes existed separately 6000 years before Menes, but Bunsen's dates are largely imaginative, and, yet, we must acknowledge that he was very learned, generally judicious, and thoroughly honest in all his researches. After a time these nomes combined, and later still they became united into separate kingdoms, the one of Upper and the other of Lower Egypt. Under Menes, or rather under an unknown predecessor, the kingdom of Upper Egypt was reduced to subjection by the king of Lower Egypt, and the kings of this united kingdom always after bore the double title of Upper and Lower Egypt, and wore the double crown.

From the facts which we have considered, we are led to the conclusion that the civilization of Egypt carries us back to a very remote period. The establishment of the monarchy cannot have been less than 4000 years before Christ, but this rests upon a previous period, which we are not able to define, and regarding which we can only say that then the Egyptian language and writing, art and religion, society and government, were being developed. We are confident too that the scene of this development must have been the Nile valley. The writing, and especially the religion, and the system of government bear too strongly the impress of the peculiar features of the country to admit any doubt of this. We are not inclined to attempt assigning any dates to this prehistoric period, for it cannot possibly be done. The prehistoric development must have been slow, and we can only repeat that we must calculate it by cycles and not by years. But we must bear in mind that when we have marked the origin of that distinct Egyptian development we have only reached one lengthened stage backward in the history

of the Egyptian people. Though the Egyptian language never reached great perfection, for it early became stratified in what we may call the Miocene state, between the monosyllabic and the confixative, yet there is enough to assure us that it is of the Semitic branch, and we are carried back to the home of the Semitic family in Central Asia; we have to watch the growth of the Semitic people till they became numerous and formed themselves into separate tribes; we have to notice the development of distinct dialects; we have to trace the successive advance from the rudest state to the nomadic, the pastoral, and there is reason to believe the earlier forms of agricultural life. Then we must follow them in their migrations till their settlement in Egypt. Sir William Dawson displays a most lamentable ignorance when he assigns one generation to the period between the flood and the establishment of the Egyptian monarchy. We think that we have shown the utter absurdity of such an idea. We have confined ourselves to the development of Egyptian civilization, because this is the field that Sir William has chosen, but the development of other nations of antiquity reveals very similar facts. The Aryans, and especially the Indians or Sanskrit-speaking people, at a very early period developed civilizations essentially different from that of the Egyptians, yet equally remarkable.

The Indians were the last to leave the home of the Aryan family; they had seen the Celts, and Teutons, and the Græco-Italic tribes leave, and turn their faces westward, before they, in company with the Persians, directed their course to the East. From the first book of the Zendavesta we learn that the combined Indians and Persians travelled north-east, but later turned toward the Himalayas. These migrations must have occupied a long time, for the Vendidad mentions sixteen lands which they visited, and where they made lengthened sojourns, for linguistic deposits from this Indo-Persic migration are still discernible. The quarrel which resulted in the separation of the Indians and Persians took place after the passage of the Himalayas, yet subsequently to this period the Indians and the Persians each developed their respective systems, which are in every respect very different from one another, but which, nevertheless, ap-

pear in their most perfect form in the earliest of the Vedas, and in the Avesta. In the earliest of the Vedas the Sanskrit language, with its remarkably full and perfect grammar, is in its highest development—a development only compatible with the highest civilization; but the language of the Vedas had already become hieratic in its character and had ceased to be the common language of the people. The language also of the Avesta, the Zend, was a dead language in the time of Alexander. Here again we have to do with cycles during which the civilization of the

Indians or the Persians was developed—a civilization which was already effete at the time of the composition of the Vedas or of the Avesta, if we may judge from the language as well as from the character of these works respectively. In whatever direction we study the development of the Semitic or the Aryan nations, we cannot fail to be impressed with the antiquity of their civilization, and we cannot accept those chronological tables which assign a limited period to this development and which are based on data utterly inadequate.—*Westminster Review*.

THE HINDU AT HOME.

BY THE COUNTESS OF JERSEY.

THERE is a charm in India which cannot be defined. It may be the infinite variety of form, color, and character in every-day life, it may be that here more than in any other land the past is not a dead past. You live among palaces, men, and manners which have remained unchanged for centuries, while you see the strong rule of a conquering modern race, not destroying but organizing the empire to which it has succeeded, and, by virtue of your English birth, you become, not a mere student of bygone history, but an actual part of that great drama which is continually unrolled "from the silent hills to the sounding sea."

After the English traveller has duly admired the stately modern buildings and the gay native bazaar of Bombay, a city which East and West have combined to rear as a fitting portal to their joint land, perhaps the first thing which strikes him is the immensity of India. He may have been told that India is not a country but a continent inhabited by races speaking a hundred and six different languages besides dialects, but it is not till he begins to journey from place to place that he realizes the vast distances which he must traverse. Now he ascends among precipitous mountains whose summits are flattened into the semblance of giant fortifications by the tropical storms, now the train bears him through marshy paddy-fields often under floods over which the natives paddle their little boats, while the rising or setting sun glows through the palm-

trees, turning the muddy waters to vivid red. Again he crosses interminable plains soon to be rich with corn and grain of every kind, or with yellow-flowering cotton, unless perchance he finds himself in some stony wilderness where a ready legend explains that Hanouman's monkeys dropped great boulders on their way from the Himalayas to build a bridge to Ceylon over which the great hero Rama might pass to the rescue of his lost Sita.

In the Deccan, castle after castle rises on little mounds fortified like Norman strongholds. In Oude the villages are fortresses surrounded by mud walls and telling their own story of tribal disputes and midnight raids. The district, however, which brings most vividly before the mind the days of wild horsemen scouring the fields and sweeping down the mountain passes is Rajpootana, where the descendants of genuine feudal chiefs still keep their feudal state. The capital of any one among them may stand for a type of the rest. The palace, a graceful irregular mass of buildings, with its zenana, armory, and durbar hall, surrounds a courtyard in which saunter and squat armed and unarmed retainers. The interior is decorated in a compromise between Oriental and European taste—the more Oriental the better, as when an untravelled native noble begins to invest in English furniture, the result is apt to suggest a modern hotel furnished on the sweating system. The great object in any case is to hang the ceilings with as many

chandeliers and colored glass balls as possible. The walls and columns are generally gayly painted, and a favorite fancy is a "hall of mirrors" in which walls and ceiling are inlaid with innumerable little looking-glasses or pieces of talc, or of colored glass. Occasionally you find a durbar hall with real marble carved columns worthy of all admiration.

The idea of order is still far to seek. At the entrance of the finest palace you find the shoes, bedding, and old clothes of the guards thrown about, and piled up promiscuously; and framed cuttings from illustrated papers, cheap prints, or photographs will be nailed up quite crooked on decorated palace walls. The hall of the old Palace of Tanjore in the south, which is used as a depository for the royal valuables, contains among its treasures a framed colored advertisement of Coats's cotton. To return to Rajpootana. The chiefs themselves are generally handsome young men, gorgeously attired in long silk or velvet coats and tightly fitting colored trousers; their turbans on state occasions glitter with gems, and they wear splendid necklaces of pearls and diamonds. Their manners are courteous and they are most hospitable to visitors. Some who have been educated in the Rajcot College speak English well. Those of their subjects who can trace their descent to a common ancestor form their clan and may number hundreds, or even thousands, varying in wealth and position from the highest zemindar to the poorest ryot, but all claiming a species of equality. At Jeypore the rich young blood-relations of the Maharajah from whom he claims feudal service are obliged, in addition to their country seats, to have town houses, in order to attend the special class in his college which has been formed for their instruction. This college educates boys of all classes; the chiefs are taught apart from the others, and their studies are less severe, but it is hoped "to make men of them." This shows wisdom and foresight. Hitherto education has been mainly confined to the middle-classes, and the natural leaders of the people have allowed themselves to be outstripped in the intellectual race. Sons of clerks and shopkeepers graduate in the Calcutta and Bombay universities, studying in the local colleges and going up to the centres for examination. By dint of the marvellous

memory and calculating powers of the Hindu, they acquire a verbal acquaintance with English literature and a knowledge of mathematics which are astounding. These are the men who, instigated by discontented English agitators, demand "representative institutions." They cannot dig, and though they cannot justly be accused of being ashamed to beg, they would prefer the chance of voting themselves large salaries for exercising their undeniably fluent powers of speech. Most of the native States have colleges, high schools, and jails on approved systems. When you see such generous and enlightened rulers as, for instance, the Maharajah of Bhowmurgur, the impression carried away is that the British raj exercises a wise discretion in allowing these provinces to continue under native government, with the assistance of British Residents and Agents, if only caution is observed in not bestowing the much-coveted rewards and decorations on the chiefs when they first succeed to their dominions. Those who have worked hard and spent their revenues to improve the condition of their subjects well deserve recognition; but if young gentlemen who have been British wards during their minority at once get all they have to hope for, they lose a great incentive to action, and are apt to become careless and absentee rulers. One curious feature is the universal use of the English language for notices and time-tables in institutions under purely native management, as also for the words of command in the armies of native princes. These armies do not look very formidable at present, whatever they may become when drilled by English officers, and brigaded with English troops. The prospect of this drill has given rise to some curious rumors. A Eurasian officer at Ulwur asked whether it was true that the Russians were near at hand, and a battle to be fought in a few days.

No one can be surprised at the rapidity with which reports circulate in India when he watches the out-of-door existence led by the people. The day begins at the tanks or river-side. There may be seen numberless men and women washing themselves and their clothes all at once. A woman unrolls one end of her colored sari, or cloth, about eight yards long, and washes that, standing herself meanwhile in the water; then she winds herself up in the wet end, and washes the other—a

decorous but uncomfortable fashion of public bathing. The sari, with a very short jacket coming a little way below the shoulders, constitutes the ordinary costume of a southern woman, the sari being wrapped round the legs, and also drawn over the head and shoulders. In the north she generally wears a petticoat and a shorter sari or chuddar worn more like a mantilla. Not only human beings but elephants and buffaloes may at times be seen enjoying a morning bath. The elephants will lie right down in the water, while their attendants scrub them with cocoa-nuts.

The rivers have very wide beds which are covered during the rains by rushing streams; after these subside great expanses are left bare on which pumpkins and water-melons are plentifully grown. From the river one can return to the town and watch the further domestic arrangements of the population. A great deal of hair-dressing goes on, all in the street; many men have their heads shaved bare with the exception of one little tuft on the crown or a strip on either side above the ears; but the style of wearing the hair varies almost as much as the way of tying the turban or the shape of the Hindu cap. Here a man, extended on a bedstead of rope laced backward and forward on a wooden frame, is being rubbed with sandal-wood oil, there a woman is adorning the space in front of her door by sticking little yellow flowers into the earth; here again are girls coming from the well bearing on their heads polished brass lotas, or earthenware chatties; there are the bheesties carrying the water in skins tucked under their arms, or in vessels piled one above the other in nets suspended from the long poles which they carry over the shoulder. Everywhere are little brown babies whose sole costume is a piece of string tied round their waists, and possibly bracelets or anklets. Now pass flocks of goats to the milking, or little humped bullocks drawing rough wooden carts or carrying burdens; perhaps a line of camels fastened together with total disregard of their comfort by means of a string tied to the tail of one and passed through the nostrils of his companion immediately following. Here comes a merchant borne in a palki or a great man reclining in a carriage driven by a gayly but untidily clad coachman and preceded by mounted sowars carrying little flags on lances.

Turning into the bazaar, the scene is even more animated. On either side of the narrow street are little open shops, like platforms raised about a couple of feet from the ground, sheltered by projecting awnings of bamboo, thatch, or tiles. The side-posts and lintels are sometimes, as at Muttra, curiously carved; sometimes, as at Baroda, gaudily painted red, green, and yellow. On the platform the master of the establishment often spreads his charpoy and bolster, such a bed as the healed paralytic would have carried away with him, and waits placidly for the bargaining customers. Even the pie, about a third of a farthing, is not minute enough for native transactions, and a pile of cowrie shells by his side represents yet smaller change. Here you see every kind of petty ware in process of manufacture or displayed for sale—grain of all kinds, pink and yellow flowers to offer in the temple or to hang round the neck of an honored guest, tempting gold and silver braid, colored cloths folded as they arrived from Manchester, or held out to dry as they are drawn fresh from the dyeing vat. Boys squat with strings tied to their toes which they are twisting ready for bead necklaces; men are concocting from sugar, milk, cocoa, and gram, the endless variety of sweetmeats dear to the native palate; women are grinding corn with circular stones, or spinning cotton with rudely-fashioned handwheels. Heavy silver ornaments and glittering native jewelry with imitation stones attract the young wives—nose-rings, earrings, anklets, and particularly the lac bracelets which have to be squeezed over the hand without breaking previous to payment, at the expense of a crushing of bones which brings tears to the eyes. Native women, moreover, often have their arms elaborately tattooed, but this custom does not obtain among the men. Cheap purchases are made standing in the street, but if you wish to indulge in more costly wares you are invited inside, and perhaps to an upper room. Then a lengthy process of weighing silver goods or gold-worked cloth in scales against rupees, and of wearisome bargainings, has to be gone through. It begins with the unvarying protest that the vendor does not tell lies and asks the price he means to take, and ends with his acceptance of such a deduction as you are strong-minded enough to insist upon.

As the day wears on, wedding parties perambulate the streets, women come bearing on their heads baskets of bridal gifts, and if the marriage is a tolerably rich one the bridegroom approaches mounted on an elephant and preceded by nautch girls. Evening falls suddenly. One minute you have clear daylight, the next a gorgeous western sky, and before you have gazed your fill at its beauty comes darkness with twinkling stars. The natives will not retire yet awhile to their closely packed houses. They light little fires out of doors and, squatted around them, gossip far into the night. If you drive through the town at midnight, you may see figures wrapped in blankets or quilts lying everywhere, under verandas, on the ledges of shops, on bedsteads in the road. It almost looks like a city where the plague has stricken down the inhabitants, but it only indicates that the wise Hindu has chosen the open air of heaven for his bed as well as for his dressing-room.

Many who rent little shops in the town live in surrounding villages, and certainly their cottages do not strike one as attractive abodes. A mud-hovel roofed with tiles, the light let in through the door and a few holes in the walls, was the dwelling-place of a Brahmin and his family, seven persons in all, in a village near Benares. Two rooms opened into each other, and the inner one into a little court with a kind of cooking shed beyond. The sole contents appeared to be two bedsteads, one or two brass vessels, a couple of small idols, and a few ragged articles of clothing. On account of his sacred caste the Brahmin was allowed to live rent-free, and he possessed two acres of land and two cows. He supplemented the income derived from these by begging in a neighboring temple, a fact which he announced with much satisfaction.

The middle-class Hindus are beginning to furnish their houses with considerable comfort. We saw the bedroom of one at Madras provided with punkah and mosquito curtains, and adorned with highly colored pictures of the gods, and with colored prints of events in their lives got up in Religious Tract Society style.

Apart from their beautiful embroideries and their hereditary skill in inlaying, in carving patterns in wood and stone, and in working in brass, the Hindus of to-day

have little idea of art in the European sense of the word. English ears find native music and singing somewhat shrill and monotonous. Painting and sculpture reached their Indian acme in the days of the Moghuls, and the limitations of the Mahomedan religion prevented any attempts at representation of the human form. The great Akbar, indeed, liberal in this as in all other ways, thought that the study of the divine handiwork tended to greater reverence for the Deity, but even he could not reverse the bigotry of his creed. Nevertheless masterpieces of paintings executed in India in his day still exist, though almost entirely as illustrations in books. A Persian translation of the Ramayana in the possession of Colonel Hanna at Delhi, and of the Mahabharata belonging to the Maharajah of Jey-pore, contain numerous full-page illustrations which, for richness of color, delicacy of outline, and beauty of execution, vie with any French or Italian missal of the Middle Ages.

It is needless to dwell on the marble dreams of Delhi and Agra. Every curve of every flower, the pomegranates dropping from the arches, the gossamer tracery of the screens, the jewelled glory of the mosaics will never pass from the memory of those who have seen them, and cannot be shown by pen or pencil to those who have not. The Taj, that fairy palace of a love stronger than death, sprung from sunset clouds and silvered by the moon, has but one fault—it is too perfect. Nothing is left to the imagination. There are no mysterious arches, no unfinished columns, nothing is there that seems to speak of human longing and unfulfilled aspiration; you feel that a conqueror has made Art his slave, and the work is complete; you can demand nothing more exquisite in this world. Nevertheless something is lacking to the original design. The lady of the Taj had desired that Shah Jehan should be buried in another and identical mausoleum, only of black marble, on the opposite side of the Jumna, united with hers by a golden bridge. Aurengzebe, however, said, "My parents are not like those birds which must sleep the male on this side of the river, the female on that," and he showed his respect of their conjugal affection, as also his economy, by burying Shah Jehan by Arjumund.

The splendid Jain temples offer the

finest specimens of Hindu design. The skill and intricacy of the workmanship are beyond belief; every inch of wall, columns, and ceiling being carved with figures and patterns of great beauty. No one but a Hindu could have had the patience to accomplish such a labor. The Buddhist remains show traces of the Greek influence left by Alexander's invasion. Some of the Brahmin temples, more especially in the south, are imposing and magnificent, but probably their sculptors were checked in their advance in statuary, not only by their natural conservative adherence to conventional forms, and the veto which caste places on visits to other lands where they might study from higher models, but also by their distorted conception of the deities whom they wished to represent. How could sculpture make much progress in reproducing physical beauty when the chief objects of adoration were a god with numerous arms or an elephant's head, and a goddess with bloodthirsty tendencies and a necklace of skulls?

And as it was, so, to a great extent, it still is. It is the fashion to speak of Hinduism as a decaying religion. The wish that induces such a remark must indeed be father to the thought. Some say that Islam is making progress in India. Of this there is not the slightest symptom, nor is it in any way likely. On the contrary, the antipathy between the votaries of Islamism and of Hinduism appears to be on the increase. Education has advanced much more rapidly among the latter than the former, with the result that the Hindu would be rather disposed to despise the Mahomedan for his ignorance than to accept him as his teacher. On the other hand, the Mahomedan, feeling his mental inferiority, falls back on his physical superiority and former imperial position, and poses as the ally of the British against the attempt of the Bengali baboo to snatch at representative government, knowing that Islam is stronger with the sword than with either tongue or pen. These are hardly the sentiments of disciple and teacher.

What are the chances of the Christian missionary? Canon Isaac Taylor has shown of late by striking statistical evidence how very few converts English missionaries gather in for the money expended. Probably personal observation

in India would induce him to write still more strongly than he has done. It must be said, however, that here, as elsewhere, statistics prove too much and too little. Hundreds of converts were made during the famine years, who have since relapsed, but whose names go to swell the list of "native Christians;" hundreds, if not thousands, are put down as "under instruction," who, every one knows, come to the mission schools for the sake of the secular instruction given, but whom no one in his wildest moments expects ever to become converts. In the Madras Presidency, where there are far more Christians than in any other part of India, only ten per cent. of the pupils in the Protestant Christian schools are Christians, and a single conversion in twenty-five years suffices to throw a whole school into uproar. Still, since the young men and children attending these schools imbibe a higher and, indeed, Christian standard of morals, the missionaries must in justice be credited with an influence for good which cannot be expressed in figures. The living force and growth of Hinduism are evident in every part of India. The immense temple of Madura, for instance, with its stately halls and cloisters, its thousand columns, and its colossal monolithic deities and dragons, is not only thronged with worshippers, but is daily adding both to its structure and to its treasures. It has an annual income of 70,000 rupees, and the Nattukottai Chetties, a caste of native money-lenders, are said to have lately spent 40,000*l.* on the fabric. This temple illustrates the adaptive faculty of the Brahmins. Originally dedicated to Minakshi, the fish-goddess of the aboriginal Dravidian races, it was appropriated by the Brahmins, who overcame all theological difficulties by identifying Minakshi with Parvati, the wife of Shiva, and adopting her into their Pantheon. She is the presiding goddess at Madura, but she shares the homage of her worshippers with many gods, rishis or saints, and demons. Among the last-named is a former English collector, Mr. Rous Peter. He paid due respect to the goddess in his lifetime, and now a doorway in the temple is dedicated to his memory and periodically lighted up in his honor. In the north of India, the neighborhood of that holy land where Krishna spent his youth, is another scene of Hindu religious liberality. A

Guru or teacher from Madras converted the Seths, the Hindu Rothschilds, from Jainism to a form of Vishnu worship called Sri Sampradaya. The family thereupon expended some 450,000*l.* in the erection of a great temple at Brindoban, near Muttra, besides building a temple in the town of Muttra itself. They annually expend vast sums in the maintenance of priests and Brahmins, the instruction of boys in the Shastras or holy writings, and in feeding the poor. Instances might be multiplied indefinitely, were such needed.

Pilgrimages are more rife than ever, being greatly facilitated by the spread of railways. On some of the festivals at Brindoban, where there are many temples besides that of the Seths, it is calculated that a million of people are present. Not only English and Scotch, but German, and numerous American missionaries are at work. But why are they apparently powerless to cope with Hinduism? Doubtless many a missionary is sent out who is mentally unequal to a post of so much difficulty, and unprepared for the self-denial which it entails. Further, as a native Christian pastor's wife said the other day, "The people say, 'Yours is a very dull religion; there is not enough tamasha (i.e. show or function) about it.'"

The Roman Catholic priests and the Salvation Army appear to satisfy the requirements of self-denial and tamasha better than the Anglican and Protestant missionaries.

Taking, again, those who have met with some outward success in sweeping numbers into the fold, they have, with few exceptions, only secured the lowest and most ignorant people—outcasts with much to gain and nothing to lose by joining their ranks. Of course, it may be said that one soul is as valuable as another; but if the object is increase of numbers, a decoy-duck is more precious than a scarecrow. A Brahmin or high-caste man who is improved by conversion will lead others in his wake; low-caste and semi-educated Christians form a community which repels rather than attracts. A Brahmin is not necessarily a priest, but priests are generally Brahmins, and the whole caste, throughout its many subdivisions, is respected as holy, and as intellectually and socially superior to all others. Though their claims are doubtless exaggerated, it is probable that for some three thousand

years the majority of Brahmins have preserved their unsullied descent and hereditary education, and it would be difficult for any other race on the face of the globe (except, perhaps, some Jewish families) to say as much. The unpublished testimony of a young Brahmin of to-day, well educated, of good orthodox family, and who has had every opportunity of forming a fair judgment of missionary effort and prospects in Southern India, may not be devoid of interest. It must not be forgotten that in Southern India *only* have missionaries produced any impression worth mentioning.

Little (writes Mr. T. Varadha Row) has been effected by missionaries in Southern India in the way of proselytism. Some of these agencies have established colleges and schools where education of a very high order is imparted at trifling cost. I admit that Western knowledge has shaken the belief of our young men to the foundation, and that some of them are drifting toward indifference for the traditional observances of Hindu society. But this same awakening does not lead them any nearer to Christianity. It will tend, I have no doubt, toward a strict examination of Hindu doctrines, errors, and practices, and a consequent removal of anomalies and absurdities. The conciliatory and accommodating nature of Hinduism will permit the reception into its fold of the advanced ideas of its most zealous reformers. Higher education will not help to advance Christianity in India. The effects of conversion on a high-caste Hindu are anything but encouraging. I do not wish to give names, but among my acquaintance and within my knowledge I can name half a dozen cases where a steady deterioration has followed in the wake of conversion. But among the lower classes missionary efforts have been eminently successful. In Tinnevely whole Shanars' (toddy-drawers) villages have been taken into the Christian fold. These wonderful results occurred at a most inopportune time. The South Indian famine of three years raged with unspeakable severity from 1876 to 1878, and mission bodies were entrusted with the organization of relief operations. The success of the missionary efforts in the relief of souls was as marvellous as in the relief of distress. Over 16,000 men were admitted into the religion of Christ in less than a year. Of course men are likely to cavil at such curious coincidences.

The Shanars are now, I know, a very thriving and industrious community. Neat little churches and hospitals appear in the midst of clean and well laid-out villages which were until recently the abode of squalor and dirt.

The influence of Christianity on high and low class Hindus is almost opposite in effect. The causes are not far to seek. The Shanars, who are Dravidians by race, were Dravidians in religion and in worship. The worship of demons, of the powers of evil and of malign

nant and fatal diseases under the name of Mari or Kali Amma, is the chief feature in the Dravidian religion, if religion it is to be called. The softer, purer, and infinitely superior creed, the creed of Christ, was offered to them. These children, who were scared by the loud thunder and the forked lightning, gladly gave up their hideous practices and their barbarous gods to be taken into the universal protection of Him whose love is all-absorbing. But to the higher-caste Hindu (provided he know anything about Hinduism) Christianity offers no solution to his doubts and to his fears. The doctrines of the Upanishads (the philosophical speculations of the Vedas) satisfy the utmost longings of the mind. The acute logic of the ancient Rishis has raised a bulwark of arguments to support the huge fabric of Hindu thought. The doctrine of Karma offers the simplest and most reasonable answer to the obvious inequalities and striking contrasts in this visible world of happiness and suffering. The ferment and unrest of the soul in the search of knowledge is soothed and laid at rest when the object of contemplation is reduced to a figure-head and finally a point in space. This contemplation of a point in space results in a self-absorbing delight which knows no end and which places the soul high above all carnal wants and aspirations. This is the goal of Hindu philosophy. Christianity has nothing to offer to those who are dissatisfied with Hinduism.

The faith of the enlightened Brahmin is on a very different level from that of the common people. If you ask concerning his own belief, he will tell you that he believes in One God—according to his particular school he believes that God is everything, or that He unites with matter to become everything. All proceed from Him and all effort should be directed to reabsorption into Him. Good acts tend to this result by the gradual purification in successive incarnations of Karma, or the residuum of unconquered passions and unexpiated sins after death. Bad acts debase men more and more. "What happens to devil-worshippers and other such out-caste races?" asked a friend of mine. "They go to hell" was the prompt reply. Observing my look of astonishment at the sweeping condemnation, the Brahmin with whom we were talking took it to indicate a doubt of the accommodation, and hastened to add, "Oh, we have twenty, thirty, plenty of hells." Shiva, Vishnu, and the other gods and goddesses are regarded as embodiments of the various divine attributes, or incarnations to reveal the divine will and to deliver men from evil. Many Brahmins would have no particular objection to acknowledge Christ in

some such way as this. As one said to me, "I do not know his history as well as I know my own sacred books, but if what is told of him is true, I believe that he must have been a saint if not a Divine Incarnation." Another thought that each race had its own revelation. "We," he said, "have Krishna, you have Christ. You say that your Christ was crucified—our Krishna was shot."

It may be said that such men as these are not far from Christianity. On the contrary, the Vice-Chancellor of the Calcutta University aptly compared a contest with them to the encounter of Cœur de Lion and Saladin in the *Talisman*. The sharp sword of the crusader is unavailing to sever a silken cushion which adapts itself to every stroke. You ask why, if their own faith is so elevated, they leave the masses to idol-worship. "Ignorant people and females," you are told, "cannot at once comprehend the universal presence. We teach them first that God is in the image—so He is, for He is everywhere—and from that we go on to explain that He pervades the Universe." It is doubtful if the "ignorant people and females" ever get beyond the first stage. One Hindu ascetic, with an extraordinary love of quotation and devotion to Thomas à Kempis, cited not only Roman Catholic arguments, but also Tyndall's *Theory of Atoms* in defence of idol-worship. He demonstrated thereby that nothing, not even the leg of a table, was unchangeable, that, therefore, the Divine effluence animated all things, and that the perfectly enlightened mind could see and worship the Omnipresent as well in that piece of wood as in any other object visible or invisible.

The present condition of Hinduism has something in common with the Western Reformation. Educated Hindus confess that they never knew the details and signification of their own religion till they learned them from Western sources. Many have sought inspiration in the old Vedas, where they find nothing about Shiva and Vishnu, but the worship of One God revealed in the forces of Nature. Everywhere there is a tendency on the part of Brahmin pundits to set their house in order, and to try and prove, like the Arya-Somaj and the Theosophists, that the true Hindu religion is as pure as Christianity and more philosophical. The

Brahmo-Somaj, which professes to base itself on natural religion and to take what is true from all revelation, approaches nearly to Christianity, but does not seem to make much progress in India. An Indian Prince said the other day, pointing to a chandelier, "God is like that light, the various religions are the colors through which the light may shine." To which the Christian can only answer, "True, but light may struggle through a dimly-colored or smoked glass, or come to us through the clear transparent crystal of revelation."

The whole question is of course complicated with that of caste. The Roman Catholics and some others provide that converts having caste should keep it, but this arrangement, though much must be said in its favor, clashes somewhat with the idea of universal brotherhood. Caste is the ruling note in India. Even animals have their caste. The story which tells how the level plains of Katthiawar were reclaimed from the sea illustrates this. The egrets laid their eggs on the former ocean-line and the wave swept them away. The egrets swore that the sea should be filled up until she surrendered the eggs. They summoned the other birds to help them, and all obeyed their call except the eagle. He was the favorite steed of Vishnu, so thought himself exonerated from mundane duties. But Vishnu looked askance at him and said that he should be put out of caste unless he went to help his fellows. Back he flew to Katthiawar, and when the sea saw that the royal bird had joined the ranks of her opponents she succumbed and gave back the eggs.

Hindu respect for animal life entails consequences which make one wonder how the earth can provide not only for the swarms of human inhabitants, including unproductive religious mendicants, but also for such numbers of mischievous beasts. Some castes will kill no animals at all, and all Hindus hold so many as sacred that peacocks, monkeys, and pigeons may be seen everywhere, destroying crops and eating people out of house and home. The people of a town, driven to desperation, may be induced to catch the monkeys, fill a train with them, and despatch it to discharge its cargo at some desolate spot; but woe betide a simicide! The monkeys in any given street will resent and lament the capture of a comrade, but

do not care at all if a stranger is carried off. He is not of their caste.

Caste is partly a religious and partly a social arrangement. A Hindu told me that if he were to eat with a fellow-religionist of another caste he would have committed a social offence; if with a Christian or Mahomedan it would be a breach of religious law. This is not the universal view, but illustrates the mixture of both ideas in the native mind. Caste restrictions have their use as a restraint on moral conduct, and too often when a native throws them aside to become a nominal Christian the result is expressed by the announcement, "Me same caste as master—me drink and smoke." The complications which caste rules entail are, however, endless. If you stepped into the cooking-place of the most wretched Brahmin beggar, you would contaminate all his provisions. Every eatable would have to be thrown away, and all the vessels cleansed. For this reason the manufacture of common porcelain is unlikely to flourish in India. Metal pots, and plates made of leaves, are in general use, for china from which an outsider has eaten cannot be sufficiently purified for its owner's purposes, though the number of copper vessels has decreased owing to the enhanced price of copper, consequent on the action of the syndicate. You see Brahmins employed as the cooks in prisons, for any one may eat what they have touched, but a murderer would not defile himself with food prepared by a man of lower caste than himself. A low wall just inside the entrance of the cooking shed marks the boundary over which the prison officials may look, but beyond which they may not pass.

Marriages must only take place between members of the same caste, but not of the same family. Thus, while every boy and girl must be married, the choice is often greatly restricted. A rich gentleman, belonging to a very small caste, was obliged to educate one of his carpenter's sons to marry his daughter, as no other eligible youth could be found. Very odd ways of overcoming matrimonial difficulties are sometimes resorted to in India. There are some castes near Ahmedabad in which widow marriages are allowed, and a girl can be given in second marriages without the ruinous expense considered necessary on the occasion of a first alliance. The

parents therefore sometimes marry a girl to a *bunch of flowers*, which is afterward thrown down a well. The husband is then said to be dead, and the girl as a widow can be married at moderate cost!

From an English point of view caste has both advantages and drawbacks. So long as it exists it must do much to prevent any universal combination against British rule. As has been well said, social unity must precede national unity, and social unity is impossible under the present ordinances. Schools and railroads are shaking these barriers in places, but are very far from having destroyed them.

On the other hand the rules of caste and the seclusion of women of the higher castes and upper class tend to prevent a thorough understanding between English and Indians. An Englishman's first idea is to ask his friends to dinner, his next to make the acquaintance of his wife and daughters. With a Hindu you can do none of these things. It is often better not even to refer to them. A Mahomedan will dine with you, but his ladies, with few exceptions, are even more jealously secluded than those of the Hindu. Nor do the women for the most part seem to desire more liberty. Many of them know very well how to manage their husbands, and if they want to go anywhere or to see anything, the men have to find some means of gratifying them. The reverence paid to mothers is extreme. I know a man in high position and of middle age who is obliged to worship gods in whom he does not believe for fear of displeasing his mother; and another who cannot make the pilgrimage which he desires to Benares because custom would oblige him to take his mother on his first visit to the holy city and she is unfit to travel. But most Indian women are too uneducated to take pleasure in mixing in a society whose ways and thoughts are totally different from their own. Efforts are being made to teach them, and there is little doubt that when they know a good deal more about the world they will wish to see it, and that when this becomes their object they will speedily attain it. Certainly it will be better to fit them for a position before calling upon them to oc-

cupy it. A somewhat similar remark applies to infant marriages and child widows. The women must desire change before it is made. A philanthropic maiden lady who had passed her first youth was conversing not long ago with a married Indian lady and her widowed sister-in-law on these topics. After she had left them the married lady said, "I married at seven and my husband was nine years old. We have lived happily together. How is it that this lady has not married till her hair is growing gray? Has nobody asked for her? There ought to be a law in England that no one shall remain unmarried after a certain age." The loyal comment of the sister-in-law on the attack made upon her was simply, "Why does not the Empress marry again?" Of course a great deal can be said on both sides of this as of most questions, and a cursory observer is not called upon to give a verdict. Still any traveller who has conversed with intelligent natives must feel that while they are unfitted by natural disposition and by internal differences from carrying out any part of the imperial policy which would require unbiassed judgment, incorruptible integrity, readiness of resource and promptitude of action, they are perfectly competent to form opinions on their own social problems. So long as Europeans cannot obtain free access to their homes they can hardly decide on the manner in which Indian family life should be regulated. Meantime there are many ways in which Englishmen, and English ladies residing in India, can help and encourage avowedly needed reforms.

Such aid when kindly offered is for the most part graciously welcomed. It is almost touching to notice the affectionate tone in which an Indian will mention an Englishman when he can speak of him as "My friend."

While no true Englishman would consent to resign the reins of empire into hands which are incapable of holding them, the safest charioteers of the car of destiny are the men who treat all classes in that empire not only with justice but with courtesy, sympathy, and consideration.—*Nineteenth Century*.

IMITATION AS A FACTOR IN HUMAN PROGRESS.

BY THE RIGHT HON. LORD JUSTICE FRY.

"IMITATION," says Aristotle, "is innate in men from childhood; for in this men differ from other animals, that of all they are the most imitative, and through imitation get their first teachings;"* and upon this fact he proceeds to explain the origin of poetry. Aristotle is so shrewd an observer that it is rarely safe to slight what he says; and for myself I venture to doubt whether the part which imitation has played in the development of our race is often adequately recognized.

In many of the lower animals the principle of imitation does not show itself very prominently: most of our domestic animals, profoundly as they are influenced by man, show little tendency to imitate either him or one another. As regards man, they are rather his fellow-workers than his imitators. Among the birds, imitation shows itself, but almost exclusively in regard to song: many of our singing birds seem to copy one another: young linnets adopt the notes of various singing birds under which they may be brought up; † thrushes are said to follow the leading of other birds, and I cannot doubt that some or many of the utterances of the clever starling are imitative. Jackdaws, magpies, parrots, are all celebrated for the cleverness with which they learn and imitate sounds both musical and articulate; and the mocking-bird of the United States and the *Menura superba* of Australia remind us that this imitative quality is not confined to the Old World. But in these birds it would seem as if this quality were confined to sounds—for none of those which I have mentioned show, I believe, any general tendency toward imitation; the skill of the magpie in pronouncing words and even short sentences is well known. But Mr. Blackwall says that after almost daily investigation of its habits, he has never known it display any unusual capacity for imitation in a state of nature, though when domesticated it appears to have this faculty more highly developed than almost any other British bird. ‡

But when we reach the monkeys the matter is different.

Of all the lower animals, they are the most distinguished for their mimicry—a mimicry which extends to most of the actions of the body, and even the expressions of the face, but which strangely does not appear to extend to sounds; for it has been observed, and I believe justly, that monkeys, even when long in captivity, never attempt to imitate the sounds of the human voice, but on the contrary retain their own peculiar sounds for pleasure and pain, for anger and joy.*

It has indeed been suggested that, with regard to the lower animals, the faculty of imitation plays a larger part, and instinct a lesser part, than is often thought—that, for instance, the likeness between the nests of successive generations of the same species of bird is due to the children imitating the parents in their work. It is impossible to deny that this may be so to some extent, and equally impossible to ascertain with precision how much of the sum of the habits of a generation or an individual is due to inherited instincts or habits, and how much to the force of imitation. There is, I believe, no doubt that birds teach their young to sing, and also give instruction in the art of flying, and so far they appeal to the imitative faculty of their young. But the early age at which the progeny leave the nest and lose the care and society of their parents would seem to show that the opportunities of learning by imitation are but small. In one large group of animals this opportunity is entirely absent. In great families of insects the mother lays her eggs, and both parents die before the eggs are hatched—die often in the autumn or winter, while the offspring do not leave the egg till the spring. In all these creatures the possibility of imitating the parent is reduced to zero. A father or a mother's face has never been known to a single member of the race since the creation, and the children can have learned nothing from parental example. To what an ex-

* "Poetica," cap. vi.

† Barrington, in Blackwall's "Researches in Zoology," p. 301.

‡ Ibid., p. 158.

* See Vogt, "Mémoire sur les Microcéphales; Mémoires de l'Institut National Générois," 1866, pp. 168, 169.

tent have they been losers? They appear not less to follow the pattern of their parents than the birds or the beasts which see and are seen by their progeny.

This principle of imitation seems to lie deep down in our nature, among its most primitive elements. As every one knows, it is one of the most marked and charming traits of childhood: in one way or the other—in mimicry of what he has seen or heard—it calls out and educates all the faculties of the child,

“As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.”

Again, it is strongly developed in the microcephalic form of idiocy, as has been very fully expounded by M. Vogt, and it is exaggerated to an extraordinary degree in certain morbid states of the brain; such patients are sometimes met with, who, instead of replying to a question, simply repeat the words of the questioner, and so give what is known to medical men as the echo sign. Again, at the commencement of inflammatory softening of the brain, the patient will often unconsciously imitate every word uttered within hearing, whether in his own or a foreign language, and imitate every gesture and action performed near him.* So, too, among savages the same strong tendency has been observed.

“They are excellent mimics,” says Mr. Darwin, speaking of the people of Terra del Fuego; † “as often as we coughed or yawned, or made any odd motion, they immediately imitated us. Some of our party began to squint and look awry; but one of the young Fuegians (whose whole face was painted black, excepting a white band across his eyes) succeeded in making far more hideous grimaces. They could repeat with perfect correctness each word in any sentence we addressed them, and they remembered such words for some time. Yet we Europeans all know how difficult it is to distinguish apart the sounds in a foreign language. Which of us, for instance, could follow an American Indian through a sentence of more than three words? All savages appear to possess, to an uncommon degree, this power of mimicry. I was told, almost in the same words, of the same ludicrous habit among the Caffres: the Australians, likewise, have long been notorious for being able to imitate and describe the gait of any man, so that he can be recognized. How can this faculty be explained? Is it a consequence of the more practised habits of perception and keener senses, common to all men in a savage state, as compared with those long civilized?”

Imitation as we see it in man seems to extend over a wider range of action and production than in any other animal. It is not confined as in the monkeys to the production of like attitudes or bodily acts; it is not confined as in the birds to the imitation of sounds: it includes all alike, and is characterized furthermore by conscious pleasure in the doing.

If Aristotle be right in the proposition that of all the parts of man, the voice is the most imitative,* and the observation already made as to monkeys never imitating with the voice be also true, there is in this particular a marked difference—something like an antithesis between ourselves and our poor cousins.

Furthermore, in man imitation is not a single or homogeneous quality; it presents itself in different forms and degrees. It may, I think, be considered under three heads:—(1) the absolutely involuntary imitation—i.e., imitation neither voluntary nor connected with a voluntary act; (2) involuntary imitation connected with a voluntary act; and (3) imitation entirely voluntary.

All these forms of imitation agree, I believe, in their initial step, attention. Without attention, I suspect that no imitation can arise, and I have a strong conviction that it is often, though not always, in proportion to the attention given. A man who bought monkeys to act from the Zoological Garden at £5 a piece, was willing to give twice as much if he might keep them three or four days in order to select one, because he found that whether a monkey would turn out a good actor or not entirely depended on his power of attention. If when he was talking or explaining anything to the monkey, its attention was easily distracted, as by a fly on the wall or other trifling object, the case was hopeless. On the other hand, a monkey which carefully attended to him could always be trained. †

Of the lowest form of imitation the elements seem to be—first, attention; and, secondly, a reflex action producing the like result without consciousness or volition or intention; and, thirdly, as a negative element or condition, the absence of any disturbing thought or idea—of any controlling volition or intellectual direction.

* Darwin, quoted by Romanes, p. 478.

† “Beagle,” p. 206.

* “Rhet.” iii. 1.

† Darwin, “Descent,” vol. i. pp. 44, 45.

Of such imitation we have instances in the familiar infection of gaping or yawning, or even of laughter. Merely to see another gape often produces gaping in the beholder:—not often if occupied with serious thought, but more often if in a comparatively unthinking mood.

Other striking instances are found in the idiot or the patient suffering from softening of the brain. The microcephalous idiot whom M. Vogt examined is described by him as seizing and imitating each movement with the rapidity of lightning—strong evidence of close if unconscious attention.

A nunnery is, I suppose, an institution in which the pressure of thought is not very severe—where a small event can attract great attention, and where there are but few other thoughts necessarily present to countervail the effect of attention on the imitative principle. Such is the conclusion I should draw from two stories of nuns to be found in “Zimmermann on Solitude,”* the one event occurring in France, the other in Germany. In the first a nun began to mew like a cat; other nuns began to mew likewise. The infection spread till all the nuns in the very large convent began to mew every day at a certain hour, and continued mewling for several hours together, till their folly was checked by the threat of castigation from a company of soldiers placed for the purpose at the entrance of the nunnery.

The German nun was even worse. She began to bite her companions, who all took to the same habit, which is said to have spread through the greater part of Germany, and even to have extended to the nunneries of Holland and Rome.

Something like this, though in a very much smaller degree, is said often to happen to girls' schools in England: one girl faints in church, and several follow suit; the whole attention of the girls is drawn to their interesting comrade, and the service of the church or the periods of the sermon afford no adequate counter-irritant for the interest, and off they go.

In 1787 a girl at a cotton factory at Hodden Bridge in Lancashire went into convulsions at a mouse put into her bosom by another girl, and the convulsions spread among the girls till the factory had to be

shut up.* The dancing mania which in the thirteenth century affected, it is said, one hundred children at Erfurt, and which again in the following century appeared at Aix-la-Chapelle, and brought together assemblies of men and women dancing in the most violent fashion, and spread into the Netherlands; and, again, the Tigrifier—a form of dancing mania known in Abyssinia†—all these seem to be distinctly attributable to the form of imitation which I am now describing.

Even insanity seems communicable by imitation. *Folie à deux* is the name which the French medical psychologists give to cases in which the delusions of an insane person are imitated by a previously sane companion. The subject has recently attracted considerable attention both in England and in France, and interesting facts in relation to it will be found in the paper referred to in the note.‡

Lastly, whatever truth there may be in the stories of were-wolves, or men assuming the habits of wolves or of dogs, and running about on all fours like the creatures they affect,—whatever element, if any, of truth there may be in such stories, which are so inveterate as to have seemed an old superstition to Pliny in his day,§ must, I conceive, be attributed to a like unconscious imitation producing, by a reflex action in a weakened or diseased mind, the likeness of the object of its thoughts and attention.

It is impossible to pass away from the consideration of this kind of imitation without pausing for one moment to reflect on the most marvellous character of the operation which is involved in it. An action is observed, and then, without consciousness of that observation, without any desire to imitate it, the appropriate nerves set in action the appropriate muscles, and the like action is produced by the beholder. Call this action what we will, the fact remains equally marvellous, and fails to excite our wonder only because it is one of a group of equally strange facts in our constitution which are too familiar to arouse thought in the minds of most men.

These illustrations have reference to

* Hecker's “Epidemics of the Middle Ages,” translated by Babbington.

† Ibid.

‡ Dr. D. Hack Tuke on *Folie à Deux*, in *Brain* for January, 1888.

§ Lib. viii. cap. 22.

* Second part, 6th chap.

muscular activity, but equally if not more remarkable are the examples of the influence of imitation in the domain of sensation. The involuntary imitation of pain may sound strange to many, but it seems well established that not only pain may be produced in this way, but also the physical symptoms that accompany pain, such as swelling and irritation. I do not rely on the stigmata of St. Francis of Assisi (though the evidence as one sees it at second or third hand seems very strong), but on cases which have in recent years come under the care of medical men in England and France. In one case a lady suffered intense pain accompanied with a red mark on the ankle in consequence of sympathy excited by witnessing a child in whom she was greatly interested in great danger of having his ankle crushed by an iron gate; in another case a lady's lips and mouth became enormously swollen from seeing a child pass the sharp blade of a knife between its lips.*

We now come to consider what I have called the second form of imitation—viz., that which occurs when we voluntarily and consciously do an act, but, nevertheless, without volition, sometimes without consciousness, do it in a manner dictated by the principle of imitation. In these cases we do what others do, not from a wish to imitate them, but because it seems more easy or more natural to do as they do, and even if with consciousness, yet without any definite wish or desire to imitate our fellows. Suppose, for instance, I go into a shop to buy a necktie, and I buy one of the kind most in vogue, I do so, not because I have the remotest wish to be fashionable, or to imitate some leader of the *ton*, but because the color and form prevailing have impressed themselves on my eye, and the trouble of selection is saved by following that impression. Even if I am conscious of imitation, I hardly determine on it or wish for it. If I were a man of fashion I should probably imitate some person with a full desire and determination so to do; if I were an æsthetic, with a mind fully alive to the eternal principles which should regulate the color of neckties, and fully conscious of the enormity of the prevailing shades, I should avoid the lapse into imitation as a mortal sin: and

in either case I should be saved from the kind of imitation to which I refer. This evidently involves a certain passivity of mind as to the way of doing a thing. The same thing occurs in literature and in art: some great man writes or paints in a particular style, and all the little people follow suit, and are often vexed and honestly surprised when you tell them that they are imitating the manner and style of some well-known man.

Of this second kind of imitation another instance is, I suppose, offered by a fact not uncommon—such as this: an Englishman goes to reside in America or in Ireland, and after a few years, or even months, acquires the peculiarities of expression, the delicate differences of utterance which separate the speech of his place of residence from that of his place of birth. In this case there is no question of volition; he probably desires to retain his national pronunciation; there is no consciousness, for he is generally surprised, if not annoyed, at being told by his English friends that he has acquired a new dialect or brogue, but he has given some attention to the pronunciation around him, and by a purely reflex action he comes to pronounce as he hears.

A still more remarkable case of the same kind is presented by the infectiousness of stammering. It is notorious that one person, especially if young, may catch the habit from another: and here the force of imitation, even more strongly than in the case of an acquired brogue, acts, not only without, but even against the wish and volition of the person. A strong desire—nay, determination—not to catch the trick is, I believe, no certain protection against the power of involuntary imitation.

This independence, both from volition and from consciousness, which characterizes so many forms of imitation, is very noteworthy. The attention may be given unconsciously, the act may be done unconsciously, and the imitation may be unconscious: and this is true, not only in the case of mechanical acts or bodily gestures, but it regulates also the influence of imitation on our highest nature. "Our moral standard," says Miss Wedgwood, "is influenced far more by those actions which we admire or condemn than by those which we endeavor to imitate. A thousand accidents decide what part of

* Dr. D. Hack Take, "Influence of the Mind upon the Body," 2d ed. vol. ii. p. 35 *et seq.*

our neighbor's conduct shall be the model of our own, but our ideal acts on us at every moment, and influences our whole being in a region far deeper than the conscious will." *

The elements of this form of imitation therefore seem to be—(1) the attention given consciously or unconsciously to the act done by others; (2) the voluntary doing of an act connected with the object to which our attention has been drawn; (3) the doing of the voluntary act in an imitative manner; and (4) as a condition, the absence of any volition as to the particular mode of doing the act.

This kind of imitation seems to result from the natural desire of the mind to economize its labors: for I suppose that it is easier to do what is thus done before us than to do something else; and the reason is not difficult to suggest. The sight saves us the trouble of initiation—the throes of originality. Out of the infinite number of ways in which we might do a thing we must select one, and the eyesight suggests one: if we do not do that thing in that manner, we must reject the suggestion of our senses, and choose some other way, and upon some other suggestion, or upon some other principle, or for some other reason.

We come now to the highest form of imitation, that in which man seems to stand far ahead of his fellow-creatures—I mean conscious imitation. Here we consciously and voluntarily do some act which we have seen another do, or heard of another doing, or we make some sound like a sound which we have heard, or we assume some gesture which we have noticed, or we paint a picture like something which we have seen.

In this form of imitation the mind is again largely influenced by the principle of economy. Through the infinite possibilities of action at any one moment of time, the eye or the ear which has seen or heard something offers a guide ready at hand, which will save the pain of choice. The extent to which persons of social character and no great originality of thought do and say what they have seen done and heard said is a matter of amusement to any one who has a mind to perceive it.

But another principle in our mental

constitution seems a main foundation of this kind of imitation. It is a curious fact that up to a certain, or rather an uncertain, point, the perception of identity or likeness between two things is in itself a source of pleasure to man.

Every one who has observed children knows the keen delight with which they first perceive the likeness between two things: that to recognize in a picture a thing which they have actually seen is a distinct enjoyment; that in the same way the second telling of a story, or the second playing of a game, seems to give an additional and independent pleasure to the child.

And so with ignorant people when they look at pictures, the great, if not the only source of pleasure seems to be the detecting of the likeness to something they know. They pass by the pictures which might communicate new ideas, and rejoice to find some face or some place which they know. "Law! ain't it like," is the genuine expression of their pleasure, and lets us see the source whence it is derived.

And so, even after the artists of Greece and Rome had reached their highest levels and done their best work, the critic of art found in the exactness of the likeness one of the highest, perhaps the highest, element of excellence. The birds that flew to the grapes of Zeuxis, the horse that neighed to the painted horse of Apelles, the painted curtain of Parasius that deceived Zeuxis himself, these seemed to Pliny,* and I suppose to the ancient world generally, to be the highest tributes to the excellence of the artists. Probably our modern art critics would look with considerable contempt on the judgment of their predecessors, and I am not concerned to consider the extent and the detail to which a portrait or a landscape should strive to imitate the original; but imitation—*i.e.*, the production of one thing like another—lies at the bottom of the art, and even now, and even to the most cultivated beholder, the perception of this likeness is a sense of direct pleasure. However much we may seek to lessen the sphere of mere imitation in art, it is, I suppose, certain that pictures which created no sense of likeness to any known thing would soon cease to please.

* "The Moral Ideal," p. 76.

* Lib. xxxv. cap. 10.

To this pleasure which human nature feels in iteration—repetition for its own sake—language bears abundant testimony. The forms of poetry in different languages are extremely various, but they are, so far as I know, all based on the repetition of something. In Hebrew poetry the poet relied on the likeness of the two limbs of each verse the one to the other, as a source of pleasure in the hearer; in Anglo-Saxon poetry the chief reliance was on alliteration, the repetition of the same letter; in the classical poetry of Greece or Rome on the repetition of the same arrangement of sounds of divers lengths; in our own on the repetition of the same series of emphasized and unemphasized syllables; in rhyme on the recurrence of a like sound.

But of all arts and crafts of human life, the stage speaks loudest of the pleasure derived by man from imitation. To say that that is the sole source of the pleasure conferred by the histrionic art, from its first rude elements to its highest development, would perhaps be to go too far. But that it is the main and principal one, cannot admit of doubt.

The stage, again, is one of the most pointed illustrations of the truth of Aristotle's remark that the imitation of pain gives pleasure. That tragedy should exist as a pleasure is an emphatic statement of it. The pleasure from the imitation conquers the pain from the pain, and we are pleased. So deep-rooted and so strong is our love of imitation.

I have thus dwelt upon the pleasure derived from the mere fact of repetition—of iteration—of which imitation is a particular instance. I must add one caveat before I part from the subject: repetition may be so frequent, even though of a thing pleasant in itself, as to grow wearisome and tedious, to become, in the language of Shakespeare, "a damnable iteration."

If we could get back to the cradle of human civilization and see the weakling in its swaddling clothes, we should, I suspect, find that the capacity for imitation in all the various forms in which it exists in man and the pleasure derived from its exercise were playing a vast part. Indeed, the thought which I desire to suggest for consideration is this, that the superiority of this capacity in man is one of the main causes of the great difference which exists between him and any other

creature—of his progress in civilization and of his capacity for a moral and religious elevation beyond his own natural level.

Let us try to conceive in imagination the difference between a creature endowed with a great power and love of imitation and the same being without this endowment. The one would find in all the sounds of nature, in all the forms of natural things, materials which he might make his own and convert to his own use; he would find in the habits and proceedings of other creatures, hints by which he might improve his own modes of action; and any exceptionally high level of intellectual or moral excellence reached by a single individual might become the object of imitation to the whole race. In the case of the same being, but unendowed with the gift of imitation, none of these things would happen: the same surroundings might exist, but they would be inoperative on his mental condition. The creature would be without means of lifting itself above the original level of its notions and instincts: it would have no fulcrum by means of which to erect itself above itself.

Is what I thus suggest verified by what we can know or surmise of the primitive life of mankind? "The Kamtschadales," says Captain King, who sailed with Captain Cook on his fatal voyage and continued the narrative of that voyage after his death*—

"The Kamtschadales very thankfully acknowledge their obligations to the bears for what little advancement they have hitherto made, either in the sciences or polite arts. They confess that they owe to them all their skill both in physic and surgery; that by remarking with what herbs these animals rub the wounds they have received, and what they have recourse to when sick and languid, they have become acquainted with most of the simples in use among them, either in the way of internal medicine or external application. But what will appear somewhat more singular is, they acknowledge the bears likewise for their dancing masters. Indeed, the evidence of one's senses puts this out of dispute: for the bear dance of the Kamtschadales is an exact counterpart of every attitude and gesture peculiar to this animal, through its various functions; and this is the foundation and groundwork of all their other dances, and what they value themselves most upon."

The emu dance and the kangaroo dance of the Australian natives are no doubt in

* Captain King, "Voyage to the Pacific," by Cook and King, vol. iii. p. 307.

like manner derived by imitation from the animals which have most attracted the attention of these savages.

If we again imagine ourselves beside the cradle of the civilization of our race, and inquire what peculiarities of the human creature differentiated it from its fellow-animals and made civilization possible, we should find, I suspect, that one of the most marked of those peculiarities was the capacity to utter, to give out, to express, to make known to its fellows, in some form or the other, the images which were present to the brain and the thoughts which dwelt in the mind. Of these modes of utterance, speech has grown to be so completely dominant, that we sometimes forget the other means to which the race has had, and still has, recourse. The principal forms of human utterance may be classed under gesture-language, picture-writing, word-language, and word-writing; and at the base of all these the principles of imitation will be found to lie.

Gesture-language consists in the imitation by gesture of the principal, or some one or more of the principal, characteristics of the thing to be described, coupled with a designation of things present by actually pointing to them. Such a language is found to subsist almost as a mother tongue among large congregations of deaf and dumb people, especially if ignorant of any other language, and it is carried to a great development or, I might say, perfection. It has been found, too, among the Cistercians laboring under the dismal rule of their order, and among Indian tribes often meeting, but ignorant of one another's speech.

Mr. Tylor has given a very curious account of this language as it exists in the Berlin Deaf and Dumb Institution. Of the nature of this language one or two illustrations will be enough. The left hand closed so as to represent a chimney, with the right fore-finger placed over it so as to imitate steam, signifies a railway. A motion in imitation of that of rowing means England or Englishmen, while actions like cutting off the head and strangling depict the countries and people of France and Russia respectively. This mode of communication is plainly based on an imitation by gesture of the thing thought of.*

But the picture-writing of the savage tribes is not less plainly based upon imita-

tion of another kind—viz., the production by the art of drawing of a likeness to the object thought of. Specimens of this kind of communication have come to us, especially from the Indian tribes.*

How far the imitation of natural sounds is the origin of word-language is a large and much debated question, at which I can only glance. "Words," says Aristotle, "are bits of mimicry."† This may be, and probably is, far too wide for an exact statement of the truth; but even the most zealous opponents of the mimetic origin of speech admit that "there are names in every language formed by mere imitation of sound;"‡ and I am not now concerned to inquire into the matter more exactly. But if we may venture to conceive of the origin of speech from its present structure, I cannot, for one, entertain any doubt that imitation of this kind has played a certain not inconsiderable part among our first articulate forefathers. They listened to the noises of the wind in their pine-woods, or their alder-swamps, or the scattered birches on their hill-sides, or heard the rapid flight of wild birds disturbed in their haunts; and by imitation they produced words like the *sough*, and the *sigh*, and the *whirr*, and the *whizz* of our own speech. They stood by the dark mere or the moorland stream, and *splash*, and *dash*, and *gurgle* may recall the noises they heard. They listened to the inarticulate cry of their fellow-creatures, and words like *cuckoo*, *hoopoe*, and *peewit* still recall the imitative names which they bestowed on them.

In like manner we have words descriptive of the noises produced by the collision of hard bodies, like *slap*, or *rap*, or *crack*; or of softer bodies, like *thud*, or *dab*, or *whack*; or of the sounds of animals, like *purr*, *buzz*, *hum*, *boom*, and *quack*; or of human interjectional or inarticulate sounds, like *ἀχος* and *ache* from *ah*! or *geschmack* from the smacking of the lips, or *huff* from the inarticulate utterance of arrogance; or *cough*, or *hic-cough*, or *giggle*, or *chuckle*, or *laugh*, from the familiar noises which they represent.§

* See Taylor's "Alphabet," i. 15.

† "Rhet." iii. 1.

‡ Max Müller, "Science of Language," eighth edition, i. 409.

§ See Farrar's "Origin of Language," chap. iv.; Lubbock's "Primitive Civilization," chap. ix.

* Tylor's "Researches in the Early History of Mankind," 1865, chap. ii.

The same fact was familiar to the Latins, as evidenced in their own language, and St. Augustine (who had taught rhetoric with distinction at Carthage) dwells in a remarkable passage on the harmony between the sound of the words expressing a thing and the thing expressed. The *tinnitus* of brass, the *hinnitus* of horses, the *balatus* of the sheep, the *clangor* of the trumpets, the *stridor* of chains are all illustrations of this coincidence.*

But the influence of the imitative principle on the structure of language does not cease with this simple mimicry of sounds. It tends to produce a likeness between some quality of the thing and the word expressive of the thing. If we contrast our words *rough* and *harsh*, on the one hand, and the words *soft* and *smooth*, on the other, we are conscious of a fitness in the respective words to the qualities signified. The Latins saw a like contrast between such words as *lenitas*, *voluptas*, *mel*, on the one hand, and *asperitas*, *crux*, and *acre*, on the other. Nor is it in single words only that this desire to fit the word to the action prevails. In the formation of sentences it has continued to claim a place among the ornaments of the most cultured languages. From Homer, with his imitation of the clattering of horses' hoofs, as they rush wildly on in confused medley—

πολλά δ' ἄνευτα, κάταντα, πέραντ' αὖτε, δόχμα τ'
ἤλθεν—*Iliad*, xxiii. 116,

to Tennyson, with his—

"For the fleet drew near,
Touched, clinked, and clashed, and vanished,"
all poets have more or less loved and used this figure of rhetoric.

How far the manual and technical arts of human life owe their suggestion and origin to imitation is a point which, so far as I know, has not been fully considered. That the first canoe was made in imitation of a rotten tree which had served as a ferry boat; that the first pillar was constructed in the likeness of the erect tree; that the Gothic arch was made to represent the over-reaching boughs in some forest glade; that the triglyph in the Doric frieze represents the ends of the cross-beams which rested on the architrave—all

this seems very probable, and suggests that further investigation might show that to a great degree imitation of the objects of Nature, or of earlier structures, underlies all the various arts and products of human labor.

I have hitherto dealt with the play and scope of the imitative faculty in the first inception of human civilization, in the acquisition of the arts and of the power of communicating ideas. Its part has, I suspect, been yet greater in the transmission from generation to generation of language and the arts and crafts when once acquired.

In respect of language we see this both affirmatively and negatively in a very striking way. We know that French children imitate their parents in speaking French, and English children in speaking English, and we know that (at least before Board Schools) men and women imitated their neighbors and spoke dialects, and that particular families have particular modes of expression or pronunciation which distinguish them even from their neighbors—all evidences of the extent and delicacy of the operation of the faculty of imitation.

If possible the negative instance is clearer to prove that imitation is the only means of the communication of language. A child born deaf cannot hear the sound of its parent's voice, and though quite capable, as regards its organs of speech, of producing the like sounds, does not in fact produce them, for the simple reason that imitation is wanting. Cut off the means of imitating one of the most precious possessions of our race, and the whole stream of tradition is stopped by an impassable barrier: the gift of speech which has passed from sire to son through untold generations reaches not the deaf child. What a light this single fact throws on the value of this tendency to the human race! If it did not exist, no acquirement of the parent would pass to the child any more than now the power of speech passes to the deaf child: every generation would have to start *de novo* from the dead level of untutored humanity.

But something has been done even for the deaf-mute. The utterance of speech by a human being produces two results—first, the most obvious one of a sound audible by the ears; and, secondly, motions in the organs of voice, including the

* See a passage from the "De Dialecticâ," cited, with emendations, by Max Müller, "Science of Language," eighth edition, ii. 348.

top of the windpipe and the mouth. Now from the former of these the deaf-mute is cut off, and the most ordinary impulse to speech is withdrawn: the latter is still open to the sufferer, and by directing his attention to the movements of these parts, and allowing him to follow them by his finger, he is enabled, not only to associate with the movement the meaning of the words produced, but by imitation to reproduce, though imperfectly, the word spoken.

In these facts we have an illustration of what I may call the richness of our human nature in its power of imitation, and of the extent of its desire to imitate; for we have one and the same thing, speech, the result of two different kinds of imitation, one having its imitation in sound, the other in the perception of motion in another man's organs.

But it is not with regard to speech only that imitation is the means of transmitting acquirements from one generation to another. It would be too much to say that all teaching depends on imitation, but it would not be a very gross exaggeration of the truth. Are you drilling children or teaching gymnastic exercises? You show them how to act, and you bid them do as you have done. Are you teaching drawing or painting or any manual craft? You do the same. Are you teaching them how to read Greek, or to pronounce French? You do the same. The communication of pure statements of fact and of mere intellectual truth obviously involves nothing mimetic. But the teaching of everything which requires the pupil to do as well as to know, does involve and rest upon imitation.

If this be a true view of the facts, it seems to follow that the whole progress of the race of man depends on the extent of this faculty; it enables each new generation to do with ease all that the preceding generations may have learned to do with difficulty.

We know well that imitation is strongest in youth; that in youth, too, it is easiest to learn; on the other hand, we know that in old age, habit is strongest. Now, what is habit? It may, I believe, be defined as the imitation of ourselves.

Seeing how much we imitate others, how we imitate most those with whom we are most and those whom we most esteem and love—it would be strange if we did

not imitate ourselves, for there is no one else so habitually present with us as ourselves,—no one to whom we pay more attention,—rarely any one whom we more regard with affection. We have all the conditions necessary for abundant imitation, both conscious and unconscious. And to this correspond the facts with regard to habit: weak in youth, it grows with our growth, and gets more and more absolute with age; acts done originally only after thought, and with volition, get to be done all but unconsciously: and there reigns over us a power for good or for evil—as the nature of our habits may be—which renders change difficult, and the force of the example of others weak. Imitation of others and habit are mutually exclusive, only because we cannot imitate two different things at once. The mimicry of others, which is one of the most amusing traits of childhood, disappears, we well know, within a few years, and fixed habit is, as I have already said, one of the most distinctive traits of middle, and still more of advanced life. “*Imiter c'est un besoin de nature; nous imitons, jeunes autrui, vieux nous mêmes.*”*

I have spoken of the transmission of language and arts by imitation. Are habits transmitted by heredity? Does the child inherit, as a matter of nature, the acquired habits of the parent? The question is of high moment in estimating how far imitation adds to the original store of the child. But it is a question upon which just at the present time there is much controversy.

On the one hand, we have Mr. Darwin offering a collection of instances of inheritance which include among them cases of the inheritance of injuries and mutilations, especially, or perhaps exclusively, when followed by disease, such as that of the cow which having lost a horn from an accident, with consequent suppuration, produced three calves which were hornless on the same side of the head; and, again—and these are more directly to our point—cases of the inheritance of acquired habits under circumstances which seem to exclude as a possible source of error the imitation of the parent. English boys when taught to write in France are said to cling to their English manner of writing; an infant daughter in a cradle is said to have imitated the peculiar attitude in which the

* Roux, “*Pensées*,” p. 85.

father was accustomed to sleep; and another little girl to have imitated her father in a strange way of expressing pleasure on his fingers, which the father had practised when a boy, but concealed as he grew older.*

Experiments have been made upon guinea-pigs by M. Brown-Séquard, and upon dogs by Messrs. Mairé and Combe-male, which tend to show that artificially produced disease may be transmitted by descent through one or even two generations.† On the other hand, M. Weismann,‡ in his discourse upon inheritance, invites us to an opposite conclusion. He contends that the cases cited are of little or no scientific value; he adduces certain physiological reasonings or speculations which he thinks inconsistent with the alleged descent, he argues that the proposition is not essential for the explanation of the facts of the case; he further insists that new characters are not necessarily acquired characters, but that many of those commonly so considered really depend "on the mysterious collaboration of the different tendencies of heredity."§

In this conflict of authorities it would be highly presumptuous if I were to assert any definite conclusion, but I shall venture to hold that there is some evidence in favor of the opinion that such habits may be transmitted by descent, and that this opinion has not at present been conclusively disproved or refuted.

If the descendible quality of habits be admitted, imitation will appear to have greatly enlarged its power of transmitting the acquirements of one generation to the next, and so enabling that generation to start from a higher vantage ground than its predecessor. For that which was done first by an ancestor as a voluntary act, then repeated by him in imitation of himself until it grew to be a habit, may be done by his descendant as a mere matter of habit, vested in him by the laws of descent, and with infinitely less wear and tear, both physical and mental, than was expended on the act by the one who first did it. Each generation may not only re-

ceive, but acquire habits, and the sum of its received and acquired habits it may hand on to the next generation, to be in its turn augmented by the accretions of habits in that generation, and handed on with its new increment to the next following generation, and so on in succession.

In these two ways, the later generation starts with a larger stock of endowments than its predecessor by the force of the principle of imitation.

If it be, on one hand, a gain to do anything without the effort of thought, it is, on the other hand, very dangerous to live without thought. It is evident that the principle of imitation, very valuable so long as it helps us without thought to do as well as our forefathers have done, is very noxious when it prevents us from doing any better than they have done: and this is its effect where it is not counterbalanced by a perpetual inquisitiveness and activity of mind. Nowhere does the power of imitation show itself so mightily as in those states of society, like the Chinese, in which imitation is deified, is made the highest duty of life, and where everything which is not like what has been done before is regarded as evil. The absence of all imitation would produce a stagnation in human society, because each man and each generation of men would derive no benefit from what their forefathers had learned: the presence of no other principle of life must and does equally produce stagnation, because the whole thought of the community is hide-bound in a case through which it cannot break—the whole life is that aptly described by Bede* as one of stupid habit—*vita stultæ consuetudinis*. It is only the coexistence of imitation with free thought and effort that produces a really healthy and progressive state of society. The danger of mere imitation has been strikingly depicted by Quintilian:† "What would have happened if no one had gone an inch beyond the precedent that he was following? In the poets we should have had nothing better than Livius Andronicus, in history nothing better than the annals of the pontiffs: we should still be navigating on rafts; there would be no pictures except silhouettes drawn from shadows cast by the sun."

* Darwin's "Variation of Plants and Animals," ii. 6, 7, 23, 24.

† "Comptes Rendus," vol. cvi. p. 607.

‡ "Ueber die Vererbung," Jena, 1863; and Mr. Moseley's article, *Nature*, vol. xxxiv. p. 629.

§ *Ibid.*, p. 630.

* "His. Ecc.," lib. iv. cap. 27.

† Lib. x. p. 184a.

It is difficult for an Englishman of the nineteenth century to realize a state of society which is really stationary : with our greedy appetite for new ideas, for new things, for reforms, for improvements, it is hard for us to believe that a great, if not the greater part, of the human race knows none of these things, and feels no such appetite, that it has gone on for thousands of years in the same way as it goes on to-day, and that it regards any attempt to introduce new thought or new modes of life, not merely as an impertinence, but as an impiety.

But even where the force of habit is not so powerful as to exclude all originality and all progress, we may trace its power in arresting improvement. I suppose that the peat hovels of the West of Ireland are very little changed since the times when St. Patrick preached to the ancestors of their present occupants. Imitation has checked any effort to improve the style of house-building.

We gain some measure of the force of imitation on the mind when we turn to its counterpart and complement—originality. We feel that real originality implies a marked superiority of mind, that in its higher manifestations it is a note even of genius. Now what is originality but the doing of a thing in a way in which we are not led to do it by the example of those around us ? It implies that we have gone behind and below these examples, and have for ourselves thought out the plan of what is to be done from the principles applicable to it ; and so act independently of the force of example.

And then, when once originality occurs, there follows one of the strangest of human follies and one of the most impossible of things, the imitation of originality :—so strong and deep is this principle of mimicry, that we try to imitate that of which the essence is that it is not imitation and that it is not imitable.

It is evident that the force of imitation will not be equal upon all minds : on those with large powers of acquisition, but small powers of origination, it will be large ; on those in whom origination is more vigorous it will be less. Furthermore, it is obvious that different persons will be differently the objects of imitation—even of unconscious, unintentional imitation. The active, vigorous man and the bustling, showy woman will be more likely

to be followed by their neighbors than the shy, retiring student or the quiet, dowdy pietist. But what above everything else seems to determine the force of imitation is the love or admiration of the imitator for the imitated. In these truths lies the familiar fact of the force of example, the infectious power alike of what is good and what is evil ; and the further fact, that the influence of example is proportionate to the affection and regard which is attracted to the person who exhibits that example.

It is not only the living men and women who are the subjects of our admiration and of our imitation. The creatures of the poet and the romance-writer and the novelist all act on the human mind, and through it on the life and conduct of men, by the tendency which exists to imitate them. The anxiety of Don Quixote, under all the strange circumstances of his strange career, to act in exact imitation of the heroes of his heart, under the most similar circumstances in their careers, is one of the strokes of nature in the immortal work of Cervantes. The like influence is terribly at work at the present moment, and those who are familiar with the administration of the Criminal Law, know best in how many cases the youthful culprit has been led to the commission of crime by the reading of some novel or story, in which Dick Turpin, or some such other mean wretch, has been depicted in a way which has fired his imagination, and produced a strong desire to emulate his deeds of violence or of robbery. Surely the moral responsibility of the novelist is not a light one.

It is difficult to overestimate the solemn importance of these thoughts, if they be true, in reference to morals and our individual obligations. We have each one of us a tendency, both conscious and unconscious, to imitate the words and deeds, and even the thoughts, of those with whom we associate. But we imitate, not only others, but ourselves also ; and hence, by our voluntary acts, we are placing the fetters of habit on our future lives, and binding our future conduct by our present acts, and thus narrowing the area of the activity of our wills. If our daily actions be true and strong and noble, and our thoughts are high and pure, we are rendering it day by day more difficult for us to do anything false, or weak, or base,

or to nourish low or impure thoughts; but if our deeds and thoughts be low and bad, we are placing the possession of virtue and nobility further and further out of our reach, till at last it becomes a moral impossibility.

And if this be the momentous effect of imitation on ourselves, it follows that we are exerting a like influence on all around us. Every visible act, every expressed thought, forms a possible object of imitation to all within sight or hearing of us, and so on in an ever-widening circle. Every single act produces a moral wave like the wave created by the fall of a stone into water. We have before us what Gibbon has well called "the infinite series, the multiplying power of habit and fashion." *

Nothing perhaps more impresses the mind with the solidarity of the human race than the thought of the enduring influence, through all succeeding generations, of the great men of old, of the love that is awakened anew in each wave of human life for the mighty creations of the mighty masters of song and of romance, and of the force of imitation which goes with and is intensified by this love. Imitation, it was truly said by that great patriot statesman Sir John Eliot, is "the moral mistress of our lives." †

I know of no more appalling example of the power of one life to influence another in far distant periods than that which is afforded by the strange and horrible history of the Maréchal de Retz. A man of noble birth, great wealth, great distinction as a soldier, and high in favor with his Sovereign, he took to the most horrible course of child-murder of which we have any narrative: and when at last driven to confession he made this statement as to the origin of his crimes. "The desire to commit these atrocities came upon me eight years ago. I left Court to go to Chansoncé that I might claim the property of my grandfather deceased. In the library of the castle I found a Latin book—Suetonius, I believe—full of accounts of the cruelties of the Roman emperors. I read the charming history of Tiberius, Caligula, and other Cæsars, and the pleasure they took in watching the agonies of tortured children. Thereupon

I resolved to imitate and surpass these same Cæsars, and that very night began to do so." *

If imitation be the moral mistress of our lives, she is also the religious mistress of our lives. It would be out of place for me to pursue this thought far. But of one thing there can be no doubt, that one of the mightiest forces in the propagation of religions consists, first, in the love which the founder has awakened in the breasts of his followers, and of those who through them have learned to know, and knowing, to love his character; and, secondly, in the force of the example of that founder, proportioned to the greatness and earnestness of his character, and to the love which he has awakened. Such a statement would be true of great teachers like Confucius and Gautama. Such a statement is emphatically true of the great teachers of Christendom—of St. Augustine or St. Francis; and above all, I speak it with reverence, I believe that what I have said is pre-eminently true of Him whom we honor as our great pattern and example. No life, no personality, has ever attracted such an outcome of love and affection as that of Jesus of Nazareth; no life has ever been lived so worthy of imitation. That imitation which this love has produced has, in thousands of men's hearts, made a change, has literally turned and altered the course of their lives, has converted them—it has literally made them turn away from sin, and so the righteousness of Christ has made them just and holy men. Heaven forbid that I should say that this is all that Christ has done for man, but like Thomas à Kempis, or whoever wrote the "Imitation of Christ," I believe that to imitate Christ is to be holy, and that the desire to imitate Him has been, and still is, a most operative force in human society.

Now, here I cannot but ask my reader to look back with me on the road we have taken; we have considered the mimicry of the monkey, the pantomime of the child, the force of imitation, conscious and unconscious, over the adult man. Is it the self-same faculty which enables men to imitate the pattern of Christ, and so to grow holy in His likeness? I believe that it is, not because I deem holiness to be

* "Decline," cap. lviii.

† Forster's "Life of Eliot," vol. i. p. 2.

* Baring-Gould's "Book of Were Wolves," pp. 229, 230.

anything low or physical, but because I believe that all nature points upward, as by an unconscious prophecy and forecast, to the development of a moral and spiritual nature. "Howbeit that was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; and afterward that which is spiritual."—*Contemporary Review*.

A SONG OF KILLARNEY.

BY ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

By the Lakes of Killarney, one morning in May,
On my pipe of green holly I warbled away,
While a blackbird, high up on the arbutus-tree,
Gave back my gay music with gushes of glee,
When my Eileen's voice stole
From the thicket of holly,
And turned just the whole
Of our fluting to folly,
And softly along
Through the myrtle and heather
The maid and her song
Swept upon us together.

'Twas an old Irish tale, full of passionate trust,
Of two faithful lovers long laid in the dust,
And her eyes, as she sang, looked so far, far away,
She went by me, nor knew she went by, where I lay.
And myself and the grass,
And the decaying* red daisies
Should let our dear pass,
Only whispering her praises,
Till the lass and her lay
Through the myrtle and heather—
Like a dream died away
O'er the mountain together.

—*Spectator*.

AGNOSTICISM AND CHRISTIANITY.

BY PROFESSOR T. H. HUXLEY.

Nemo ergo ex me scire querat, quod me nescire scio, nisi forte ut nescire discat.

AUGUSTINUS, *De Civ. Dei*, xii. 7.

CONTROVERSY, like most things in this world, has a good and a bad side. On the good side, it may be said that it stimulates the wits, tends to clear the mind, and often helps those engaged in it to get a better grasp of their subject than they had before; while, mankind being essentially fighting animals, a contest leads the public to interest themselves

in questions to which, otherwise, they would give but a languid attention. On the bad side, controversy is rarely found to sweeten the temper, and generally tends to degenerate into an exchange of more or less effective sarcasms. Moreover, if it is long continued, the original and really important issues are apt to become obscured by disputes on the collateral and relatively insignificant questions which have cropped up in the course of the discussion. No doubt both of these aspects of controversy have manifested themselves in the course of the debate

* Little.

which has been in progress, for some months, in these pages. So far as I may have illustrated the second, I express repentance and desire absolution; and I shall endeavor to make amends for any foregone lapses by an endeavor to exhibit only the better phase in these concluding remarks.

The present discussion has arisen out of the use, which has become general in the last few years, of the terms "Agnostic" and "Agnosticism."

The people who call themselves "Agnostics," have been charged with doing so because they have not the courage to declare themselves "Infidels." It has been insinuated that they have adopted a new name in order to escape the unpleasantness which attaches to their proper denomination. To this wholly erroneous imputation, I have replied by showing that the term "Agnostic" did, as a matter of fact, arise in a manner which negatives it; and my statement has not been, and cannot be, refuted. Moreover, speaking for myself, and without impugning the right of any other person to use the term in another sense, I further say that Agnosticism is not properly described as a "negative" creed, nor indeed as a creed of any kind, except in so far as it expresses absolute faith in the validity of a principle which is as much ethical as intellectual. This principle may be stated in various ways, but they all amount to this: that it is wrong for a man to say that he is certain of the objective truth of any proposition unless he can produce evidence which logically justifies that certainty. This is what Agnosticism asserts; and, in my opinion, it is all that is essential to Agnosticism. That which Agnostics deny and repudiate, as immoral, is the contrary doctrine, that there are propositions which men ought to believe, without logically satisfactory evidence; and that reprobation ought to attach to the profession of disbelief in such inadequately supported propositions. The justification of the Agnostic principle lies in the success which follows upon its application, whether in the field of natural, or in that of civil, history; and in the fact that, so far as these topics are concerned, no sane man thinks of denying its validity.

Still speaking for myself, I add, that though Agnosticism is not, and cannot

be, a creed, except in so far as its general principle is concerned; yet that the application of that principle results in the denial of, or the suspension of judgment concerning, a number of propositions respecting which our contemporary ecclesiastical "gnostics" profess entire certainty. And in so far as these ecclesiastical persons can be justified in their old-established custom (which many nowadays think more honored in the breach than the observance) of using opprobrious names to those who differ from them, I fully admit their right to call me and those who think with me "Infidels:" all I have ventured to urge is that they must not expect us to speak of ourselves by that title.

The extent of the region of the uncertain, the number of the problems the investigation of which ends in a verdict of not proven, will vary according to the knowledge and the intellectual habits of the individual Agnostic. I do not very much care to speak of anything as unknowable. What I am sure about is that there are many topics about which I know nothing; and which, so far as I can see, are out of reach of my faculties. But whether these things are knowable by any one else is exactly one of those matters which is beyond my knowledge, though I may have a tolerably strong opinion as to the probabilities of the case. Relatively to myself, I am quite sure that the region of uncertainty—the nebulous country in which words play the part of realities—is far more extensive than I could wish. Materialism and Idealism; Theism and Atheism; the doctrine of the soul and its mortality or immortality—appear in the history of philosophy like the shades of Scandinavian heroes, eternally slaying one another and eternally coming to life again in a metaphysical "Nifelheim." It is getting on for twenty-five centuries, at least, since mankind began seriously to give their minds to these topics. Generation after generation, philosophy has been doomed to roll the stone uphill; and, just as all the world swore it was at the top, down it has rolled to the bottom again. All this is written in innumerable books; and he who will toil through them will discover that the stone is just where it was when the work began. Hume saw this; Kant saw it; since their time, more and more eyes have been cleansed of the films which prevented them from seeing

it; until now the weight and number of those who refuse to be the prey of verbal mystifications has begun to tell in practical life.

It was inevitable that a conflict should arise between Agnosticism and Theology; or rather I ought to say between Agnosticism and Ecclesiasticism. For Theology, the science, is one thing; and Ecclesiasticism, the championship of a foregone conclusion* as to the truth of a particular form of Theology, is another. With scientific Theology, Agnosticism has no quarrel. On the contrary, the Agnostic, knowing too well the influence of prejudice and idiosyncrasy, even on those who desire most earnestly to be impartial, can wish for nothing more urgently than that the scientific theologian should not only be at perfect liberty to thresh out the matter in his own fashion, but that he should, if he can, find flaws in the Agnostic position, and, even if demonstration is not to be had, that he should put, in their full force, the grounds of the conclusions he thinks probable. The scientific theologian admits the Agnostic principle, however widely his results may differ from those reached by the majority of Agnostics.

But, as between Agnosticism and Ecclesiasticism, or, as our neighbors across the Channel call it, Clericalism, there can be neither peace nor truce. The Cleric asserts that it is morally wrong not to believe certain propositions, whatever the results of a strict scientific investigation of the evidence of these propositions. He tells us "that religious error is, in itself, of an immoral nature."† He declares that he has prejudged certain conclusions, and looks upon those who show cause for arrest of judgment as emissaries of Satan. It necessarily follows that, for him, the attainment of faith, not the ascertainment of truth, is the highest aim of mental life. And, on careful analysis of the nature of this faith, it will too often be found to be, not the mystic process of unity with the Divine, understood by the religious enthusiast—but that which the candid simplicity of a Sunday scholar once defined it to be. "Faith," said this unconscious plagiarist of Tertullian, "is the

power of saying you believe things which are incredible."

Now I, and many other Agnostics, believe that faith, in this sense, is an abomination; and though we do not indulge in the luxury of self-righteousness so far as to call those who are not of our way of thinking hard names, we do feel that the disagreement between ourselves and those who hold this doctrine is even more moral than intellectual. It is desirable there should be an end of any mistakes on this topic. If our clerical opponents were clearly aware of the real state of the case, there would be an end of the curious delusion, which often appears between the lines of their writings, that those whom they are so fond of calling "Infidels" are people who not only ought to be, but in their hearts are, ashamed of themselves. It would be discourteous to do more than hint the antipodal opposition of this pleasant dream of theirs to facts.

The clerics and their lay allies commonly tell us, that if we refuse to admit that there is good ground for expressing definite convictions about certain topics, the bonds of human society will dissolve and mankind lapse into savagery. There are several answers to this assertion. One is that the bonds of human society were formed without the aid of their theology, and in the opinion of not a few competent judges have been weakened rather than strengthened by a good deal of it. Greek science, Greek art, the ethics of old Israel, the social organization of old Rome, contrived to come into being without the help of any one who believed in a single distinctive article of the simplest of the Christian creeds. The science, the art, the jurisprudence, the chief political and social theories, of the modern world have grown out of those of Greece and Rome—not by favor of, but in the teeth of, the fundamental teachings of early Christianity, to which science, art, and any serious occupation with the things of this world, were alike despicable.

Again, all that is best in the ethics of the modern world, in so far as it has not grown out of Greek thought, or Barbarian manhood, is the direct development of the ethics of old Israel. There is no code of legislation, ancient or modern, at once so just and so merciful, so tender to the weak and poor, as the Jewish law; and, if the Gospels are to be trusted, Jesus

* "Let us maintain, before we have proved. This seeming paradox is the secret of happiness" (Dr. Newman: Tract 85, p. 85).

† Dr. Newman, *Essay on Development*, p. 357.

of Nazareth himself declared that he taught nothing but that which lay implicitly, or explicitly, in the religious and ethical system of his people.

And the scribe said unto him, Of a truth, Teacher, thou hast well said that he is one; and there is none other but he: and to love him with all the heart, and with all the understanding, and with all the strength, and to love his neighbor as himself, is much more than all whole burnt offerings and sacrifices. (Mark xii. 32, 33.)

Here is the briefest of summaries of the teaching of the prophets of Israel of the eighth century; does the Teacher, whose doctrine is thus set forth in his presence, repudiate the exposition? Nay; we are told, on the contrary, that Jesus saw that he "answered discreetly" and replied, "Thou art not far from the Kingdom of God."

So that I think that even if the creeds, from the so-called "Apostles" to the so-called "Athanasian," were swept into oblivion; and even if the human race should arrive at the conclusion that, whether a bishop washes a cup or leaves it unwashed, is not a matter of the least consequence, it will get on very well. The causes which have led to the development of morality in mankind, which have guided or impelled us all the way from the savage to the civilized state, will not cease to operate because a number of ecclesiastical hypotheses turn out to be baseless. And, even if the absurd notion that morality is more the child of speculation than of practical necessity and inherited instinct, had any foundation; if all the world is going to thieve, murder, and otherwise misconduct itself as soon as it discovers that certain portions of ancient history are mythical; what is the relevance of such arguments to any one who holds by the Agnostic principle?

Surely, the attempt to cast out Beelzebub by the aid of Beelzebub is a hopeful procedure as compared to that of preserving morality by the aid of immorality. For I suppose it is admitted that an Agnostic may be perfectly sincere, may be competent, and may have studied the question at issue with as much care as his clerical opponents. But, if the Agnostic really believes what he says, the "dreadful consequence" arguer (consistently I admit with his own principles) virtually asks him to abstain from telling the truth,

or to say what he believes to be untrue, because of the supposed injurious consequences to morality. "Beloved brethren, that we may be spotlessly moral, before all things let us lie," is the sum total of many an exhortation addressed to the "Infidel." Now, as I have already pointed out, we cannot oblige our exhorters. We leave the practical application of the convenient doctrines of "Reserve" and "Non-natural interpretation" to those who invented them.

I trust that I have now made amends for any ambiguity, or want of fulness, in my previous exposition of that which I hold to be the essence of the Agnostic doctrine. Henceforward, I might hope to hear no more of the assertion that we are necessarily Materialists, Idealists, Atheists, Theists, or any other *ists*, if experience had led me to think that the proved falsity of a statement was any guarantee against its repetition. And those who appreciate the nature of our position will see, at once, that when Ecclesiasticism declares that we ought to believe this, that, and the other, and are very wicked if we don't, it is impossible for us to give any answer but this: We have not the slightest objection to believe anything you like, if you will give us good grounds for belief; but, if you cannot, we must respectfully refuse, even if that refusal should wreck morality and insure our own damnation several times over. We are quite content to leave that to the decision of the future. The course of the past has impressed us with the firm conviction that no good ever comes of falsehood, and we feel warranted in refusing even to experiment in that direction.

In the course of the present discussion it has been asserted that the "Sermon on the Mount" and the "Lord's Prayer" furnish a summary and condensed view of the essentials of the teaching of Jesus of Nazareth, set forth by himself. Now this supposed *Summa* of Nazarene theology distinctly affirms the existence of a spiritual world, of a Heaven, and of a Hell of fire; it teaches the Fatherhood of God and the malignity of the Devil; it declares the superintending providence of the former and our need of deliverance from the machinations of the latter; it affirms the fact of demoniac possession and the power of casting out devils by the

faithful. And, from these premises, the conclusion is drawn, that those Agnostics who deny that there is any evidence of such a character as to justify certainty, respecting the existence and the nature of the spiritual world, contradict the express declarations of Jesus. I have replied to this argumentation by showing that there is strong reason to doubt the historical accuracy of the attribution to Jesus of either the "Sermon on the Mount" or the "Lord's Prayer;" and, therefore, that the conclusion in question is not warranted, at any rate on the grounds set forth.

But, whether the Gospels contain trustworthy statements about this and other alleged historical facts or not, it is quite certain that from them, taken together with the other books of the New Testament, we may collect a pretty complete exposition of that theory of the spiritual world which was held by both Nazarenes and Christians; and which was undoubtedly supposed by them to be fully sanctioned by Jesus, though it is just as clear that they did not imagine it contained any revelation by him of something heretofore unknown. If the pneumatological doctrine which pervades the whole New Testament is nowhere systematically stated, it is everywhere assumed. The writers of the Gospels and of the Acts take it for granted, as a matter of common knowledge; and it is easy to gather from these sources a series of propositions, which only need arrangement to form a complete system.

In this system, Man is considered to be a duality formed of a spiritual element, the soul; and a corporeal* element, the body. And this duality is repeated in the Universe, which consists of a corporeal world embraced and interpenetrated by a spiritual world. The former consists of the earth, as its principal and central constituent, with the subsidiary sun, planets and stars. Above the earth is the air, and below it the watery abyss. Whether the Heaven, which is conceived to be above the air; and the Hell in, or below, the subterranean deeps, are to be taken as corporeal or incorporeal is not clear.

However this may be, the Heaven and

the air, the earth and the abyss, are peopled by innumerable beings analogous in nature to the spiritual element in man, and these spirits are of two kinds, good and bad. The chief of the good spirits, infinitely superior to all the others, and their Creator, as well as the Creator of the corporeal world and of the bad spirits, is God. His residence is Heaven, where he is surrounded by the ordered hosts of good spirits; his angels, or messengers, and the executors of his will throughout the universe.

On the other hand, the chief of the bad spirits is Satan—the devil *par excellence*. He and his company of demons are free to roam through all parts of the universe, except Heaven. These bad spirits are far superior to man in power and subtlety, and their whole energies are devoted to bringing physical and moral evils upon him, and to thwarting, so far as their power goes, the benevolent intentions of the Supreme Being. In fact, the souls and bodies of men form both the theatre and the prize of an incessant warfare between the good and the evil spirits—the powers of light and the powers of darkness. By leading Eve astray, Satan brought sin and death upon mankind. As the Gods of the heathen, the demons are the founders and maintainers of idolatry; as the "powers of the air" they afflict mankind with pestilence and famine; as "unclean spirits" they cause disease of mind and body.

The significance of the appearance of Jesus, as the Messiah or Christ, is the reversal of the satanic work, by putting an end to both sin and death. He announces that the kingdom of God is at hand, when the "Prince of this world" shall be finally "cast out" (John xii. 31) from the cosmos, as Jesus, during his earthly career, cast him out from individuals. Then will Satan and all his devilry, along with the wicked whom they have seduced to their destruction, be hurled into the abyss of unquenchable fire—there to endure continual torture, without a hope of winning pardon from the merciful God, their Father; or of moving the glorified Messiah to one more act of pitiful intercession; or even of interrupting, by a momentary sympathy with their wretchedness, the harmonious psalmody of their brother angels and men, eternally lapped in bliss unspeakable.

* It is by no means to be assumed that "spiritual" and "corporeal" are exact equivalents of "immaterial" and "material" in the minds of ancient speculators on these topics.

The strictest Protestant, who refuses to admit the existence of any source of Divine truth, except the Bible, will not deny that every point of the pneumatological theory here set forth has ample scriptural warranty: the Gospels, the Acts, the Epistles, and the Apocalypse assert the existence of the devil and his demons and Hell, as plainly as they do that of God and his angels and Heaven. It is plain that the Messianic and the Satanic conceptions of the writers of these books are the obverse and the reverse of the same intellectual coinage. If we turn from Scripture to the traditions of the Fathers and the confessions of the Churches, it will appear that, in this one particular, at any rate, time has brought about no important deviation from primitive belief. From Justin onward, it may often be a fair question whether God, or the devil, occupies a larger share of the attention of the Fathers. It is the devil who instigates the Roman authorities to persecute; the gods and goddesses of paganism are devils, and idolatry itself is an invention of Satan; if a saint falls away from grace, it is by the seduction of the demon; if a heresy arises, the devil has suggested it; and some of the Fathers* go so far as to challenge the pagans to a sort of exorcising match, by way of testing the truth of Christianity. Mediaeval Christianity is at one with patristic, on this head. The masses, the clergy, the theologians and the philosophers alike, live and move and have their being in a world full of demons, in which sorcery and possession are everyday occurrences. Nor did the Reformation make any difference. Whatever else Luther assailed, he left the traditional demonology untouched; nor could any one have entertained a more hearty and uncompromising belief in the devil than he and, at a later period, the Calvinistic fanatics of New England did. Finally, in these last years of the nineteenth century, the demonological hypotheses of the first century are, explicitly or implicitly, held and occasionally acted upon, by the immense majority of Christians of all confessions.

* Tertullian (*Apolog. adv. Gentes*, cap. xxiii.) thus challenges the Roman authorities: let them bring a possessed person into the presence of a Christian before their tribunal; and, if the demon does not confess himself to be such, on the order of the Christian, let the Christian be executed out of hand.

Only here and there has the progress of scientific thought, outside the ecclesiastical world, so far affected Christians, that they and their teachers fight shy of the demonology of their creed. They are fain to conceal their real disbelief in one half of Christian doctrine by judicious silence about it; or by flight to those refuges for the logically destitute, accommodation or allegory. But the faithful who fly to allegory in order to escape absurdity resemble nothing so much as the sheep in the fable who—to save their lives—jumped into the pit. The allegory pit is too commodious, is ready to swallow up so much more than one wants to put into it. If the story of the temptation is an allegory; if the early recognition of Jesus as the Son of God by the demons is an allegory; if the plain declaration of the writer of the first Epistle of John (iii. 8), "To this end was the Son of God manifested that he might destroy the works of the devil," is allegorical, then the Pauline version of the Fall may be allegorical, and still more the words of consecration of the Eucharist, or the promise of the second coming; in fact, there is not a dogma of ecclesiastical Christianity the scriptural basis of which may not be whittled away by a similar process.

As to accommodation, let any honest man who can read the New Testament ask himself whether Jesus and his immediate friends and disciples can be dishonored more grossly than by the supposition that they said and did that which is attributed to them; while, in reality, they disbelieved in Satan and his demons, in possession and in exorcism!*

An eminent theologian has justly observed that we have no right to look at the propositions of the Christian faith with one eye open and the other shut. (*Tract 85*, p. 29.) It really is not permissible to see, with one eye, that Jesus is affirmed to declare the personality and the Fatherhood of God, his loving providence and his accessibility to prayer; and to shut the other to the no less definite teaching ascribed to Jesus in regard to the personality and the misanthropy of the Devil, his malignant watchfulness, and his subjection to exorcistic formulæ and rites.

* See the expression of orthodox opinion upon the "accommodation" subterfuge, already cited. *Nineteenth Century*, February 1889, p. 173.

Jesus is made to say that the devil "was a murderer from the beginning" (John viii. 44) by the same authority as that upon which we depend for his asserted declaration that "God is a spirit" (John iv. 24).

To those who admit the authority of the famous Vincentian dictum that the doctrine which has been held "always, everywhere, and by all" is to be received as authoritative, the demonology must possess a higher sanction than any other Christian dogma, except, perhaps, those of the Resurrection and of the Messiahship of Jesus; for it would be difficult to name any other points of doctrine on which the Nazarene does not differ from the Christian, and the different historical stages and contemporary subdivisions of Christianity from one another. And, if the demonology is accepted, there can be no reason for rejecting all those miracles in which demons play a part. The Gadarene story fits into the general scheme of Christianity, and the evidence for "Legion" and their doings is just as good as any other in the New Testament for the doctrine which the story illustrates.

It was with the purpose of bringing this great fact into prominence, of getting people to open both their eyes when they look at Ecclesiasticism; that I devoted so much space to that miraculous story which happens to be one of the best types of its class. And I could not wish for a better justification of the course I have adopted than the fact that my heroically consistent adversary has declared his implicit belief in the Gadarene story and (by necessary consequence) in the Christian demonology as a whole. It must be obvious, by this time, that, if the account of the spiritual world given in the New Testament, professedly on the authority of Jesus, is true, then the demonological half of that account must be just as true as the other half. And, therefore, those who question the demonology, or try to explain it away, deny the truth of what Jesus said, and are, in ecclesiastical terminology, "Infidels" just as much as those who deny the spirituality of God. This is as plain as anything can well be, and the dilemma for my opponent was either to assert that the Gadarene pig-bedevelopment actually occurred, or to write himself down an "Infidel." As was to be expected, he chose the former alternative; and I may express my great satisfaction at find-

ing that there is one spot of common ground on which both he and I stand. So far as I can judge, we are agreed to state one of the broad issues between the consequences of agnostic principles (as I draw them), and the consequences of ecclesiastical dogmatism (as he accepts it), as follows.

Ecclesiasticism says: The demonology of the Gospels is an essential part of that account of that spiritual world, the truth of which it declares to be certified by Jesus.

Agnosticism (*me jure*) says: There is no good evidence of the existence of a demonic spiritual world, and much reason for doubting it.

Hereupon the ecclesiastic may observe: Your doubt means that you disbelieve Jesus; therefore you are an "Infidel" instead of an "Agnostic." To which the agnostic may reply: No; for two reasons: first, because your evidence that Jesus said what you say he said is worth very little; and secondly, because a man may be an agnostic in the sense of admitting he has no positive knowledge; and yet consider that he has more or less probable ground for accepting any given hypothesis about the spiritual world. Just as a man may frankly declare that he has no means of knowing whether the planets generally are inhabited or not, and yet may think one of the two possible hypotheses more likely than the other, so he may admit that he has no means of knowing anything about the spiritual world, and yet may think one or other of the current views on the subject, to some extent, probable.

The second answer is so obviously valid that it needs no discussion. I draw attention to it simply in justice to those agnostics, who may attach greater value than I do to any sort of pneumatological speculations, and not because I wish to escape the responsibility of declaring that, whether Jesus sanctioned the demonological part of Christianity or not, I unhesitatingly reject it. The first answer, on the other hand, opens up the whole question of the claim of the biblical and other sources, from which hypotheses concerning the spiritual world are derived, to be regarded as unimpeachable historical evidence as to matters of fact.

Now, in respect of the trustworthiness of the Gospel narratives, I was anxious to get rid of the common assumption that

the determination of the authorship and of the dates of these works is a matter of fundamental importance. That assumption is based upon the notion that what contemporary witnesses say must be true, or, at least, has always a *prima facie* claim to be so regarded; so that if the writers of any of the Gospels were contemporaries of the events (and still more if they were in the position of eye-witnesses) the miracles they narrate must be historically true, and, consequently, the demonology which they involve must be accepted. But the story of the *Translation of the blessed martyrs Marcellinus and Petrus*, and the other considerations (to which endless additions might have been made from the Fathers and the mediæval writers) set forth in this Review for March last, yield, in my judgment, satisfactory proof that, where the miraculous is concerned, neither considerable intellectual ability, nor undoubted honesty, nor knowledge of the world, nor proved faithfulness as civil historians, nor profound piety, on the part of eye-witnesses and contemporaries, affords any guarantee of the objective truth of their statements, when we know that a firm belief in the miraculous was ingrained in their minds, and was the presupposition of their observations and reasonings.

Therefore, although it be, as I believe, demonstrable that we have no real knowledge of the authorship, or of the date of composition of the Gospels, as they have come down to us, and that nothing better than more or less probable guesses can be arrived at on that subject, I have not cared to expend any space on the question. It will be admitted, I suppose, that the authors of the works attributed to Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, whoever they may be, are personages whose capacity and judgment in the narration of ordinary events are not quite so well certified as those of Eginhard; and we have seen what the value of Eginhard's evidence is when the miraculous is in question.

I have been careful to explain that the arguments which I have used in the course of this discussion are not new; that they are historical and have nothing to do with what is commonly called science; and that they are all, to the best of my belief, to be found in the works of theologians of repute.

The position which I have taken up, that the evidence in favor of such miracles as those recorded by Eginhard, and consequently of mediæval demonology, is quite as good as that in favor of such miracles as the Gadarene, and consequently of Nazarene demonology, is none of my discovery. Its strength was, wittingly or unwittingly, suggested, a century and a half ago, by a theological scholar of eminence; and it has been, if not exactly occupied, yet so fortified with bastions and redoubts by a living ecclesiastical Vauban, that, in my judgment, it has been rendered impregnable. In the early part of the last century, the ecclesiastical mind in this country was much exercised by the question, not exactly of miracles, the occurrence of which in biblical times was axiomatic, but by the problem: When did miracles cease? Anglican divines were quite sure that no miracles had happened in their day, nor for some time past; they were equally sure that they happened sixteen or seventeen centuries earlier. And it was a vital question for them to determine at what point of time, between this *terminus a quo* and that *terminus ad quem*, miracles came to an end.

The Anglicans and the Romanists agreed in the assumption that the possession of the gift of miracle-working was *prima facie* evidence of the soundness of the faith of the miracle-workers. The supposition that miraculous powers might be wielded by heretics (though it might be supported by high authority) led to consequences too frightful to be entertained by people who were busied in building their dogmatic house on the sands of early Church history. If, as the Romanists maintained, an unbroken series of genuine miracles adorned the records of their Church, throughout the whole of its existence, no Anglican could lightly venture to accuse them of doctrinal corruption. Hence, the Anglicans, who indulged in such accusations, were bound to prove the modern, the mediæval Roman, and the later Patristic, miracles false; and to shut off the wonder-working power from the Church at the exact point of time when Anglican doctrine ceased and Roman doctrine began. With a little adjustment—a squeeze here and a pull there—the Christianity of the first three or four centuries might be made to fit, or seem to fit, pretty well into the Anglican scheme.

So the miracles, from Justin say to Jerome, might be recognized; while, in later times, the Church having become "corrupt"—that is to say, having pursued one and the same line of development further than was pleasing to Anglicans—its alleged miracles must needs be shams and impostures.

Under these circumstances, it may be imagined that the establishment of a scientific frontier, between the earlier realm of supposed fact and the later of asserted delusion, had its difficulties; and torrents of theological special pleading about the subject flowed from clerical pens; until that learned and acute Anglican divine, Conyers Middleton, in his *Free Inquiry*, tore the sophistical web they had laboriously woven to pieces, and demonstrated that the miracles of the patristic age, early and late, must stand or fall together, inasmuch as the evidence for the later, is just as good as the evidence for the earlier, wonders. If the one set are certified by contemporaneous witnesses of high repute, so are the other; and, in point of probability, there is not a pin to choose between the two. That is the solid and irrefragable result of Middleton's contribution to the subject. But the *Free Inquirer's* freedom had its limits; and he draws a sharp line of demarcation between the patristic and the New Testament miracles—on the professed ground that the accounts of the latter, being inspired, are out of the reach of criticism.

A century later, the question was taken up by another divine, Middleton's equal in learning and acuteness, and far his superior in subtlety and dialectic skill; who, though an Anglican, scorned the name of Protestant; and, while yet a Churchman, made it his business to parade, with infinite skill, the utter hollowness of the arguments of those of his brother Churchmen who dreamed that they could be both Anglicans and Protestants. The argument of the *Essay on the Miracles recorded in the Ecclesiastical History of the Early Ages*,* by the pres-

ent Roman Cardinal, but then Anglican Doctor, John Henry Newman, is commendously stated by himself in the following passage:—

If the miracles of Church history cannot be defended by the arguments of Leslie, Lyttleton, Paley, or Douglass, how many of the Scripture miracles satisfy their conditions? (p. cvii.)

And, although the answer is not given in so many words, little doubt is left on the mind of the reader, that, in the mind of the writer, it is: None. In fact, this conclusion is one which cannot be resisted, if the argument in favor of the Scripture miracles is based upon that which laymen, whether lawyers, or men of science, or historians, or ordinary men of affairs, call evidence. But there is something really impressive in the magnificent contempt with which, at times, Dr. Newman sweeps aside alike those who offer and those who demand such evidence.

Some infidel authors advise us to accept no miracles which would not have a verdict in their favor in a court of justice; that is, they employ against Scripture a weapon which Protestants would confine to attacks upon the Church; as if moral and religious questions required legal proofs, and evidence were the test of truth* (p. cvii.).

"As if evidence were the test of truth"! —although the truth in question is the occurrence or non-occurrence of certain phenomena at a certain time and in a certain place. This sudden revelation of the great gulf fixed between the ecclesiastical and the scientific mind is enough to take away the breath of any one unfamiliar with the clerical organon. As if, one may retort, the assumption that miracles may, or have, served a moral or a religious end, in any way alters the fact that they profess to be historical events, things that actually happened; and, as such, must needs be exactly those subjects about which evidence is appropriate and legal proofs (which are such merely because they afford adequate evidence) may be justly demanded. The Gadarene miracle either happened, or it did not. Whether the Gadarene "question" is moral or religious, or not, has nothing to do with the

* I quote the first edition (1843). A second edition appeared in 1870. Tract 85 of the *Tracts for the Times* should be read with this *Essay*. If I were called upon to compile a Primer of "Infidelity" I think I should save myself trouble by making a selection from these works, and from the *Essay on Development* by the same author.

* Yet, when it suits his purpose, as in the Introduction to the *Essay on Development*, Dr. Newman can demand strict evidence in religious questions as sharply as any "infidel author"; and he can even profess to yield to its force (*Essays on Miracles*, 1870, note, p. 391).

fact that it is a purely historical question whether the demons said what they are declared to have said, and the devil-possessed pigs did or did not rush over the cliffs of the Lake of Gennesareth, on a certain day of a certain year, after A.D. 26 and before A.D. 36 : for vague and uncertain as New Testament chronology is, I suppose it may be assumed that the event in question, if it happened at all, took place during the procuratorship of Pilate. If that is not a matter about which evidence ought to be required, and not only legal, but strict scientific proof demanded by sane men who are asked to believe the story—what is ? Is a reasonable being to be seriously asked to credit statements, which, to put the case gently, are not exactly probable, and on the acceptance or rejection of which his whole view of life may depend, without asking for as much “legal” proof as would send an alleged pickpocket to jail, or as would suffice to prove the validity of a disputed will ?

“Infidel authors” (if, as I am assured, I may answer for them) will decline to waste time on mere darkenings of counsel of this sort ; but to those Anglicans who accept his premises, Dr. Newman is a truly formidable antagonist. What, indeed, are they to reply when he puts the very pertinent question :—

“whether persons who, not merely question, but prejudice the Ecclesiastical miracles on the ground of their want of resemblance, whatever that be, to those contained in Scripture—as if the Almighty could not do in the Christian Church what He had not already done at the time of its foundation, or under the Mosaic Covenant—whether such reasoners are not siding with the sceptic,”

and

“whether it is not a happy inconsistency by which they continue to believe the Scriptures while they reject the Church” * (p. liii.).

Again, I invite Anglican orthodoxy to consider this passage :—

the narrative of the combats of St. Antony with evil spirits, is a development rather than a contradiction of revelation, viz. of such texts as speak of Satan being cast out by prayer and fasting. To be shocked, then, at the miracles of Ecclesiastical history, or to ridicule them for their strangeness, is no part of a scriptural philosophy (p. liii.-liv.).

* Compare Tract 85, p. 110 : “I am persuaded that were men but consistent who oppose the Church doctrines as being unscriptural, they would vindicate the Jews for rejecting the Gospel.”

Further on, Dr. Newman declares that it has been admitted

that a distinct line can be drawn in point of character and circumstance between the miracles of Scripture and of Church history ; but this is by no means the case (p. lv.) . . . specimens are not wanting in the history of the Church, of miracles as awful in their character and as momentous in their effects as those which are recorded in Scripture. The fire interrupting the rebuilding of the Jewish temple, and the death of Arius, are instances, in Ecclesiastical history, of such solemn events. On the other hand, difficult instances in the Scripture history are such as these : the serpent in Eden, the Ark, Jacob's vision for the multiplication of his cattle, the speaking of Balaam's ass, the axe swimming at Elisha's word, the miracle on the swine, and various instances of prayers or prophecies, in which, as in that of Noah's blessing and curse, words which seem the result of private feeling are expressly or virtually ascribed to a Divine suggestion (p. lvi.).

Who is to gainsay our Ecclesiastical authority here ? “Infidel authors” might be accused of a wish to ridicule the Scripture miracles by putting them on a level with the remarkable story about the fire which stopped the rebuilding of the Temple, or that about the death of Arius—but Dr. Newman is above suspicion. The pity is that his list of what he delicately terms “difficult” instances is so short. Why omit the manufacture of Eve out of Adam's rib, on the strict historical accuracy of which the chief argument of the defenders of an iniquitous portion of our present marriage law depends ? Why leave out the account of the “Bene Elohim” and their gallantries, on which a large part of the worst practices of the mediæval inquisitors into witchcraft was based ? Why forget the angel who wrestled with Jacob, and, as the account suggests, somewhat overstepped the bounds of fair play, at the end of the struggle ? Surely, we must agree with Dr. Newman that, if all these camels have gone down, it savors of affectation to strain at such gnats as the sudden ailment of Arius in the midst of his deadly, if prayerful,* ene-

* According to Dr. Newman, “This prayer [that of Bishop Alexander, who begged God to ‘take Arius away’] is said to have been offered about 3 p.m. on the Saturday ; that same evening Arius was in the great square of Constantine, when he was suddenly seized with indisposition” (p. clxx.). The “infidel” Gibbon seems to have dared to suggest that “an option between poison and miracle” is presented by this case ; and, it must be ad-

mies; and the fiery explosion which stopped the Julian building operations. Though the words of the "Conclusion" of the *Essay on Miracles* may, perhaps, be quoted against me, I may express my satisfaction at finding myself in substantial accordance with a theologian above all suspicion of heterodoxy. With all my heart, I can declare my belief that there is just as good reason for believing in the miraculous slaying of the man who fell short of the Athanasian power of affirming contradictories, with respect to the nature of the Godhead, as there is for believing in the stories of the serpent and the ark told in Genesis, the speaking of Balaam's ass in Numbers, or the floating of the axe, at Elisha's order, in the second book of Kings.

It is one of the peculiarities of a really sound argument that it is susceptible of the fullest development; and that it sometimes leads to conclusions unexpected by those who employ it. To my mind, it is impossible to refuse to follow Dr. Newman when he extends his reasoning from the miracles of the patristic and mediæval ages backward in time as far as miracles are recorded. But, if the rules of logic are valid, I feel compelled to extend the argument forward to the alleged Roman miracles of the present day, which Dr. Newman might not have admitted, but which Cardinal Newman may hardly reject. Beyond question, there is as good, or perhaps better, evidence for the miracles worked by our Lady of Lourdes, as there is for the floating of Elisha's axe, or the speaking of Balaam's ass. But we must go still further; there is a modern system of thaumaturgy and demonology which is just as well certified as the ancient.* Veracious, excellent, sometimes

mitted, that, if the Bishop had been within reach of a modern police magistrate, things might have gone hardly with him. Modern "Infidels," possessed of a slight knowledge of chemistry, are not unlikely, with no less audacity, to suggest an "option between fire-damp and miracle" in seeking for the cause of the fiery outburst at Jerusalem.

* A writer in a spiritualist journal takes me roundly to task for venturing to doubt the historical and literal truth of the Gadarene story. The following passage in his letter is worth quotation: "Now to the materialistic and scientific mind, to the uninitiated in spiritual verities, certainly this story of the Gadarene or Gergesene swine presents insurmountable

learned and acute persons, even philosophers of no mean pretension, testify to the "levitation" of bodies much heavier than Elisha's axe; to the existence of "spirits" who, to the mere tactile sense, have been indistinguishable from flesh and blood, and, occasionally, have wrestled with all the vigor of Jacob's opponent; yet, further, to the speech, in the language of raps, of spiritual beings, whose discourses, in point of coherence and value, are far inferior to that of Balaam's humble but sagacious steed. I have not the smallest doubt that, if these were persecuting times, there is many a worthy "spiritualist" who would cheerfully go to the stake in support of his pneumatological faith, and furnish evidence, after Paley's own heart, in proof of the truth of his doctrines. Not a few modern divines, doubtless struck by the impossibility of refusing the spiritualist evidence, if the ecclesiastical evidence is accepted, and deprived of any *à priori* objection by their implicit belief in Christian Demonology, show themselves ready to take poor Sludge seriously, and to believe that he is possessed by other devils than those of need, greed, and vainglory.

Under these circumstances, it was to be expected, though it is none the less interesting to note the fact, that the arguments of the latest school of "spiritualists" present a wonderful family likeness to those which adorn the subtle disquisitions of the advocate of ecclesiastical miracles of forty years ago. It is unfortunate for the "spiritualists" that, over and over again, celebrated and trusted media, who really,

difficulties; it seems grotesque and nonsensical. To the experienced, trained, and cultivated Spiritualist this miracle is, as I am prepared to show, one of the most instructive, the most profoundly useful, and the most beneficent which Jesus ever wrought in the whole course of His pilgrimage of redemption on earth." Just so. And the first page of this same journal presents the following advertisement, among others of the same kind:—

"TO WEALTHY SPIRITUALISTS.—A Lady Medium of tried power wishes to meet with an elderly gentleman who would be willing to give her a comfortable home and maintenance in Exchange for her Spiritualistic services, as her guides consider her health is too delicate for public sittings: London preferred.—Address 'Mary,' Office of Light."

Are we going back to the days of the Judges, when wealthy Michah set up his private ephod, teraphim, and Levite?

in some respects, call to mind the Montanist* and gnostic seers of the second century, are either proved in courts of law to be fraudulent impostors; or, in sheer weariness, as it would seem, of the honest dupes who swear by them, spontaneously confess their long-continued iniquities, as the Fox women did the other day in New York.† But whenever a catastrophe of this kind takes place, the believers are no wise dismayed by it. They freely admit that not only the media, but the spirits whom they summon, are sadly apt to lose sight of the elementary principles of right and wrong; and they triumphantly ask: How does the occurrence of occasional impostures disprove the genuine manifestations (that is to say, all those which have not yet been proved to be impostures or delusions)? Any, in this, they unconsciously plagiarize from the churchman, who just as freely admits that many ecclesiastical miracles may have been forged; and asks, with the same calm contempt, not only of legal proofs, but of common-sense probability, Why does it follow that none are to be supposed genuine? I must say, however, that the spiritualists, so far as I know, do not venture to outrage right reason so boldly as the ecclesiastics. They do not sneer at "evidence"; nor repudiate the requirement of legal proofs. In fact, there can be no doubt that the spiritualists produce better evidence for their manifestations than can be shown either for the miraculous death of Arius, or for the Invention of the Cross.‡

* Consider Tertullian's "sister" ("hodie apud nos"), who conversed with angels, saw and heard mysteries, knew men's thoughts, and prescribed medicine for their bodies (*De Anima*, cap. 9). Tertullian tells us that this woman saw the soul as corporeal, and described its color and shape. The "Infidel" will probably be unable to refrain from insulting the memory of the ecstatic saint by the remark that Tertullian's known views about the corporeality of the soul may have had something to do with the remarkable perceptive powers of the Montanist medium, in whose revelations of the spiritual world he took such profound interest.

† See the *New York World* for Sunday, October 21, 1888; and the *Report of the Seybert Commission*, Philadelphia, 1887.

‡ Dr. Newman's observation that the miraculous multiplication of the pieces of the true cross (with which "the whole world is filled," according to Cyril of Jerusalem; and of which some say there are enough extant to build a man-of-war) is no more wonderful than that

From the "levitation" of the axe at one end of a period of near three thousand years to the "levitation" of Sludge & Co. at the other end, there is a complete continuity of the miraculous with every gradation from the childish to the stupendous, from the gratification of a caprice to the illustration of sublime truth. There is no drawing a line in the series that might be set out of plausibly attested cases of spiritual intervention. If one is true, all may be true; if one is false, all may be false.

This is, to my mind, the inevitable result of that method of reasoning which is applied to the confutation of Protestantism, with so much success, by one of the acutest and subtlest disputants who have ever championed Ecclesiasticism—and one cannot put his claims to acuteness and subtlety higher.

... the Christianity of history is not Protestantism. If ever there were a safe truth it is this. . . . "To be deep in history is to cease to be a Protestant."*

I have not a shadow of doubt that these anti-Protestant epigrams are profoundly true. But I have as little that, in the same sense, the "Christianity of history is not" Romanism; and that to be deeper in history is to cease to be a Romanist. The reasons which compel my doubts about the compatibility of the Roman doctrine, or any other form of Catholicism, with history, arise out of exactly the same line of argument as that adopted by Dr. Newman in the famous essay which I have just cited. If, with one hand, Dr. Newman has destroyed Protestantism, he has annihilated Romanism with the other; and the total result of his ambidextral efforts is to shake Christianity to its foundations. Nor was any one better aware that this must be the inevitable result of his arguments—if the world should refuse to accept Roman doctrines and Roman miracles—than the writer of Tract 85.

Dr. Newman made his choice and passed over to the Roman Church half a century ago. Some of those who were essentially in harmony with his views preceded, and many followed him. But many remained;

of the loaves and fishes is one that I do not see my way to contradict. See *Essay on Miracles*, 2d ed. p. 163.

* *An Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine*, by J. H. Newman, D.D., p. 7 and 8, (1878.)

and, as the quondam Preyite and present Ritualistic party, they are continuing that work of sapping and mining the Protestantism of the Anglican Church which he and his friends so ably commenced. At the present time, they have no little claim to be considered victorious all along the line. I am old enough to recollect the small beginnings of the Tractarian party; and I am amazed when I consider the present position of their heirs. Their little leaven has leavened, if not the whole, yet a very large lump of the Anglican Church; which is now pretty much of a preparatory school for Papistry. So that it really behooves Englishmen (who, as I have been informed by high authority, are all, legally, members of the State Church, if they profess to belong to no other sect) to wake up to what that powerful organization is about, and whither it is tending. On this point, the writings of Dr. Newman, while he still remained within the Anglican fold, are a vast store of the best and the most authoritative information. His doctrines on Ecclesiastical miracles and on Development are the corner-stones of the Tractarian fabric. He believed that his arguments led either Romeward, or to what ecclesiastics call "Infidelity," and I call Agnosticism. I believe that he was quite right in this conviction; but while he chooses the one alternative, I choose the other; as he rejects Protestantism on the ground of its incompatibility with history, so, *à fortiori*, I conceive that Romanism ought to be rejected, and that an impartial consideration of the evidence must refuse the authority of Jesus to anything more than the Nazarenism of James and Peter and John. And let it not be supposed that this is a mere "infidel" perversion of the facts. No one has more openly and clearly admitted the possibility that they may be fairly interpreted in this way than Dr. Newman. If, he says, there are texts which seem to show that Jesus contemplated the evangelization of the heathen:

... Did not the Apostles hear our Lord? and what was *their* impression from what they heard? Is it not certain that the Apostles did not gather this truth from His teaching? (*Tract 85*, p. 63).

He said, "Preach the Gospel to every creature." These words *need* have only meant "Bring all men to Christianity through Judaism." Make them Jews, that they may enjoy Christ's privileges, which are lodged in Juda-

ism; teach them those rites and ceremonies, circumcision and the like, which hitherto have been dead ordinances, and now are living: and so the Apostles seem to have understood them (*ibid.*, p. 65).

So far as Nazarenism differentiated itself from contemporary orthodox Judaism, it seems to have tended toward a revival of the ethical and religious spirit of the prophetic age, accompanied by the belief in Jesus as the Messiah, and by various accretions which had grown round Judaism subsequently to the exile. To these belong the doctrines of the Resurrection, of the Last Judgment, of Heaven and Hell; of the hierarchy of good angels; of Satan and the hierarchy of evil spirits. And there is very strong ground for believing that all these doctrines, at least in the shapes in which they were held by the post-exilic Jews, were derived from Persian and Babylonian* sources, and are essentially of heathen origin.

How far Jesus positively sanctioned all these indrainings of circumjacent Paganism into Judaism; how far any one has a right to say that the refusal to accept one or other of these doctrines as ascertained verities comes to the same thing as contradicting Jesus, it appears to me not easy to say. But it is hardly less difficult to conceive that he could have distinctly negatived any of them; and, more especially, that demonology which has been accepted by the Christian churches in every age and under all their mutual antagonisms. But, I repeat my conviction that, whether Jesus sanctioned the demonology of his time and nation or not, it is doomed. The future of Christianity as a dogmatic system and apart from the old Israelitish ethics which it has appropriated and developed, lies in the answer which mankind will eventually give to the question whether they are prepared to believe such stories as the Gadarene and the pneumatological hypotheses which go with it, or not. My belief is they will decline to

* Dr. Newman faces this question with his customary ability. "Now, I own, I am not at all solicitous to deny that this doctrine of an apostate Angel and his hosts was gained from Babylon: it might still be Divine nevertheless. God who made the prophet's ass speak, and thereby instructed the prophet, might instruct His Church by means of heathen Babylon" (*Tract 85*, p. 83). There seems to be no end to the apologetic burden that Balaam's ass can carry.

do anything of the sort, whenever and wherever their minds have been disciplined by science. And that discipline must and will at once follow and lead the footsteps of advancing civilization.

The preceding pages were written before I became acquainted with the contents of the May number of this Review, wherein I discover many things which are decidedly not to my advantage. It would appear that "evasion" is my chief resource, "incapacity for strict argument" and "rotteness of ratiocination" my main mental characteristics, and that it is "barely credible" that a statement which I profess to make of my own knowledge is true. All which things I notice, merely to illustrate the great truth, forced on me by long experience, that it is only from those who enjoy the blessing of a firm hold of the Christian faith that such manifestations of meekness, patience, and charity are to be expected.

I had imagined that no one who had read my preceding papers, could entertain a doubt as to my position in respect of the main issue as it has been stated and restated by my opponent :

an Agnosticism which knows nothing of the relation of man to God must not only refuse belief to our Lord's most undoubted teaching, but must deny the reality of the spiritual convictions in which he lived and died.*

That is said to be "the simple question which is at issue between us," and the three testimonies to that teaching and those convictions selected are the Sermon on the Mount, the Lord's Prayer, and the Story of the Passion.

My answer, reduced to its briefest form has been : In the first place, the evidence is such that the exact nature of the teachings and the convictions of Jesus is extremely uncertain, so that what ecclesiastics are pleased to call a denial of them may be nothing of the kind. And, in the second place, if Jesus taught the demonological system involved in the Gadarene story—if a belief in that system formed a part of the spiritual convictions in which he lived and died—then I, for my part, unhesitatingly refuse belief in that teaching, and deny the reality of those spiritual convictions. And I go further and add, that exactly in so far as it can be proved

that Jesus sanctioned the essentially pagan demonological theories current among the Jews of his age, exactly in so far, for me, will his authority in any matter touching the spiritual world be weakened.

With respect to the first half of my answer, I have pointed out that the Sermon on the Mount, as given in the first Gospel, is, in the opinion of the best critics, a "mosaic work" of materials derived from different sources, and I do not understand that this statement is challenged. The only other Gospel, the third, which contains something like it, makes, not only the discourse, but the circumstances under which it was delivered very different. Now, it is one thing to say that there was something real at the bottom of the two discourses—which is quite possible ; and another to affirm that we have any right to say what that something was, or to fix upon any particular phrase and declare it to be a genuine utterance. Those who pursue theology as a science, and bring to the study an adequate knowledge of the ways of ancient historians, will find no difficulty in providing illustrations of my meaning. I may supply one which has come within range of my own limited vision.

In Josephus's "History of the Wars of the Jews" (chap. xix.) that writer reports a speech which he says Herod made at the opening of a war with the Arabians. It is in the first person, and would naturally be supposed by the reader to be intended for a true version of what Herod said. In the "Antiquities," written some seventeen years later, the same writer gives another report, also in the first person, of Herod's speech on the same occasion. This second oration is twice as long as the first, and though the general tenor of the two speeches is pretty much the same, there is hardly any verbal identity, and a good deal of matter is introduced into the one, which is absent from the other. Now Josephus prides himself on his accuracy ; people whose fathers might have heard Herod's oration were his contemporaries ; and yet his historical sense is so curiously undeveloped, that he can, quite innocently, perpetrate an obvious literary fabrication ; for one of the two accounts must be incorrect. Now, if I am asked whether I believe that Herod made some particular statement on this occasion ; whether, for example, he uttered the pious

* *Nineteenth Century*, May 1889 (p. 701).

apophism, "Where God is, there is both multitude and courage," which is given in the "Antiquities," but not in the "Wars," I am compelled to say I do not know. One of the two reports must be erroneous, possibly both are : at any rate, I cannot tell how much of either is true. And, if some fervent admirer of the Idumean should build up a theory of Herod's piety upon Josephus's evidence that he propounded the aphorism, is it a "mere evasion" to say, in reply, that the evidence that he did utter it is worthless ?

It appears again that, adopting the tactics of Conachar when brought face to face with Hal o' the Wynd, I have been trying to get my simple-minded adversary to follow me on a wild-goose chase through the early history of Christianity, in the hope of escaping impending defeat on the main issue. But I may be permitted to point out that there is an alternative hypothesis which equally fits the facts ; and that, after all, there may have been method in the madness of my supposed panic.

For suppose it to be established that Gentile Christianity was a totally different thing from the Nazarenism of Jesus and his immediate disciples ; suppose it to be demonstrable that, as early as the sixth decade of our era at least, there were violent divergencies of opinion among the followers of Jesus ; suppose it to be hardly doubtful that the Gospels and the Acts took their present shapes under the influence of these divergencies ; suppose that their authors, and those through whose hands they passed, had notions of historical veracity not more eccentric than those which Josephus occasionally displays : surely the chances that the Gospels are altogether trustworthy records of the teachings of Jesus become very slender. And as the whole of the case of the other side is based on the supposition that they are accurate records (especially of speeches, about which ancient historians are so curiously loose), I really do venture to submit that this part of my argument bears very seriously on the main issue ; and, as ratiocination, is sound to the core.

Again, when I passed by the topic of the speeches of Jesus on the Cross, it appears that I could have had no other motive than the dictates of my native evasioness. An ecclesiastical dignity may have respectable reasons for declining a fencing match "in sight of Gethsemane

and Calvary" ; but an ecclesiastical "Infidel !" Never. It is obviously impossible that, in the belief that "the greater includes the less," I, having declared the Gospel evidence in general, as to the sayings of Jesus, to be of questionable value, thought it needless to select for illustration of my views, those particular instances which were likely to be most offensive to persons of another way of thinking. But any supposition that may have been entertained that the old familiar tones of the ecclesiastical war-drum will tempt me to engage in such needless discussion had better be renounced. I shall do nothing of the kind. Let it suffice that I ask my readers to turn to the twenty-third chapter of Luke (revised version), verse thirty-four, and he will find in the margin

Some ancient authorities omit : And Jesus said, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do."

So that, even as late as the fourth century, there were ancient authorities, indeed some of the most ancient and weightiest, who either did not know of this utterance, so often quoted as characteristic of Jesus, or did not believe it had been uttered.

Many years ago, I received an anonymous letter, which abused me heartily for my want of moral courage in not speaking out. I thought that one of the oddest charges an anonymous letter-writer could bring. But I am not sure that the plentiful sowing of the pages of the article with which I am dealing with accusations of evasion, may not seem odder to those who consider that the main strength of the answers with which I have been favored (in this Review and elsewhere) is devoted not to anything in the text of my first paper, but to a note which occurs at p. 171. In this I say :

Dr. Wace tells us : "It may be asked how far we can rely on the accounts we possess of our Lord's teaching on these subjects." And he seems to think the question appropriately answered by the assertion that it "ought to be regarded as settled by M. Renan's practical surrender of the adverse case."

I requested Dr. Wace to point out the passages of M. Renan's works in which, as he affirms, this "practical surrender" (not merely as to the age and authorship of the Gospels, be it observed, but as to

their historical value) is made, and he has been so good as to do so. Now let us consider the parts of Dr. Wace's citation from Renan which are relevant to the issue:—

The author of this Gospel [Luke] is certainly the same as the author of the Acts of the Apostles. Now the author of the Acts seems to be a companion of St. Paul—a character which accords completely with St. Luke. I know that more than one objection may be opposed to this reasoning; but one thing, at all events, is beyond doubt, namely, that the author of the third Gospel and of the Acts is a man who belonged to the second apostolic generation; and this suffices for our purpose.

This is a curious "practical surrender of the adverse case." M. Renan thinks that there is no doubt that the author of the third gospel is the author of the Acts—a conclusion in which I suppose critics generally agree. He goes on to remark that this person *seems* to be a companion of St. Paul, and adds that Luke was a companion of St. Paul. Then, somewhat needlessly, M. Renan points out that there is more than one objection to jumping, from such data as these, to the conclusion that "Luke" is the writer of the third gospel. And, finally, M. Renan is content to reduce that which is "beyond doubt" to the fact that the author of the two books is a man of the second apostolic generation. Well, it seems to me that I could agree with all that M. Renan considers "beyond doubt" here, without surrendering anything, either "practically" or theoretically.

Dr. Wace (*Nineteenth Century*, March, p. 363) states that he derives the above citation from the preface to the 15th edition of the *Vie de Jésus*. My copy of *Les Evangiles*, dated 1877, contains a list of Renan's *Œuvres Complètes*, at the head of which I find *Vie de Jésus*, 15^e édition. It is, therefore, a later work than the edition of the *Vie de Jésus*, which Dr. Wace quotes. Now *Les Evangiles*, as its name implies, treats fully of the questions respecting the date and authorship of the Gospels; and any one who desired, not merely to use M. Renan's expressions for controversial purposes, but to give a fair account of his views in their full significance, would, I think, refer to the later source.

If this course had been taken, Dr. Wace might have found some as decided expressions of opinion in favor of Luke's

authorship of the third gospel as he has discovered in *The Apostles*. I mention this circumstance because I desire to point out that, taking even the strongest of Renan's statements, I am still at a loss to see how it justifies that large-sounding phrase "practical surrender of the adverse case." For, on p. 438 of *Les Evangiles*, Renan speaks of the way in which Luke's "excellent intentions" have led him to torture history in the Acts; he declares Luke to be the founder of that "eternal fiction which is called ecclesiastical history;" and, on the preceding page, he talks of the "myth" of the Ascension—with its *mise en scène voulue*. At p. 435, I find "Luc, ou l'auteur quel qu'il soit du troisième Evangile;" at p. 280, the accounts of the Passion, the death and the resurrection of Jesus are said to be "peu historiques;" at p. 283 "La valeur historique du troisième Evangile est sûrement moindre que celles des deux premiers."

A Pyrrhic sort of victory for orthodoxy this "surrender"! And, all the while, the scientific student of theology knows that the more reason there may be to believe that Luke was the companion of Paul, the more doubtful becomes his credibility, if he really wrote the Acts. For, in that case, he could not fail to have been acquainted with Paul's account of the Jerusalem conference, and he must have consciously misrepresented it. We may next turn to the essential part of Dr. Wace's citation (*Nineteenth Century*, p. 365) touching the first gospel:—

St. Matthew evidently deserves peculiar confidence for the discourses. Here are "the oracles"—the very notes taken while the memory of the instruction of Jesus was living and definite.

M. Renan here expresses the very general opinion as to the existence of a collection of "logia," having a different origin from the text in which they are embedded, in Matthew. "Notes" are somewhat suggestive of a shorthand writer, but the suggestion is unintentional, for M. Renan assumes that these "notes" were taken, not at the time of the delivery of the "logia" but subsequently, while (as he assumes) the memory of them was living and definite; so that, in this very citation, M. Renan leaves open the question of the general historical value of the first gospel, while it is obvious that the accuracy of "notes," taken, not at the

time of delivery, but from memory, is a matter about which more than one opinion may be fairly held. Moreover, Renan expressly calls attention to the difficulty of distinguishing the authentic "logia" from later additions of the same kind (*Les Evangiles*, p. 201). The fact is, there is no contradiction here to that opinion about the first gospel which is expressed in *Les Evangiles* (p. 175).

The text of the so-called Matthew supposes the pre-existence of that of Mark, and does little more than complete it. He completes it in two fashions—first, by the insertion of those long discourses which gave their chief value to the Hebrew Gospels; then by adding traditions of a more modern formation, results of successive developments of the legend, and to which the Christian consciousness already attached infinite value.

M. Renan goes on to suggest that besides "Mark," "pseudo-Matthew" used an Aramaic version of the Gospel originally set forth in that dialect. Finally as to the second gospel (*Nineteenth Century*, p. 365):—

He [Mark] is full of minute observations, proceeding, beyond doubt, from an eyewitness. There is nothing to conflict with the supposition that this eyewitness . . . was the Apostle Peter himself, as Papias has it.

Let us consider this citation also by the light of *Les Evangiles*:—

This work, although composed after the death of Peter, was, in a sense, the work of Peter; it represents the way in which Peter was accustomed to relate the life of Jesus (p. 116).

M. Renan goes on to say that, as an historical document, the Gospel of Mark has a great superiority (p. 116), but Mark has a motive for omitting the discourses; and he attaches a "puerile importance" to miracles (p. 117). The Gospel of Mark is less a legend than a biography written with credulity (p. 118). It would be rash to say that Mark has not been interpolated and retouched (p. 120).

If any one thinks that I have not been warranted in drawing a sharp distinction between "scientific theologians" and "counsel for creeds;" or that my warning against the too ready acceptance of certain declarations as to the state of biblical criticism was needless; or that my anxiety as to the sense of the word "practical" was superfluous, let him compare the statement that M. Renan has made a "practical surrender of the adverse case"

with the facts just set forth. For what is the adverse case? The question, as Dr. Wace puts it, is, "It may be asked how far can we rely on the accounts we possess of our Lord's teaching on these subjects." It will be obvious, that M. Renan's statements amount to an adverse answer—to a "practical" denial that any great reliance can be placed on these accounts. He does not believe that Matthew, the apostle, wrote the first gospel; he does not profess to know who is responsible for the collection of "logia" or how many of them are authentic; though he calls the second gospel the most historical, he points out that it is written with credulity and may have been interpolated and retouched; and, as to the author "quel qu'il soit" of the third gospel, who is to "rely on the accounts" of a writer who deserves the cavalier treatment which "Luke" meets with at M. Renan's hands?

I repeat what I have already more than once said, that the question of the age and the authorship of the Gospels has not, in my judgment, the importance which is so commonly assigned to it; for the simple reason, that the reports, even of eyewitnesses, would not suffice to justify belief in a large and essential part of their contents; on the contrary, these reports would discredit the witnesses. The Gadarene miracle, for example, is so extremely improbable, that the fact of its being reported by three, even independent, authorities could not justify belief in it unless we had the clearest evidence as to their capacity as observers and as interpreters of their observations. But it is evident that the three authorities are not independent; that they have simply adopted a legend, of which there were two versions; and instead of their proving its truth, it suggests their superstitious credulity: so that if "Matthew," "Mark," and "Luke" are really responsible for the Gospels, it is not the better for the Gadarene story, but the worse for them.

A wonderful amount of controversial capital has been made out of my assertion in the note to which I have referred, as an *obiter dictum* of no consequence to my argument, that, if Renan's work* were non-extant, the main results of biblical criticism as set forth in the works of

* I trust it may not be supposed that I undervalue M. Renan's labors or intended to speak slightly of them.

Strauss, Baur, Reuss, and Volkmar, for example, would not be sensibly affected. I thought I had explained it satisfactorily already, but it seems that my explanation has only exhibited still more of my native perversity, so I ask for one more chance.

In the course of the historical development of any branch of science, what is universally observed is this : that the men who make epochs and are the real architects of the fabric of exact knowledge are those who introduce fruitful ideas or methods. As a rule, the man who does this pushes his idea or his method too far ; or, if he does not, his school is sure to do so, and those who follow have to reduce his work to its proper value, and assign it its place in the whole. Not unfrequently they, in their turn, overdo the critical process, and, in trying to eliminate errors, throw away truth.

Thus, as I said, Linnæus, Buffon, Cuvier, Lamarck really "set forth the results" of a developing science, although they often heartily contradict one another. Notwithstanding this circumstance, modern classificatory method and nomenclature have largely grown out of the results of the work of Linnæus ; the modern conception of biology, as a science, and of its relation to climatology, geography and geology are as largely rooted in the results of the labors of Buffon ; comparative anatomy and palæontology owe a vast debt to Cuvier's results ; while invertebrate zoology and the revival of the idea of evolution are intimately dependent on the results of the work of Lamarck. In other words, the main results of biology up to the early years of this century are to be found in, or spring out of, the works of these men.

So, if I mistake not, Strauss, if he did not originate the idea of taking the mythopœic faculty into account in the development of the Gospel narratives ; and, though he may have exaggerated the influence of that faculty, obliged scientific theology hereafter to take that element into serious consideration ; so Baur, in giving prominence to the cardinal fact of the divergence of the Nazarene and Pauline tendencies in the primitive Church ; so Reuss, in setting a marvellous example of the cool and dispassionate application of the principles of scientific criticism over the whole field of Scripture, so Volkmar, in his clear and forcible statement of the

Nazarene limitations of Jesus, contributed results of permanent value in scientific theology. I took these names as they occurred to me. Undoubtedly, I might have advantageously added to them ; perhaps I might have made a better selection. But it really is absurd to try to make out that I did not know that these writers widely disagree ; and I believe that no scientific theologian will deny that, in principle, what I have said is perfectly correct. Ecclesiastical advocates, of course, cannot be expected to take this view of the matter. To them, these mere seekers after truth, in so far as their results are unfavorable to the creed the clerics have to support, are more or less "infidels," or favorers of "infidelity ;" and the only thing they care to see, or probably can see, is the fact that, in a great many matters, the truth-seekers differ from one another, and therefore can easily be exhibited to the public, as if they did nothing else ; as if any one who referred to them, as having each and all contributed his share to the results of theological science, was merely showing his ignorance ; and, as if a charge of inconsistency could be based on the fact that he himself often disagrees with what they say. I have never lent a shadow of foundation to the assumption that I am a follower of either Strauss, or Baur, or Reuss, or Volkmar, or Renan ; my debt to these eminent men—so far my superiors in theological knowledge—is, indeed, great ; yet it is not for their opinions, but for those I have been able to form for myself, by their help.

In "Agnosticism : a Rejoinder" (p. 484), I have referred to the difficulties under which those professors of the science of theology, whose tenure of their posts depends on the results of their investigations, must labor ; and, in a note, I add—

Imagine that all our chairs of Astronomy had been founded in the fourteenth century, and that their incumbents were bound to sign Ptolemaic articles. In that case, with every respect for the efforts of persons thus hampered to attain and expound the truth, I think men of common sense would go elsewhere to learn astronomy.

I did not write this paragraph without a knowledge that its sense would be open to the kind of perversion which it has suffered ; but, if that was clear, the neces-

sity for the statement was still clearer. It is my deliberate opinion : I reiterate it ; and I say that, in my judgment, it is extremely inexpedient that any subject which calls itself a science should be entrusted to teachers who are debarred from freely following out scientific methods to their legitimate conclusions, whatever those conclusions may be. If I may borrow a phrase paraded at the Church Congress, I think it "ought to be unpleasant" for any man of science to find himself in the position of such a teacher.

Human nature is not altered by seating it in a professorial chair, even of theology. I have very little doubt that if, in the year 1859, the tenure of my office had depended upon my adherence to the doctrines of Cuvier, the objections to those set forth in the *Origin of Species* would have had a halo of gravity about them that, being free to teach what I pleased, I failed to discover. And, in making that statement it does not appear to me that I am confessing that I should have been debarred by "selfish interests" from making candid inquiry, or that I should have been biassed by "sordid motives." I hope that even such a fragment of moral sense as may remain in an ecclesiastical "infidel" might have got me through the difficulty ; but it would be unworthy to deny or disguise the fact that a very seri-

ous difficulty must have been created for me by the nature of my tenure. And let it be observed that the temptation, in my case, would have been far slighter than in that of a professor of theology ; whatever biological doctrine I had repudiated, nobody I cared for would have thought the worse of me for so doing. No scientific journals would have howled me down, as the religious newspapers howled down my too honest friend, the late Bishop of Natal ; nor would my colleagues the Royal Society have turned their backs upon me, as his episcopal colleagues boycotted him.

I say these facts are obvious, and that it is wholesome and needful that they should be stated. It is in the interests of theology, if it be a science, and it is in the interests of those teachers of theology who desire to be something better than counsel for creeds, that it should be taken to heart. The seeker after theological truth and that only, will no more suppose that I have insulted him, than the prisoner who works in fetters will try to pick a quarrel with me, if I suggest that he would get on better if the fetters were knocked off ; unless indeed, as it is said does happen in the course of long captivities, that the victim at length ceases to feel the weight of his chains or even takes to hugging them, as if they were honorable ornaments.*—*Nineteenth Century*.

THE ROMAN FAMILY.

BY E. STRACHAN MORGAN.

IN one of the letters of Marcus Aurelius, the philosopher and Emperor, we find the observation that the Latin language had no word corresponding to the Greek *φιλостοργία*—the kindred love of child and parent. The want of the word was indeed the less felt by the Romans in that the quality was seldom found and little esteemed among them. Cicero in his moral no less than in his intellectual nature differed widely from the mass of his countrymen. His letters are those of a man whose affections are unusually keen, yet it is apologetically as of a thing almost discreditable to his manhood that he writes to a friend of the overmastering grief which he felt for the death of his darling daughter. Duty far more than

affection was the bond that held the Roman family together. The well-known anecdote told of the Manlian family illustrates the relations between father and son in the olden times. Manlius Capitolinus, dictator about two centuries after the establishment of the Republic, had a son Titus, whom he treated harshly, and brought up in strict seclusion on a solitary

* To day's *Times* contains a report of a remarkable speech by Prince Bismarck, in which he tells the Reichstag, that he has long given up investing in foreign stock, lest so doing should mislead his judgment in his transactions with foreign states. Does this declaration prove that the Chancellor accuses himself of being "sordid" and "selfish," or does it not rather show that, even in dealing with himself, he remains the man of realities?

farm. On resigning the dictatorship Manlius was impeached of excessive cruelty during his term of office by the tribune Pomponius, who sought to prejudice him by representing him as a tyrannical father. Titus heard of the charge, hurried to Rome, and, with threats of death, forced Pomponius to abandon the prosecution. Years went by; Titus became consul, and led an army against the Latins. At the beginning of the campaign he issued an order that no soldier should engage in single combat with any of the enemy. His son, challenged by a Tusculan noble, and provoked beyond endurance by his taunts, disregarded the order, fought, and killed his foe. Exulting in his victory he brought the spoils to his father, but Manlius punished the breach of discipline by putting his son to death before the awe-struck army. It is true that it was as consul that he punished the soldier, but it is no less clear that he might have justified the sentence as a lawful exercise of paternal authority.

A student of modern jurisprudence would probably explain the terribly despotic rule of the *paterfamilias* by the theory that the State in the plenitude of its power delegated a portion of its authority to the house-father, just as it did to the consul or other official, submitting to him the life and property of every member of his family and supporting him in the exercise of that authority with the sanction of its laws. But this view, however agreeable to our notions of the respective claims of State and family, will not bear examination. As a fact, the family existed prior to the State. The union of families formed the commonwealth, and to the central authority born of this union the heads of the several families constituting it resigned a part of their disciplinary authority. We must look on the King or Consul as exercising over the great collective family of the commonwealth a rule in its nature similar to, and in fact derived from and depending on, that exercised by each father over his own household. Gradually, however, the authority of the latter, though always great, and for a long time as absolute as that of a master over his slave, came to be limited by the encroachments of the central government. Yet it was not till A.D. 200 that the father lost the right to rule absolutely the life of even his grown-up sons. But in spite of

successive limitations the power of the father remained in one important respect intact. The right of infanticide, though discouraged, was not abrogated, and it continued to be exercised even after the harsh usages of primitive times had been in other respects modified. Till the times of the Empire, superfluous infants, like sick slaves, were commonly exposed on the island of the Tiber near the temple of Asculapius. Slaves, if they recovered, obtained their freedom, or at least changed proprietors, the rights of their original owner being transferred to any one who took them in and maintained them. Children, on the other hand, if they survived, and were brought up by a stranger, did not pass out of their father's ownership. The father, if he traced the child that he had abandoned, might, at any time, reassert his authority over it. For that authority was more enduring if not more absolute even than that which a master had over his slave. A slave, if sold, passed at once and forever into the possession of the purchaser. If he were liberated his freedom could not be impugned by any one. A son on the contrary might be twice sold to a stranger as a bondsman, and twice restored to freedom, and yet after each liberation he at once returned under his father's authority. It was only after a third sale and a third liberation that he was really emancipated from paternal rule. In fact, if a father wished for any reason to emancipate his son, it was by a fictitious sale to a friend three times repeated that the tie between them was dissolved.

When a child was born, it was looked on as an open question whether or not the father would choose to acknowledge it as his own, and bring it up as a member of his family. If he decided in the affirmative he raised it in his arms, and then set it upright on the ground that it might commence life with a happy omen. A special divinity, *Levana*, presided over this ceremony, after which the child straightway passed into the guardianship of the numerous tutelary deities that watched over every phase and every act of its life. Its first cry was listened to by *Vagitanus*; its first articulate word inspired by *Fabulinus*; *Potina* saw it suck; when weaned *Eduia* taught it how to eat; *Cuba* rocked its cradle, and throughout life the genius born and dying with it, that

guarded it from any evil influences of the constellations shining on its birth, shared its every act and never left its side. Its whole existence was spent, surrounded by a world of spirits unseen, unheard, but whose influence was always felt.

On the ninth day after birth the child received its name. A fresh goddess, Nundina, presided over this ceremony, during which family friends gave it presents, such as silver sucking rings, rattles, toy swords, and for boys especially the *bullæ*, a charm made of gold or leather, according to the rank of the family, and worn constantly as a protection against the evil eye, and as a mark of the lad's station till he came of age. For their daughters, mothers desired above all the fatal gift of beauty. Amulets and charms helped to counteract the malign influences that might mar their growth, and tusks of the wild boar hung from their necks to secure a fine set of teeth.

In the course of the first month the child's name was entered in the official register of citizens kept in the temple of Saturn, which served as evidence of the age and status of all whose names were inscribed. From the time of Cæsar onward the boy's name, at least if he belonged to the order of senators or knights, was published in the *Acta diurna*, the daily official register of Rome. His identity was thus established, and the way prepared for his admission to the full rights of citizenship.

Children were always, when health allowed it, nursed by their mothers till the relaxation of morals in the time of the Empire, when ladies of fashion came to be as anxious to cast off the burdens of motherhood as they were reluctant to submit to the ties of marriage. The great advantages of a mother's training were fully acknowledged, and during the first seven years of its life the child, whether boy or girl, was brought up almost entirely by the mother in her own home. Little, unfortunately, is known of the details of the home training given during these early years. How lasting the effects of it sometimes were, we may learn from the story of the mother of the Gracchi, Cornelia, who did so much to form the characters of her sons, and never lost her influence over them. Girls, much as now, played with their dolls and balls and listened to fairy tales, such as that of Cupid and

Psyche. Boys had bricks to build with, played at odd-and-even, rode a cock-horse, had little carriages with teams of mice to draw them, and flourished toy swords. Seven was the ordinary age for beginning school life. There was in Rome no institution resembling the common State school of Sparta, so highly praised by historians and philosophers. Roman law allowed absolute free trade in teaching. Any one who wished was at liberty to hire a room for his classes, or even to teach in the public streets or Porticos. Such private schools, to which boys and girls went together, existed at a very early date, and mention is made of them in one of the best known stories of Republican Rome. Virginus, a plebeian of substance and position, sent his daughter to a school in the forum or adjoining it. Who does not remember the lines that tell, how the young girl came by

With her small tablets in her hand and her satchel on her arm,
Home she went bounding from the school nor dreamed of shame or harm?

At home the girls of all classes learned to spin and weave, and were trained in all the mysteries of housekeeping. The daughters of the more wealthy were taught, in addition, the ordinary accomplishments learned in our modern schools. Singing, dancing, and playing on the harp were indispensable in fashionable society, and girls of noble birth took part, occasionally even in public, in rhythmic march or sacred chant. As, for instance, during the secular games, or when, as at the funeral of Augustus, boys and girls, children of the greatest families, sang the elegy over the deceased Emperor.

Painting, too, was sometimes studied, and some Roman ladies were artists of considerable merit. Nor were more solid subjects neglected. Some knowledge of the great writers of Rome, and even of Greece, formed an essential part of the training of every educated girl. These, like the other subjects, were often taught by the mother. Sometimes, however, professors were engaged for teaching all the accomplishments, including fencing, which, for a time, was quite the rage in the fast set of the capital, though at the risk that the girl might disgrace her family by a runaway match with one of her tutors. But the education of girls was necessarily rather superficial, for it was

soon cut short. At from thirteen to sixteen the young lady was expected to marry, and the spinster who reached the mature age of twenty came under the censure of the law of Augustus against celibacy.

School training was, on the other hand, held essential for boys, and boys' schools accordingly were found even in small country towns such as Venusia, where, as we learn from Horace, the sons of Sergeants and Corporals, with their school pence in their hands and their satchels on their shoulders, went to learn their letters. But the teaching to be had in these establishments left much to be desired, and Horace's father, poor though he was, took care to send his son to Rome to be educated. If, however, the poet had been born a century later, he might have got excellent teaching much nearer home; for in imperial times great progress was made in this respect, and we find that many municipalities had their own first-rate schools either provided by local taxation or endowed by the munificence of a wealthy citizen. Thus, among his other benefactions to Como, Pliny gave the town £5,000 to keep up a school in which the sons and daughters of the poor got a free education. Nor was that of Como an isolated case. Many other towns throughout the empire, as we learn from inscriptions commemorating the deeds of gift, enjoyed similar privileges, and the numerous bursaries established by Trajan gave an opportunity to thousands of destitute children of acquiring a liberal education. No notice, however, of such endowments is met with before the second century of the Empire; and, even in spite of the great educational movement of that generation, school mastering was still despised as a poorly paid and repulsive, if not absolutely discreditable profession. Juvenal ranks the schoolmaster lowest of all professional men, even below the private tutor. His work is hard and degrading, and his wages miserable. He sits from before dawn in a den which no smith, no wool-carder would deign to occupy; where the air is foul, and the thick sooty smoke of the scholars' lamps begrimes their Vergil and their Horace. Even his wretched fee, for which he has to bargain like a weaver or a shingle-splitter, has to pay toll to the rich man's house-steward, and after all is seldom collected without a law suit. And

this is the reward of a man who is expected to have all history and all literature at his fingers' ends: to know, as we might say, the name of King Arthur's nurse and Merlin's mother, how old Dunstan was when he died, and how many rowers Hengist had to his war-ship. He must watch, too, as carefully over the morals as the minds of his pupils, and no easy task it is to keep twenty flighty tongues and twenty pair of unruly hands in order; and in return for all this his yearly pay is as much as a gladiator earns in a single hour.

Horace gives an amusing account of a lesson in one of these schools, showing how arithmetic was taught in the last century before Christ:—

Our Roman boys must learn to work their sums,
Add, and divide a shilling into pence.
"Albinus's son, come tell me, if you take
A penny from this fivepence, what remains?
Out with it!" "Fourpence." "Bravely answered, boy;
You'll make a banker. Now to fivepence add
A penny; what's the total?" "Sixpence."
"Right."

Besides commercial arithmetic the chief subjects studied in Roman schools were history and literature. Reading was taught, not, as in Greece, by letters, but by syllables according to our most approved modern methods; and sets of ivory letters were often given to children to make up words with. Homer and Æsop were the commonest reading-books for Greek, while Vergil and Horace very soon after their death entered into their immortality as Latin class-books. The laws of the XII. Tables were got by heart by all Roman boys as a matter of course. Public speaking, too, was an art in which it was not so much a glory to excel as a disgrace to fail; and in the upper divisions of schools rhetoric and the practice of declamation were carefully attended to. For the rest, the management of schools in Rome was similar to what it has been in all time. Little boys were coaxed to learn the elements of knowledge by gifts of sweets and biscuits. Prizes were given to the most proficient, books valuable for their rarity or beautiful manuscript or binding, while laggards in the race for learning were whipped up with great earnestness. Juvenal tells us how he had flinched his hand from the master's cane at school; and Orbilius, the flogging pro-

fesaor, who had begun life as a magistrate's clerk, and had then tried his luck in the army, both in the cavalry and infantry, where he, perhaps, picked up his partiality for strenuous discipline, has earned for himself by his vigor in the use of the rod a reputation as enduring as that of Dr. Keate or Dr. Busby.

The school day usually began even before sunrise, and Martial, living in his third story in the "Pear-tree district," complains of the schoolmaster near the modern Piazza Barberini who woke him up before cock-crow when he had hardly got to sleep after the nightly din of the baker, with his shouts and blows. But the picture of the satirists is not altogether accurate, and it would be unfair not to say that the men at the top of the profession were well paid and enjoyed probably a good social position. Verrius Flaccus, for instance, tutor to Augustus's grandchildren, received from the Emperor more than £1,000 annually, and, in addition, had free lodging in the palace, and was allowed to keep a private school. Another master, Palemon, made an income of over £4,000 out of his school. There were also lucrative government appointments open to teachers of Latin, Greek, and rhetoric, the salaries attached to which amounted in some cases to over £1,000; and the holders of them were in addition exempt from municipal taxation. In the summer they had four months' vacation, and there were besides several holidays during winter and spring, so that the profession was not altogether without its prizes and compensations.

During his school-days the Roman boy wore a white toga with a broad purple stripe similar to that of the Senator. At sixteen he came of age, and the 16th of March was usually chosen as the most suitable day for the ceremony with which that event was celebrated. In the early morning, dressed for the first time in the pure white toga of the citizen, the young man offered a sacrifice in his father's house to the Lares, the protecting deities of the family, and laid aside his golden *bulla* and his purple-striped toga. He was then taken by his father into the forum, where, accompanied by as large a number as possible of friends, acquaintances and dependents, he showed himself to the citizens. From the forum the procession went up to the Capitol, and there

a sacrifice was offered up at the altar of the mighty Jupiter, protector of Rome, that he might sanctify the admission of a new citizen into the great family of the State.

Though the youth had now left his school-days behind him, his education was by no means completed. He still had to prepare himself for the business of life. To this end he now became his father's constant companion, attended him to the forum, and there saw how he transacted his own business and shared in that of the commonwealth; followed him about his farm and learned the management of crops and cattle, listened to him as, sitting in the atrium of his house, he gave advice to his clients who came for counsel, or heard him plead their causes or his own in the law courts. Such was the preparation given to the young citizen for following any of the occupations that became a Roman gentleman. He was fitted for the life of a capitalist, a farmer, or an advocate, or to become a candidate for office.

A young man who had come of age might, after his father's death, be looked on as a *paterfamilias* even though unmarried. He was subject to no one, potentially he was the father of children and the head of a family; and to be the father of children and give new citizens to the commonwealth was, at least in early times, looked on as the first duty of a citizen. Even the landless, houseless man, who had no stake in the country, no vote, and no status, had the same duty laid on him. He was one of the proletariat, the child-getters. If he could do nothing else for the city that gave him shelter, he could at least help to increase its population. Much more did the obligation lie on the full citizen to leave a posterity behind to keep his name alive, to continue the worship of the family deities, and serve the State in peace and war. But though matrimony was always esteemed, at least in the abstract, a distaste for forming the tie began to call for censure even in the days of the Republic. In A.U.C. 351 fines were imposed on celibates to remind them of their duties. In 554 a system of rewards was tried which secured to married persons certain immunities and privileges, but hopes of reward proved no more efficacious than fear of punishment to drive men into matrimony. Metellus, the con-

queror of Greece, is often quoted by Roman writers as an example of human felicity. He had filled honorably the highest offices in the States. He was very fortunate in his family. Of his sons three had been consuls in his lifetime, and when he died the fourth was candidate for the office. His temper had not been soured by domestic trouble or disappointed ambition. Yet his opinion of women was summed up in very few words; they were a necessary evil, with whom life was a trouble, though without them it was impossible. To some extent at all events this dislike of marriage during the Republican era, which, after all, was limited to the more luxurious classes, may be attributed to dread of that extravagant expenditure of which, rightly or wrongly, women were accused. The Roman was a strict and austere steward of his patrimony. A man who left his sons an inheritance smaller than that which he had received from his father was held to be not merely a bad administrator but almost a moral delinquent. The accounts of his household expenditure were balanced to the last penny. Unproductive outlay was looked on with suspicion, and the waste of money that might have gone to purchase popularity, or develop his business, or increase his farm, was a sin and almost a crime. Female profusion was a disturbing element in this rigid system of household economy, and laws were constantly being passed to regulate their clothes, their jewelry, and their carriages. The very frequency of these laws shows how ineffectual they proved. Later on, when the ruling caste in Rome had abandoned itself to the pursuit of all the coarsest forms of sensual extravagance, marriage was accounted a grievous burden, hindering a man from drawing from life all the enjoyment it might give him.

If, in spite of all, a man determined to marry, having selected his future bride, he was solemnly betrothed to her. He placed on her finger a ring of iron, or as wealth increased of gold, as a token of the engagement. The ceremony ended with a family feast to which all relatives were invited, and in which the household gods, too, had their share. According to the old laws of Latium, if at this stage either of the parties to the engagement drew back, an action could be brought to recover damages for a breach of promise.

There were several forms of the marriage ceremony. The oldest and most solemn was essentially a religious rite, establishing a perfect union. Sons of persons so married were alone eligible for the higher offices of the priesthood, and it was open to none but members of the old Patrician families, the original citizens of Rome. In the atrium of the house, before the altar on which burned the sacred fire in the presence of the Lares, the Pontifex Maximus and the Flamen of Jupiter, in the hearing of ten witnesses, taught the bride and bridegroom how to offer a sacrificial cake of salt and flour, which had been prepared by the Vestal Virgins. Part of this cake was then eaten by them as a symbol of the community of life, of property, of family worship, that henceforth united them. Then, seated side by side, they declared their will to enter the married state according to a sacred formula dictated by the priest. A second form of marriage, also dating back to very early times, was marriage by purchase. Accompanied by five witnesses, the bridegroom went to the house of the bride's father. There, in the presence of a citizen who held a balance in his hand, he asked the woman: "Wilt thou be my wife?" She answered, "I will;" and she asked him: "Wilt thou be my husband?" and he answered, "I will." Then the man bought his bride of her father. Holding a piece of money in his hand, he said: "I declare that according to the laws of the Romans thou art my wife and the mother of my household. Be thou purchased for me with this piece of copper and by these copper balances." Then the woman was formally delivered over and passed into her husband's possession, and became a member of his family, looking up to him as her friend, her guardian, and her father. In the course of time a third form grew up: marriage by prescription. A man who held undisputed possession of anything for a year established, by so doing, his lawful ownership to it. By a very obvious legal fiction, this rule of law was extended to the relations of husband and wife. A man living with the woman he chose as his wife for a complete year was held, by so doing, to have established his right of property over her without further ado; and this mode of escaping the formalities of the religious ceremony soon

proved very attractive. As time went on, women came to be as unwilling as men to be married according to any of the established forms by which they passed as absolutely into their husbands' possession as they had before been in that of their father. They desired a more independent position, and it did not require much ingenuity on the part of the lawyers to find a way of accomplishing their wish. Ownership by prescription was not established till after a year's unbroken possession. It was decided, therefore, consistently enough, that a woman might retain her independence indefinitely by staying away from her husband's house for three days in each year. By so doing she retained her property in herself, just as a landowner prevents others from establishing a right-of-way by closing his gates one day in every year. During the Empire, this was the favorite mode of marriage, especially if the wife had a large dowry. For she thus passed out of her father's family without entering into her husband's. She became mistress of herself and her property.

Independent of the legal forms, there were the social observances of marriage which were the same whatever was the legal ceremony chosen. At nightfall, when the star of Venus began to shine, the bride was fetched from her father's house. She was dressed in a white robe, a symbol of her virgin purity, bound round her waist with a woollen sash; her hair was plaited into six tresses after those of the Vestal Virgins; on her head she wore a flame-colored veil, and a fresh wreath of the sacred verbena, for the wife was priestess in her family. Under the protection of Juno Domiduca (the home leader) she passed through the streets accompanied by her friends, and lighted on her way with torches. By her side there walked a young boy carrying an open basket, in which there lay a hank of wool, a distaff, and a spindle, for spinning was the great duty of the Roman matron of the Republic. To be a good spinner was a gem in her crown of virtues, by the side of chastity and frugality, and the emblems of this occupation were held in honor even at a time when the chosen pursuits of women were very different. Arriving at the door of her new home, she found it wreathed with flowers in honor of the festive occasion. On the door-posts she

hung fillets of wool, and anointed them with oil as a symbol, it would seem, of fertility. She was then lifted over the threshold, a custom in which we may see a survival of the time when wives were habitually stolen from neighboring tribes, and carried by force to their husband's house. In the atrium the bridegroom received her, handed to her a key as a sign of her rule in the house, and offered her fire and water to represent the necessities of life which were at her disposal. Answering to the fixed formula in which he addressed her, asking who she was, she replied: "Where you are Caius there am I Caia," as we might say, "Your people shall be my people, your house my house, and your life my life." The pair then sat side by side on two chairs covered with the fleece of a sheep, and the priest joined their hands. The marriage contract fixing the amount of the dowry and the mode of its administration was then signed, and a banquet followed, during which five wax candles were burned, while from the walls the waxen masks of the husband's ancestors, decked for the occasion with flowers, looked down from their open cupboards with approval.

Though during the early days of Rome divorces were very rare, the husband always had the absolute right to put away his wife, just as he had the right to inflict any other punishment on her as on every member of his household. The wife was held in high esteem; she was not, as in Greece, relegated to the seclusion of the woman's apartment; but the Roman would not admit the possibility of a divided rule. The household must have a supreme head, and that head was the father. Public opinion, however, required that he should take the advice of his wife's relatives and of his own family council before acting, and a reason must be assigned, though it might be a slight one. Thus it was admitted that if a wife drank wine without leave, or had the key of the cellar in her possession, without being able to explain why, the husband was justified in punishing her according to the enormity of the offence, or even in putting her away. Later on, more trivial reasons were held to be sufficient. Thus cases are recorded in which a wife was divorced for walking in the streets with a bare head (in modern Rome, it may be observed, wearing a covering on the head

in the streets is looked on as a sign of respectability), or for talking in a public place with a freed^d woman, or for going to see the games without her husband's leave.

No event in his life was, if one may be allowed the bull, more important to the Roman than his burial. If the body were not buried, the ghost could find no repose, but must wander round the place of death or on the borders of the gloomy Styx. An elaborate funeral was not necessary, three handfuls of dust scattered over the corpse, if nothing more were possible, sufficed to set the soul free; yet, though the needful was so little, to give a magnificent funeral to the dead was a point of honor to the survivors, and the ceremonies ordained by custom were followed out with scrupulous exactitude. As the man lay dying a relative gave him a last kiss in which to receive his parting breath. The friends then standing round his death-bed called on him loudly by name to answer them if he were yet alive, just as at a funeral of a king of Spain, before the coffin is finally closed, a herald shouts to wake him if he only sleeps. The arrangement of all details of the burial were, as a rule, left to the undertakers, who were in Rome numerous enough to form a strong guild. Though their trade was looked on with contempt, if not with horror, it was sufficiently lucrative, and they were able to provide all requisites for the ceremony, which was in its essentials the same for all, however much the pomp might vary according to wealth and rank. The burial of a noble was, if somewhat barbaric in its details, a picturesque, even an impressive ceremony. After death the corpse was laid out in a bed of state in the atrium, with its feet toward the door ready to go out thence, there for the last time to receive all who came to do honor to the departed. The body was covered with the white toga which its owner had worn during life, and on its brow were placed any wreaths that had been awarded to him for distinguished services. On the lips lay a coin to pay the ferryman of Orcus, and on the ground beside the bier burned censers of incense. A cypress was placed outside the house door, an emblem of death, to warn those who feared defilement not to enter. After nine days a herald going through the streets invited all to attend: "Lo! a Roman citizen is

dead, come, every man that can, and follow after. He is now being carried out of his house." Then at last the procession, ordered by the officer of the undertaker, passed out from the vestibule into the street. First went singers and musicians with their pipes, sounding the funeral dirge; after them followed a troop of female mourners robed in black, professional wailers provided by the undertakers, who expressed by voice and gesture the grief of the family. Then a troop of actors. Of these the chief, imitating the deceased, whom he impersonated in dress and stature, took the place of chief mourner, and seemed to follow himself out to his own burial. With a grotesque mixture of farce and tragedy, he assumed the character of the dead, and even turned his peculiarities into jest. Thus when Vespasian was carried out to burial, and a fellow in the crowd remarked on the extravagance of the funeral, "Give me ten pounds," cried the Archimimus, alluding to the dead Emperor's reputation for avarice, "and pitch my body into the Tiber without more ado." Following these actors came men carrying tablets inscribed with the great deeds of the dead; the battles he had fought, the nations he had conquered. After them came the most striking feature of the procession. The waxen masks of ancestors, taken from their places on the walls of the atrium, were worn by men chosen to represent the deceased members of the family. In a long line swept by the senators, consuls, censors, dictators, each in his robe of state, and the triumphator in his gold embroidered toga. It seemed as if the dead man's ancestors had returned again to earth to do honor to their descendant, and welcome him to his new abode. Then followed the bier, draped in cloth-of-gold, and carried often by men of note, who thus showed their respect to the deceased; sometimes by the relations, as when Metellus of Macedonia was borne out by his sons to burial. After it followed the heirs, the slaves whom the deceased had freed by will, connections, friends, and acquaintances, and others who joined the crowd as a token of respect. From the house the procession passed into the forum; there the corpse was set down below the rostra, from which the heir delivered a panegyric of the dead, relating the great deeds of himself and his family. Thence

the corpse was carried out of the town-gate to the family tomb on the Flaminian or Appian way. There the pyre had been built, and the funeral cypresses had been planted. The body was placed on the pile; one of the relatives, with averted face, applied a torch, and the wood flared up. Gladiators often fought the while, a form of sacrifice to the dead, introduced from Etruria, and which gradually de-

veloped into the monstrous massacres of the amphitheatre.

When the fire had burned out, the ashes were quenched, the calcined bones were carefully folded in a black cloth and washed with wine and milk, then dried and placed with perfumes in the urn of marble or alabaster which found its place in the chambers of the family tomb.—*National Review.*

RUDOLPH OF HAPSBURG.

BY FRIEDRICH SCHILLER.

TRANSLATED BY SIR THEODORE MARTIN.

AT Aachen, throned in imperial state,
On the day that had seen him crowned,
Holding high festal King Rudolph sate,
In the hall from old times renowned.
Rhine's Palgrave with viands crowned the board,
The wine by Bohemia's king was poured,
And, like stars around the Sun,
Stood the seven Electors intent to share
In paying *dévoir* to the monarch there,
Who the world for his fief had won.

The high-piled galleries round were filled
With the people, a joyous crowd,
And through their cheers and their shoutings shrilled
The trumpets clear and loud;
For the time, it was over, the woful time
Of war and disaster and havoc and crime,
And law ruled again in the land:
No longer the spear lords it blindly, no more
Crouch the feeble and peacefully minded before
Brute force and its ruthless hand.

The Kaiser takes hold of the goblet of gold,
And thus, well content, spoke he:
"The feast is bright, and my heart is light,
This noble banquet to see;
But I miss the bard, who brings joys the best,
Who with song and sweet melody thrills my breast,
And with thoughts that are all divine:
From my youth I have loved his art, and here
What I evermore held, when a knight, most dear,
Shall it not, when I'm Kaiser, be mine?"

Then lo! Forth steps with a lordly mien
The bard from these princely peers,
His locks were white, of a silver sheen,
Bleached so by the teeming years,
"Sweet music sleeps in the golden strings,
Of love's dear guerdon the minstrel sings,

Lands the highest, the best, the most sweet
Of all the heart yearns for, the sense desires ;
But say, what my liege of the bard requires,
As for his great festival meet !”

“ I will lay no command on a minstrel true,”
Said the king with a smile. “ To a power
Far higher is his allegiance due,
He obeys the behest of the hour ;
As the roar of the blast when the wild winds blow,—
Whence it cometh and how may no mortal know,—
As the spring from some far-hidden deep,
So the bard’s song wells from his inmost soul,
And feelings awake ’neath its mystic control,
In our hearts that so strangely sleep !”

The minstrel caught up his harp straightway,
And with power its chords he smote :
“ A high-born hero rode forth one day
To hunt the swift mountain goat.
His squire, with the weapons to serve his need,
Rode after, and when on his stately steed
He was pricking the meadows o’er,
Far off he hears a bell tinkling low,—
’Twas a priest, that with the Lord’s body did go,
His sacristan striding before.

“ And the Count leapt down, and he bared his head,
And bowed with a Christian mind
In reverence lowly to what had bred
Salvation for all mankind.
But a brook that brawled through the meadow, by
The mountain torrents swollen wild and high,
The priest’s going on delayed ;
So he lays the Host near him upon the ground,
And the sandals straight from his feet unwound,
In purpose across to wade.

“ ‘ What wouldest thou ? ’ marvelling much to scan
His doings, the good Count said.
‘ On my way, sir, am I to a dying man,
Who pines for the heavenly bread.
I had come to the bridge that spans the brook,
When the torrent came eddying down,—it shook,
Then was whirled away ; and so,
To bring that poor soul its heavenly cheer,
As fast as I may through the water here
Barefooted I mean to go.’

“ The Count sets the priest on his knightly steed
And hands him the glittering reins,
So speeds him to solace the sick man’s need
With the balm of his heavenly pains ;
Himself strode the beast that had borne his squire,
And hunted that day to his heart’s desire :
The priest to the sick man sped,
And by the next morning’s dawning light
He brought the brave barb back to the knight,
By the bridle modestly led.

“ ‘ Nay, Heaven forfend ! ’ then devoutly cried
 The Count, ‘ that in chase or strife
 I should ever again the steed bestride,
 That has borne the Lord of Life !
 If it may not be for thine own allowed,
 To the service of God let it still be vowed !
 ’Tis a tribute to Him I’d give,
 Of whom I take as in trust my whole
 World’s wealth, my honor, my body, my soul,
 And the breath whereby I live ! ’ ”

“ ‘ So may God, who from heaven to the plaint and prayer
 Of the helpless His ear doth bow,
 To honor bring you here—ay, and there—
 As Him you are honoring now !
 Your name and fame men’s praise command
 For prowess done in the Switzers’ land :
 Six daughters fair have you ;
 May each of them bring to your House a crown,
 And hand to the latest ages down
 Its glories ever new ! ’ ”

There sat the Kaiser, with head down bent,
 As he thought of the days gone by ;
 But now he divines what the minstrel meant,
 As he looks at his flashing eye.
 In him the priest he again beholds,
 And he hides in his mantle’s purple folds
 The rush of the tell-tale tears.
 All looked at the Kaiser, and every one
 Knew *he* was the Count, who that deed had done,
 And it hallowed his name for years.

—*Blackwood’s Magazine.*

THE WOMEN OF SPAIN.

BY DONNA EMILIA PARDO BAZAN.

THE subject of this study would be a most embarrassing one if it were intended for a Spanish Review. In speaking of women in my own country I should wish to be able to attribute to them all good qualities without reservation and to present them as mirrors of all perfection, being myself a woman and a Spaniard. Moreover, public sympathy is rather with him who extols than with him who gives an unprejudiced opinion upon the state of society. And in Spain to put in writing matters which are admitted by everybody in conversation often amounts to an act of courage. Thus it is that writers find themselves obliged to gild the pill. In my own case, though I understand the delicate nature of the subject, if I were writing for my compatriots of my own sex I should

use no gilt. On the contrary I should speak with the frankness which has become an essential part of my character. In addressing readers of another country, who expect full and open information and who have practically no means of correcting any errors into which they might be led by false statements, the obligation of speaking the truth becomes even stronger. It must not be thought, however, from these hints that it is my intention to pass any harsh censure on Spanish women or to elaborate a satire after the manner of Juvenal or Boileau. This would be uncalled for, and even if called for would be unjust, for, granted her position in society, the faults of the Spanish woman must, to a great degree, be imputed to the man. It is he, if I may so express it, who models

and gives form to the female character. Perhaps in French society of two hundred years ago, when the sway of a royal mistresses was universal and an assembly of "precieuses" set the fashion, there was some truth in the proverb that "men make laws and women make manners." In the Spain of to-day, where at least nine out of any ten actions performed by a woman are done in obedience to ideas which have been suggested to her by man, it would be neither just nor reasonable to hold her entirely responsible.

To understand the characteristics of the Spanish woman of to-day it is necessary to keep in view the change or rather transformation that Spain has been undergoing ever since the beginning of the nineteenth century, that is to say, since the repulse of the invasion of Napoleon I. The French Revolution, though its direct influence upon us had been scarcely perceptible, obtained an indirect influence helped by the violent upheaval of our heroic struggle. Our War of Independence, which seemed a terrible protest against the new government adopted by the neighboring nation, was in reality the means by which the revolutionary spirit and modern ideas crossed the barrier of the Pyrenees and came in among us. From the time that the Cortes of Cadiz assembled in 1812, a new and constitutional Spain clearly showed itself—the Spain which was destined to conquer the old one repeatedly in bloody civil strife. To live and to gain strength, young Spain was obliged to carry on unceasing war against old Spain, arbitrary, superstitious, and reduced to absolutism by the kings of the House of Bourbon. This contest was carried on not only in the field of battle but also in that of social institutions, and was necessarily reflected in the social and moral status of women, and through them in the family life.

The Spanish woman of the eighteenth century forms a marked contrast to her French sister at the dawn of the Revolution. Whereas the French woman of the last century is perhaps the most witty, sceptical, and free of those who have a place in history, the Spaniard is the most "dévoté," docile and ignorant—notice that I have said "dévoté," not pious, for piety, in my opinion, existed in a better and more solid form among the famous women of the sixteenth and seventeenth

centuries, chief among whom shines the great queen Isabel the Catholic. At the time of the Renaissance, Spanish women, whose learning equalled their piety, far from contenting themselves with no education, or with only a superficial one, held professorships of rhetoric and Latin like Isabel Galindo, or widened the domain of philosophic speculation, like Oliva Sabuco. In the eighteenth century these traditions were so utterly lost that it was considered dangerous to teach girls the alphabet, on the ground that, if they were able to read and write, they might correspond with their sweethearts. I have heard it told of a great-grandmother of mine, of noble family (grandees, in fact), that she was obliged to learn to write alone, copying the letters from a printed book, with a pointed stick for pen, and mulberry-juice for ink. A salutary ignorance, absolute submission to paternal and conjugal authority, religious practices, and complete self-effacement, formed the *régime* under which the Spanish woman of the last century lived. These abuses were lashed by the satiric scourge of our famous Moratin, in *El sí de las Niñas*, *El viejo y la Niña*, and *La Mojigata*. The result of the teaching of these comedies amounted to a complete transformation of the female character. The Spanish woman of the time anterior to the Cortes of Cadiz has become the classic type; as classic as the "garbanzo" and the "bolero." The woman of this pure and simple national type never went out except to mass, and that very early, for, as the proverb has it, "Good women don't walk." Her dress consisted of the tight petticoat of fine cloth or serge, white kerchief, fastened with a gold pin, and velvet bodice and lace mantilla; her only luxury when dressed in her best (for she never walked) was the openwork silk stocking and the satin slipper. She employed her time in manual labor, ironing, knitting, embroidering on a frame, or making preserve or sweetmeats. Patchwork was fashionable in spite of its danger to the eyes. As lately as my girlhood my mother used to show me, as a work deserving of admiration, cushions worked by my great-grandmother in patchwork, so fine that the work almost formed a new texture. Even if she knew how to read, this woman was acquainted with no other book than the breviary, the "Christian Year," and the Catechism,

which she used to teach to her children, by force of blows—for to chastise children was at that time a kind of rite, which it would have been incorrect to curtail, for the proverb says, “*Qui diligit filium assiduatur illi flagello.*” She led the prayer of the rosary, surrounded by her servants and family; at night she gave her blessing to her sons, who kissed her hand, even though they already wore beards, and were married; she consulted with some friar or other on the affairs of her household, and had home-made remedies for all known infirmities. So thoroughgoing a female figure was bound to disappear at the advent of society as at present constituted.

I do not wish to maintain that all was good under the old system. The scandalous memories of the court of Carlos IV. would cry aloud to refute me—duchesses picnicking in the country with bull-fighters, and supping with actresses in their houses, queens exalting their favorites, and loading them with riches and honors; ladies, in addition to other vices, more excusable because natural, given up to the vice of gambling, stuffing their beaded reticules with gold pieces, and losing in a night a fifth part of their fortune. All I wish to state is, that the classic type of the woman of old Spain prevailed before the year 1812, and formed the characteristic of society anterior to the constitutional regime; and I may add that these dévoté and strait-laced women and the gay ladies whom Goya painted in the frescoes of the hermitage of San Antonio were two distinct and inseparable forms of one and the same epoch, two types of old Spain, neither of which finds its place in the eighteenth century in France, where virtues and vices alike bear an unmistakable mark of the intellectual movement.

The social change brought, as a necessary consequence, the evolution of the feminine type, and it is surprising that the new style of Spaniard who strove for and wrought this radical change has not yet resigned himself to the fact that, amid the change of all her surroundings, of institutions, laws, manners, and sentiments, the type of woman would vary also. It is indisputable that men in general have not resigned themselves to any change or evolution in women. For the Spaniard, I do not hesitate to say, however liberal and advanced his ideas may be, the ideal

of woman is not in the future but in the past. The model wife is still the same as she was a hundred years ago. We must pause and examine into this fact, which will give us the key to many contradictions and enigmas, at first sight inexplicable, which are found in contemporary Spain.

When the War of Independence broke out, Spain possessed one of the elements which go furthest to foster the spirit of patriotism. This was the identity of views on public affairs in the two sexes.

From this unanimity (possessed also by France during the revolutionary period) patriotism is born in the home circle, a patriotism that can be handed down to future generations. There is nothing that nations, where such unanimity exists, may not hope for.

At that time the man and the woman were more on a level as regards their civil duties. He did not yet exercise the political rights now bestowed on him by the parliamentary system, though entirely denied to her, and society was not divided into two heterogeneous portions as it is now. Woman and man felt and thought alike; both were Catholics, Royalists, Spanish to the backbone, and enemies to everything foreign. It is for this reason that the part played by women in the defence against the French was no less active than that played by men. Docile and passive in ordinary circumstances the woman of old Spain, when she saw her country in danger, could show that beneath her modest bodice beat the indomitable heart of the heroines of Celtiberia. The hands accustomed to finger the beads of the rosary or balance the lace fan found strength to dash down the grenadiers of the Old Guard or to apply the fuse to the touch-hole of the cannon.

Perhaps some one, taking up a position the disproof of which is impossible, may maintain that with the recurrence of a French invasion the same thing would happen again. I do not believe it. Such female heroism may occur as an isolated phenomenon; as a general rule it cannot. It is more likely to occur among the lower orders or the aristocracy than among the middle class. The last sparks of public spirit in the Spanish woman were her protests and the kind of “*Fronde*” which she organized at the time when the revolution of September, 1868, took an anti-Catholic complexion and Amadeo I. came

to the throne. To the same class of phenomena belongs the part which women, chiefly peasants, took in the Carlist rising in the northern provinces. It is worthy of remark that whenever the Spanish woman shows interest in public affairs her adherence is always given to old Spain; new Spain, socially speaking, has not yet formed its female party. Since the conclusion of the last civil war women have paid no attention to public affairs. Though certain ladies are adopting the habit of frequenting the galleries of "Congress," it is with a view to amusement, to see and be seen. Only a few days ago a friend of mine, whose opinions are the very opposite to reactionary, was complaining to me that the Spanish woman lacks an ideal, and listening to his complaint, I reflected that it is impossible for her to have one; her old ideal has not been respected, a new one has not been offered.

Spaniards find themselves face to face with a painful contradiction. Though their inclination to social innovations is such that in no country, except perhaps Japan, have reforms been so sudden and so radical, they feel at the same time so intensely the charm of tradition that they are always returning to it like the faithless husband to the constant wife. That in which tradition exercises the strongest sway over the Spaniard, for it lies deep, we may say, in the foundation of his Semitic nature, is everything which relates to his womankind. From the Spaniard's point of view, I repeat, all may, nay must, change; woman alone must remain immutable and fixed like the pole-star. Ask the most liberal man in Spain what qualities must be united in his ideal of woman, and he will draw you a picture very little different to that drawn by Fray Luis de Leon in *La Perfecta Casada*, or Juan Luis Vives in *La Institucion de la Mujer Cristiana*, or even, ascending still further the stream of time, he may go back to the Bible, and find his ideal expressed in the strong woman. At the same time as he draws so severe an outline and demands from the other sex a combination of the qualities of the stoic and the angel, he would place her within a crystal barrier which should separate her from the world through the help of ignorance. An acquaintance of mine who passes his life wallowing in the political mire does not

scruple to censure as a grave fault, and to ridicule as the greatest absurdity, any expression of opinion on public affairs by a woman. As for other kinds of knowledge, many are of the same opinion as the father of a certain friend of mine who, when asked by his daughter if Russia was a northern country, replied angrily, "Good women have no need to know such things."

I repeat, that the social distance between the two sexes is to day greater than it was in old Spain. Men have gained rights and privileges in which women have no share. Each new conquest made by the stronger sex in the field of political liberty deepens the moral abyss that separates it from the weaker, and makes the rôle of the latter more passive and ill-defined. Educational freedom, religious freedom, right of public meeting, the suffrage and the whole parliamentary system only serve to transfer to one half of society, the masculine, the strength which the other half is gradually losing. Nowadays no woman in Spain, from the occupant of the throne downward, enjoys the slightest political influence, and the female intelligence is but a pale reflection of the ideas suggested by men. To prove the truth of this assertion it will suffice to analyze one aspect of the female heart in Spain, its feelings on the religious question.

I have already stated that in my native land, so far from desiring that his womankind should think and feel like himself, the man's aim is that they should live a moral and intellectual life not only inferior to but entirely different from his own. That the Spanish woman is a believer by instinct I do not deny; but the development of this instinct is greatly assisted by the law, promulgated by the man, that, while he may make his choice and be either deist, atheist, sceptic, or materialist, his daughters, sisters, wife, and mother must be nothing else than Catholics pure and simple. I remember that some time ago in my native town, Coruña, a meeting of freethinkers was got up. The promoter and president was a professor of very republican opinions, and he gave notice in the newspapers that ladies might be present. When after the meeting he was asked why he had not brought his own wife, he answered, horror-struck, "My wife! My wife is no freethinker, thank God!"

I should be the last to complain of the

persistence of the religious spirit among women. Would that men had it too. Heaven knows they need it! I only wish to show the inconsistency, the unfairness, and the somewhat humiliating nature of the restriction imposed by men upon women in forbidding them to break through the barrier of belief. The man considers himself a superior being, authorized to throw off every yoke and question all authority and to arrange his life on an elastic moral system of his own making; but, influenced by the despotic and jealous temper natural to the African races, as he can no longer place a negro with a dagger in his girdle to watch over his wife, he gives her an august guardian, God! Thus God is for the Spanish woman the protector of the purity of the marriage tie, with the added advantage that, if the husband seeks distraction and pleasure abroad, the guardian becomes a consoler and a counsellor of right, who takes the wounded soul into his loving hands and heals it with sweet balm, turning it from the path that leads to destruction.

This is why no Spaniard, with exceptions so few that they serve to confirm the rule, would consent to see the women of his family abandon the religion in which they were brought up. Men there are who have not confessed for thirty years and yet would be shocked to hear that their wives had failed to carry out the commandment of the Church last Easter. No unbeliever can fail to evince a certain amount of feeling when he recalls the days of his childhood, remembering the ideas which his mother taught him. Not to have received from one's mother religious instruction is considered almost as great a humiliation as not to know who was one's father, and to tell a man that his mother was without religious principle is to insult him scarcely less than by accusing her of unchastity.

From this dualism in the male judgment spring extremely cruious contrasts between the public and private life of Spanish statesmen. While abroad they pose as innovators, and even as destructives, in the family circle they worship tradition and take part in the religious duties of the household. Estanislao Figueras, formerly President of the Republic, daily recited the prayers of the rosary with his wife. At the table of Emilio Castelar, another President, who was also democratic tri-

bune, meat was never served on fast days during the lifetime of his sister Concha. Castelar's gift of beautiful expression helped him to explain this reverential attitude in an extremely poetical manner: "My sister," said the celebrated orator, "represents for me the home of our parents now broken up, the pleasant memories of childhood, and the period of youth, during which love and belief are so strong. The Catholic practice, which I follow for my sister's sake, gives warmth to my heart."

While the women are hearing mass their husbands await them, leaning against the pillars of the porch. Only women assist at religious exercises such as "triduos," "novenas," and celebrations. All this is so well known and common that nobody pays any attention to it. To such a degree have the men abandoned to the women the field of religion, that preachers have been obliged to invent a trick to enable them to obtain a male congregation. This is done by announcing lectures or conferences, which cannot be attended by women because they treat of very profound subjects of science, morals, or philosophy. The male vanity is thus tickled in its most sensitive point—intellectual exclusiveness—the church is crowded; and although the lectures do not generally possess any point of superiority to the average newspaper article, their success is assured by the delicate flattery of being "for men only."

I hasten to add that though they abandon the religious field to women, the men do not permit them to give themselves up to it entirely. There must be no free-thinking, but neither must there be religious or mystic raptures. Behind the ecstatic devotee the father, brother, or husband sees the black shadow of the "spiritual director," a rival in authority, all the more terrible from possessing the prestige of a pure and saintly life, added to that of an education almost always superior to that of the laity, at any rate in morals and theology. Thus it comes to pass that of all the religious practices of the women the one that the man looks upon with most jealousy is frequent confession. Sometimes it is the subject of domestic wars. There exist in Spain some towns, in Biscay and Andalusia especially, where the influence of the Jesuits is so great that whole families are guided by the advice

given in the confessional. It is impossible to exaggerate the impatience and annoyance with which the men regard their influence, or the malevolent and even calumnious insinuations with which they dispute the empire of the female heart against the Jesuits.

Nevertheless, husbands, and all others who hold authority over women, know that the confessor is rather an ally than an enemy. It scarcely ever happens that the confessor advises a woman to protest, struggle, and emancipate herself, instead of submitting, yielding, and obeying. Only on rare occasions, when the faith may be in danger, the confessor will remind the penitent that she will neither lose nor save her soul in company with her husband, and that marriage is not a putting away of personal responsibilities. In spite of all this caution and moderation on the part of confessors, I assert that men view frequent confession and religious fervor with disfavor. What they would like to see in women is a lukewarm faith, a just medium of piety.

But I must not go on speaking of Spanish women without dividing them according to the classes in society, for the aristocratic class, the middle class, the populace of the towns and of the country, each produce different types, though the likeness which exists between them reveals the common stock.

In mentioning the aristocracy, the royal family presents itself first. It consists of an assemblage of women and a child in arms. These women are not all Spanish. The queen is an Austrian, and the Infanta Paz lives in Bavaria; but the queen-dowager, better known as Isabel II., has unmistakable national characteristics. Unconventional and acute, kindly and full of fun; the quintessence of "gracia;" good-natured to all; making up for the grave defects of her education by the keenness of her wits, the Queen Isabel (let history appreciate her political conduct, I am talking at present of her character) is a pure Spanish type; she is what Taine would call a "representative type" of not a few Spaniards. Nor does her daughter, the Infanta Isabel, Countess of Girgenti, belie the country of her birth. Familiar and gay, a marvel of liveliness and activity, no slave of etiquette, endowed with a frank and decided character, the Infanta Isabel practises virtue in a thoroughly

Spanish manner,—without angularity, supersensitiveness, or affectation, and without the smallest trace of prudery. What distinguishes her from the group of Spanish women with whom she would naturally be classed is a manly independence, an affection for sport and bodily exercise, which seems rather to belong to the Saxon race. No one can deny individuality to the Infanta Isabel, and this quality makes her very "sympathique," and assimilates her to the women of the Renaissance. The Infanta Paz possesses refined tastes, such as a love of painting and making verses, but has given no proof of a really artistic temperament. The Infanta Eulalia, elegant and highly-strung, has no distinguishing mark among the multitudes of ladies who are the ornaments of ball-rooms and delight the eye with their beauty.

Next after the royal family come the ladies of the aristocracy, both that of birth and that which springs from recent military and political triumphs. These have the worst reputation of any class of women in Spain. I will prove it to be unfounded, but I am bound to admit that it exists.

The people of Madrid, who continually see the same hundred or so of ladies always the same, luxuriously and daintily dressed, whirled rapidly along in their well-cushioned carriages; the middle-class which from the pit of the *Theatro Real* beholds these same ladies leaning back in their boxes resplendent with jewelry, and with bare arms and shoulders; which eagerly devours in the newspapers the "fashionable news" and "echoes of society," and takes count of the laces of each trousseau and the amount of velvet employed in a train; which hears certain names re-echoed with all the pride of beauty, riches, and estate; feeling day by day the goad of envy and the smart of *amour propre*—gives itself up to repeat and believe that the ladies of the "beau monde" are all more or less Cleopatras or Julias, equally ready to drink pearls melted in vinegar and to sacrifice their reputations now with Cæsar, now with the gladiators of the bull-ring. I have noticed, and the observation appears to me a new one, that the spectators by whom the higher classes are always surrounded, the mob that is always on the look-out for and ready to comment on their actions,

confines its attention to one sex (the female) in those classes : it personifies in the woman the vices and the virtues of the class, and whether it be that, from the double moral standard that prevails for the two sexes, it imagines that everything is permissible in men ; or whether the luxury that provokes envy is not so evident in men as in women, the fact remains that the shafts of calumny, and the accusations directed against the higher classes, invariably choose as their target the conduct of women. That the aristocrat should be an idler, a spendthrift, loose, frivolous, and purposeless ; that he should live in ignorance and at his ease ; that like the celebrated "viveur" of the satire his only thoughts should be of bulls and horses, and that he should be useless to his country and to the cause of civilization, surprises nobody. That which is leading us straight to "decadence" and the "Later Empire," is that a suspicion should be abroad that the Marquesa Tres Estrellas has a "liaison," or that she should have lowered two centimetres the neck of her ball-dress.

He who does not live in the magic circle of "society," or does not possess the rare virtue of contentment with that state of life, regards as serious crimes a multitude of actions, morally colorless, which great ladies perform whether because their position demands it, or to fill up the emptiness of their existence, or to conform to the regulations of fashion. The people, and to a greater degree the needy middle class, among which public opinion is formed, cannot believe that the woman who spends yearly hundreds of pounds in dress and jewelry, who attends races in her landau or coach, and lunches there on pigeon-pie and champagne, who employs in trains materials that might have been used in making her bodice less scanty, who perfumes the padding of a tea-gown and wears silk stockings in the daytime, who dines well and luxuriously, and after sipping her coffee lights a Turkish cigarette—is not utterly lost. All this seems to the Spaniard a sign of depravity and wickedness, and from every detail of the kind that comes to his notice he infers a life of debauchery and disorder, and supposes that such is the life of all the ladies of the "grand monde."

It cannot be denied that some live very superficial lives, their only thoughts being

of dress, amusement, and trifles. But in addition to the fact that this is rather the result of want of brains than of wickedness, we must, before passing condemnation, look and see if the man, from whom the woman receives the moral impulse, gives her any better example. I do not hesitate to affirm that such is not the fact, and that the stronger sex is equally guilty of frivolity with the weaker. In the man the fault is less excusable. The woman in being frivolous, in passing her life between the hairdresser and the dressmaker is only confining herself to the region to which she has been relegated, and playing the part imposed upon her, that of ornament. It is a common saying in Spain that only two professions are open to women, that of tobaccoist, or that of queen. To these have been added lately those of telegraph or telephone clerk. To men, on the other hand, every path lies open. If our nobility desired to have weight and influence on the destinies of their country, and become the "leading class" in the noblest sense of the word, all would applaud and none hinder them.

Nor is the luxury and inanity to which ladies of high rank are supposed to be given up so general as is believed. Many live in modest retirement, many devote themselves to their homes and superintend in person the education of their children ; not a few occupy their time in charity and devotion, and some manifest a praiseworthy interest in literary, artistic, or scientific questions, or even in matters pertaining to agricultural or industrial progress. I cite these latter as an exception, but it would be unjust to omit to praise the discretion and talent of the Marquesa de Casa Lohring, and the fruitful activity and initiative of the Duquesa Angela de Medinaceli. Many men of the same social position would do well to emulate the latter lady. It has always been ladies of position, not men, who have taken interest in the national poetry, represented by Zorrilla. Ladies of rank were the first to take up the distinguished Menendez Pelayo and to accentuate his success. The intellectual character of all the ladies of the ducal house of Rivas is well known ; and the beautiful daughter of the Marques de Sotomayor has fully proved her enthusiasm for intellectual qualities by choosing Canovas del Castillo in preference to a host of blue-blooded suitors. I do not wish to

cite examples of special merit, for it would appear to be a slight upon those that I omitted to name. I hope my friend, the Condesa de Superunda will pardon me for only mentioning her here to testify to the clearness of her understanding and the earnestness of her life. Having a thousand times defended the good names of ladies of high position against accusers who, it is my firm belief, had never seen a single one except in the distance, and seeing that it was impossible to convince these austere self made moralists, I fell back on statistics, and begged them to name to me one by one these ladies of proven bad reputation, whom I say again they did not know personally, and I offered, in exchange, to name to them those of unquestioned correctness of life, chosen among my own relations or acquaintances. "You see, of course," said I, "that if ladies of position are really as corrupt and hopeless as you make them out to be, it is easy for you to prove it by piling up names. And as the principal fault which you impute to these ladies is the one that gives most opportunity for calumny, and is such that when suspicions of it are aroused, it is as if it were already committed, I shall not even be able to reply to the arguments you adduce. Let me have their names then." With that my opponent gave me about half-a-dozen—the eternal invariable half-dozen that gives unending food to scandal and material for backbiting; the half-dozen whose story has reached the provinces, and has probably also found its way over the sea into foreign lands. On the other hand, I kept citing whole families, hundreds of ladies, and once I went so far as to pick up the Red Book, which contains a list of the nobility, and request the moralist to mark with a cross those he considered guilty. I remember that he was never able to complete the dozen.

But how can so deeply-rooted a prejudice be got rid of? Who can upset arguments like that of a certain lady living in the country, who, having read in some newspaper that great ladies decorated their dancing shoes with diamond buckles, declared loudly that the woman who put brilliants on her feet must be worthless, and that she was at a loss to know why the husbands of these ladies did not send them to the Penitentiary.

To this sort of conspiracy against the

fair name of noble ladies the novel and the drama have contributed. Perhaps the public is amused and tickled in its vanity by the representation of vice in high places; or perhaps the prejudice of which I have spoken has made its way even among the literary class; the fact remains that the duchesses, marchionesses, and countesses represented in dramas and novels are almost invariably shocking examples of perversity and worthlessness. Not long ago one of our first novelists, Pereda, published a novel on manners in high life, called *La Montalvez*, in which the maidens and matrons of the aristocracy commit all sorts of enormities. It is my belief that Pereda, who is a great hater of life in the capital, allowed himself to be influenced by what I call "the provincial legend;" if the novelist had only associated with the people of whom he wrote, his picture would be more true, and he would not quote the exception as rule. The ladies fare no better in the novels of another author of much merit, the Jesuit, Father Coloma, but in his case the cloth explains certain unduly austere expressions of opinion about balls, parties, dress, and amusements which belong exclusively to the upper classes.

The education which is given to the daughters of the nobility is in my opinion defective in two respects. It is weak and it is wholly foreign. Weak because it has no foundation in serious and deep studies and never gets beyond superficiality; foreign because schools, governesses, masters, and nurses, everything in fact to be "the right thing," must come from France, Germany, or England. These women are losing every day more and more the national character and individuality. I never enter a boudoir or bed-room without being impelled by my novelist's and observer's instinct to glance at the book which, cased in rich old velvet, lies on the little table or by the fireplace. Nine times out of ten it is a French novel of the high-flavored type, Ohnet, Feuillet, or Cherbuliez, scarcely ever a religious or historical book, never a Spanish novel, for to these palates, accustomed to the French bonbon, served up in a satin box, Spanish novels are "vulgar." Ladies who, like the Condesa-Duquesa de Benavente, follow with kindly interest our modern novel-writing, or, like the Duquesa de Mandas, have read and understood books on geology and pre-

historic forms, may be instanced as honorable exceptions.

There can be no doubt of it ; a woman whose position gives her leisure and who is relieved from the necessity of dedicating much time to domestic affairs by the perfect organization of her household ; who no longer lives a cloistered life as in the eighteenth century ; whose "house falls in upon her," as we say here, because her husband deserts her, to pursue his amusements and business ; requires a great moral superiority to enable her to escape the purposeless life of visits, the park, the opera, and the ball-room, to have other thoughts than the changes of fashion and to be strong and self-contained. It is often the vanity of her husband which incites her to extravagance and ostentation, even if his indifference and desertion do not drive her to seek forgetfulness in excitement. All these are extenuating circumstances inadmissible by those who would have the woman faultless and impassive, but not to be ignored by the student of human nature.

In appearance the ladies of the nobility are handsome and stately ; but the national type of beauty is becoming scarcer. The woman of middle height, slight and rounded form, undulating and languid or swift and stately movements ; black, expressive eyes fringed with long lashes, somewhat colorless lips, dark complexion and hair of jet, is giving place, little by little, to the fleshy blonde, known here as the Rubens type. There are many blondes in Madrid. The truth is that a great part of them are blondes only by the help of dyes.

Another type which abounds in the aristocracy, and seems to me very ancient in that class, is the fair woman, pale, anæmic, with long face, and projecting and scornful under lip, such as were painted by great portrait-painters like Pantoja and Velasquez. This type, though not beautiful, is full of distinction. It is thought that the bringing of the water from Lozoya and the climatic change which ensued have changed the appearance of the ladies of Madrid, making them fresher and rounder. To me it is evident that the loss of the national type is to a great degree the result of the change in dress and the adoption of fashions created by other nations widely different from ours, which, though they may suit their invent-

ors, render us ridiculous. The Spanish woman had hit upon the costume most becoming to her in the fashions of the time of Carlos IV. The short satin skirt, the low slipper, and above all, the mysterious, voluptuous and poetical black or white mantilla, are unequalled in setting off a type of woman who is pleasing rather than really handsome. The present fashion, rough stuffs, dull colors, tailor-made garments of English production, long waterproofs and cloaks ; the double-soled, broad-heeled boot ; and above all, the French capote-hat, are so many dangers for Spanish beauty. A long-necked, straight-backed woman like the English-woman looks quite well in a man's tunic and tie. A woman of very pure and fresh complexion would lose nothing by employing half tones, gray, otter, or "beige." A tall woman might look stately in a cloak that covered her from head to foot, but the Spaniard—short, dark, with rounded form and curving lines—needs garments of another kind and fashion, suited to her natural shape. The classic type seems better preserved among the "chulas" of the lower quarters of Madrid than among the higher classes, and this is due to the fact that the "chula" dresses in a way that follows the fashions of the past : her shoes are made and her hair is arranged in the Spanish manner, and she wraps around her the Manila shawl embroidered with bright colors. When the ladies of the aristocracy bring out the mantilla during Holy Week, the classic type shines forth immediately in all its genuine brilliancy like a diamond in its setting.

On visiting Spain every tourist of artistic instincts laments the disappearance of the mantilla. Formerly a hope remained for him outside Holy Week, namely, the bull-fights. But even from this last stronghold the mantilla has been cast out by fashion. Nowadays the proper thing is to go to the bull-fight in hats, the more exaggerated the better ; and, if the simple truth must be told, the right thing is not to go to the bull-fight at all, but to prefer the race course, with its ins and outs of betting, its rivalry of ostentation in the rows of carriages and its exhibition of loud summer costume. The taste for bull-fighting, which is the true Spanish taste, with which the whole nation is deeply imbued, is now to be found almost exclusively among the men, the "chulas," and the

common people. The middle class, which always follows in the steps of the upper, has deserted the bull-ring; and the Spanish woman, whose nerves are getting so highly strung that she cannot stand a sad play, cannot now endure the emotions of the bull-fight, which the philanthropic propaganda has represented to her as similar to those experienced in the Coliseum of old.

In Spain, middle class has a very wide signification. Its boundaries are so ill-defined that it embraces on the one hand the wife of the rich banker, who is middle class only because she is not of the aristocracy; and, on the other, the wife of the telegraph clerk or sub-lieutenant, who belongs to it only because she cannot be classed among the common people. To make the classification somewhat more precise, we must base it on external circumstances, and say that the woman who does not dress like the lower orders, who pays a man or maidservant to wait upon her, and owns a little drawing-room in which to receive visitors, belongs to the middle class. The smallest position under Government held by a member of the family, the very shadow of a claim, is seized on by the Spanish woman as a means of reckoning herself among the "gentry," and escaping from the ranks of the "people" properly so called.

Every Spanish woman is anxious to prove that she is "come of decent people," and considers that a Government clerk on a very small salary, whose very means of existence are precarious, fulfils this condition better than any artisan whose skill lies in his hands, as, for instance, a silversmith, watchmaker, or cabinet-maker. Even though in the house of the artisan life is easy while in that of the Government clerk or soldier sordid poverty and hardships are the order of the day, the Spanish woman prefers the latter because, married to a captain or civil service clerk, she considers her position as a "lady" assured. In this respect also the woman only adopts the masculine opinion. A civil service clerk with a salary of £60 a year can "cut a figure" in the "beau monde," can go to a ball and dance with duchesses. A cabinet-maker or grocer who gains by his work £200 or £400 a year will never be looked upon as a "gentleman."

The antipathy which she feels to me-

chanical or mercantile employments sets the Spanish woman of the middle class against the idea of gaining her own living by her industry. Nor did this idea spring up spontaneously within her, she only judges by the standard that has been inculcated from her youth up. The daughter of the people when still a child learns already to gain her piece of bread, by running errands, domestic service, sewing, manufacturing, making cigars, selling fish or vegetables or tending cattle. But imagine a shabby-genteel family favored by nature with five or six sons and condemned to live on a miserable salary or income. What will the daughters do? Go behind a counter? Exercise some profession, business, or occupation? No. They would thus cease *ipso facto* to be "ladies." The distinguishing mark of a "lady" is to do nothing at all. And so, the daughters must remain mouldering under the paternal roof, forming a sort of convent of nuns without vocation; watching their youth slide by in sadness, knowing that it will be followed by an old age still more sad, reduced to live on bad and scanty food, so as to attain the two objects on which they found their sole hopes of a better future. Firstly, that their brothers may get a start in life, so as to be able "some day" to assist them. Secondly, that they may not be without the amount of dress necessary to enable them to present themselves "respectably" in public, and await the advent of the long-hoped-for husband who is to come to their relief. If he does not put in an appearance, no life can be more wretched than that of this young lady, condemned to poverty and idleness, or, at the best, to shame-faced labor, concealed as a crime, because the class in society to which she belongs would expel her from its ranks if it knew that she demeaned herself by any other work than that of managing her household. Few, indeed, are the avocations which are open to women in Spain, but fewer still are the women of the middle class who can make up their minds to exercise them. A few years ago, a lady, Martina Castells, graduated in medicine. The illustrated papers published her portrait as that of a remarkable and singular female. At the present time there exists between the woman of the middle class and the woman of the people the profound difference that, whereas the latter considers it her duty to

gain her living, the "bourgeoise" is under the impression that she ought to be maintained entirely by the work of the men. This is why women in the middle class are more dependent, more conventional, and less spontaneous. The woman of the people may be a somewhat coarse figure, but she is certainly much more of a figure than the bourgeoisie. This latter—she must not be offended, it is her teacher's fault, not her own—passes her life expecting, one might almost say lying in wait for, a husband. From her earliest years she has continually had it dinned into her that the only career open to her is matrimony, and she acts on the advice. I will not say that love, so natural and amiable in youth, has nothing to do with it; what I do say is, that this love savors of utilitarianism, as it is the only form of the struggle for existence in which women may compete. The modest middle-class family stints its meals to enable the daughters to present themselves on the promenade, at the theatre, or evening party, suitably got-up and well equipped in all the weapons suitable for husband hunting. Marriage, and the advantages that ensue from it, being the one aspiration of the bourgeoisie, her parents do their best to educate her conformably to masculine ideas and prejudices, and to keep her in that just mean with a tendency to impassiveness which, as I have already said, is desired by Spaniards in their better halves. Although there still exist men who commend absolute ignorance in women, the majority are beginning to prefer, at least in practical life, a wife who, without being ambitious of solid and serious instruction, has a shadow, veneer, or varnish of schooling which makes her "presentable." He who does not wish for learning in his wife, wishes for "education," especially in all that is showy and ornamental. Progress is no vain word, seeing that nowadays a middle-class husband would blush that his wife should not know how to write or read. History, elocution, astronomy, mathematics are studies still looked upon with some suspicion by men; philosophy and the dead languages would be excessive. On the other hand an agreement has been arrived at, and modern languages, geography, music, and drawing are looked upon with favor, provided they are taken up in a purely amateur spirit and do not become serious pur-

suits. Painting on china, decorating cups and saucers, daubing "moonlight effects," is regarded favorably. Frequenting museums, studying nature, sketching from the living model, is looked upon with disfavor. To be able to read the *Figaro* in French and Walter Scott in English, good. To read Horace in Latin, dreadful!

This system of education in which half shades prevail, and in which solidity and depth are regarded as improper, has the inevitable result of limiting, checking, and narrowing women, dwarfing their natural growth, and keeping them in continual childhood. Its character is purely superficial, it is at the most a whitewash of education, and even where it can infuse some traces and scraps of knowledge, it can never give a proper stimulus to intellectual activity.

While female education is so weak intellectually it is not much better practically. The knowledge of the facts of hygiene and physiology, so necessary for the preservation of health, and the bringing up of children; the rudiments of the culinary art; the practice of scrupulous cleanliness and rigorous order; the comprehension of that poetry which is communicated to the home by the delicate taste of a woman; none of these form part of the dowry brought by the "bourgeoise" to her husband. Sometimes she is ignorant of even the most simple details of actual life, and does not know how to arrange linen in the press or how to keep the lamp clean. More than this; even in making her own person attractive, the woman of the middle classes does not give proof of that energy and intelligence which are, paradoxical as it may seem, the result of culture rather than of vanity. Listlessness, carelessness, lymphatic limpness, lack of cold water, badly-cared-for hair, teeth, and hands, bad taste in the choice of dress and ornaments, the want of the intellectual element in life betrayed by the meaningless or coarse expression of eyes and features; all this contributes to make the middle-class Spaniard attractive only during a short period of girlhood, during which, bright, trim, and engaging, she awaits the husband who is to "end her troubles."

In expressing myself thus, I must again repeat, I am indicating general tendencies, not invariable facts. It would be easy to

dispute my assertion by quoting instances. And I must again remind the reader of a fact that must never be lost sight of, that the woman is as the man deliberately makes her, and that, considering her disadvantages, the Spanish woman's energy and initiative show the admirable material which enters into her composition. Many of the good things that are not taught her she guesses and attains by virtue of mother wit. And on subjects which are within her reach, and on which she is allowed to have an opinion, she almost always surpasses the stronger sex in sagacity and good sense.

Some attribute to the climate, others to the intellectual inequality that prevails between the two sexes, the fact that the home life in Spain is wanting in intimacy. The husband sallies forth to his business or amusement; he passes his evenings in the café, the casino, or even in the street, rarely or never accompanied by his wife. One of the things that struck me most on my first visit to France, was to see so many couples in the streets of Paris. In Spain this is not the custom, and to give the arm to one's companion is considered bad taste. Among us the stay-at-home man is looked down upon; he would be considered as spiritless; the life which women are obliged to lead being so circumscribed, and the sphere of their activity so restricted, a man cannot without danger impose the same limitations upon himself.

Abandoned by their husbands the wives are driven to the same courses, and the Spanish woman so devoted to home during the last century is becoming a great gadabout. This is one of the points in which the change has been most radical. In small places she has no excuse for passing her time in the streets; in large cities a pretext is easily found, shops, visits, church-going, this or that sight to be seen. It cannot be doubted that this taste for gadding about reveals some deficiency in the family life. I do not believe, like Luis Vives, that women endanger their fair fame by going out often, I only say that going out so as to "get away from home" shows a want of domestic life and a sort of horror of solitude which is an unmistakable sign of an empty head.

With regard to the reputations of Spanish women of the middle class it may be

said that there is more virtue than vice in them, that in general they are faithful to their husbands; and even if they have once made a false step it is exceptional to see one abandon herself to a worthless and licentious life. In spite of this it is my opinion that if statistics could be got together on a subject naturally so delicate and difficult, the backslidings of the middle class would be found to be more frequent than those of the highest. The reason is simple. The wife of the Government clerk, solicitor, or doctor is less observed and enjoys greater liberty than the lady of high lineage, well known, surrounded by servants, and accustomed never to go out except in her carriage. Nobody talks about the bourgeoisie, or if they do talk it is only in a restricted circle; on the lady of high position all eyes are fixed. The former is more exposed to danger, because she is easier of access, less noticed, and her intrigues make no scandal. I allude, of course, to the inhabitant of populous centres who occupies no lofty position, for a woman of political notoriety will be observed as much in her smallest actions as a princess of the blood. Nor do the women of the middle class enjoy this immunity in small places. Every "lady" who wears silk is a matter of remark in a little village; for this reason, the standard of morality among the middle class in the provinces is fairly high.

Even in the capital, in spite of the passionate nature of the Spanish nation, I do not notice any relaxation of morals. This question of morality between the two sexes requires most careful treatment. We must not allow ourselves to be frightened by ridiculous bugbears, or be led to take up the cry that the world is going to the bad because of matters as old as the world itself, and which are perhaps less prevalent, less shameless, and less coarse than at other periods of history. Woman in Spain is not depraved, though she is very much dwarfed, very wanting in ideal.

The Spanish bourgeoisie is generally somewhat of a snob. Her tendency is to vulgarity, and on that side she sins. As a result of the mediocrity to which she is systematically condemned by her social position, she is wanting in *aplomb*, spontaneity, and distinction. The just mean in religion; the just mean, bordering upon indifference, in patriotism; total extinc-

tion in politics, and the consecration of her mental activities to trifles and details, have produced a woman of dwarfed stature, good at the bottom, of pleasing and amiable exterior, naturally acute and witty, but lacking in earnestness, often less disinterested, and always more poor-spirited than the man. Her character sometimes possesses delightful by-ways, but she is lacking in what painters call "boldness." Without being either stupid or bad, she is, I repeat, "outrée" and vulgar. As the springs of feeling are not dried up within her, she is capable of transformation when her affections are at stake, and rises to grandeur at the bedside of her sick child or dying parent. Instinct is for women of this kind a better guide than understanding.

Another cause of vulgarity in the middle class is its eagerness to imitate the nobility, what we call here "the wish without the power." From this eagerness results the curiosity and interest with which they read the "fashionable news," a species of literature formerly only cultivated by "La Epoca," the organ of the Conservative party, but now run after by all the papers. Ladies there are who learn by heart the list of the jewels of the Marquesa de la Laguna, and are thoroughly conversant with the favorite colors of the Duquesa de Alba, whom they familiarly call Fernan Nuñez.

Last year, at the Barcelona Exhibition, I had an opportunity of noticing the feverish interest taken by women of the middle class in the most insignificant actions of ladies of high rank. When the Queen went out for a walk, when she entered the theatre, thousands of ladies awaited her in eager expectation (the men were conspicuous by their absence), and this not from any sympathy with Royalist ideas, but simply from female curiosity. They waited standing for hours and hours to seize and comment on the details of her dress and the manner in which her hair and that of her ladies-in-waiting was arranged. "Fernan Nuñez is wearing a cloak like the one you ordered in Paris." "Look at La Condesa de Sastago, her capote is wider than the Queen's." "What a beautiful sunshade, with an ivory handle!" Such was the gist of the remarks all the time till the carriage came in view; and all this with the anxiety of people studying a model which they in-

tend to imitate to the utmost of their power.

Any one who saw in the park two young ladies, one the daughter of a police-magistrate and the other heiress to a title and £4,000 a year would take them at first for two sisters. The same hat, the same cut of dress, the same dark parasol, and above all the same frank and lofty bearing, the same reserved and side-long bow. Look closer, however, at these two figures which seem so similar, and you will see that they resemble each other as the modern cast resembles the coin of ancient stamp. Their dresses are similar in shape, but in one the cut of the fashionable dressmaker is apparent, in the other the laborious arrangement made by the light of the paraffin lamp at home. The walk and movements of the one are only a poor imitation; in the girl of the middle class a certain amount of timidity is noticeable combined with a certain amount of stiffness and affectation, which she can never shake off because the freedom and ease bestowed by a brilliant position are unattainable by those who do not possess it and cannot be replaced by a careful education and a wide and agreeable culture. This stiffness, which is in reality only produced by the fear of appearing ridiculous and the lack of the candor necessary for remaining contentedly in one's true position, is what betrays the middle-class woman in certain circles of society.

The desire to imitate the aristocracy shows a want of independence and energy in the woman of the middle class. It may be answered that it is better to imitate countesses and duchesses than "cocottes" and actresses, as is done in France. I answer that all imitation is undesirable, and if neither bad women nor actresses are copied here (and heaven forbid that I should confound the one with the other), it is because among us they do not arouse the same amount of curiosity as in Paris. This is proved by reading the daily press. No reporter informs the public of how the Duke of X.'s or the banker Z.'s mistress dresses; nor breaks through the privacy which enwraps the life of Madame Mendoza Tenorio or Madame Tubau when off the stage. On the other hand, we are regularly regaled with accounts of the dresses, jewels, sayings, thoughts, dinners, and journeyings of the ladies of the nobility.

In Spain actresses—at least during the last twenty years—live in modest retirement, with no outbreaks of Bohemian ostentation or eccentricity. It often happens that when they marry they renounce the profession and dedicate themselves entirely to the labors and duties of home. This, though far from blameworthy, proves that they were wanting in the bright spark of enthusiastic genius which makes the true artist. Possibly this half-heartedness has something to do with the decline of the theatre and the increasing lack of good actresses, which is making the creation of female character for the stage almost impossible in these days—a loss deplored by all our play-writers.

In a study on Spanish women I cannot omit a department of life in which the aristocracy, the middle class, and the people are intermixed and live in common. I mean the nunneries. Although there exist convents which are preferred for high-born novices, like *Las Huelgas* and *Las Salesas*, and in some admission is only granted to those who can show four quarterings, the fact remains that in many convents of *Concepcionistas*, *Benedictines*, and *Capuchines*, the rich and noble lady who has been induced to take the veil by a religious impulse, or a disappointed affection, prays in the convent chapel side by side with the humble domestic servant who has had to depend on charity to enable her to amass the dowry necessary for a "bride of Christ." The remark I wish to make with regard to nuns in Spain is that they also, strange as it may seem, are undergoing a transformation, the inevitable result of the course of events. The old-fashioned type of nun, who passed her life in contemplation, psalm-singing, making sweetmeats, almond-paste, scapularies, and pin-cushions, is gradually giving place to the modern sister, less conventional and more practical, dedicated by preference to teaching or works of charity, desirous to learn and anxious to model herself on the French sisters, who, together with the convents of the *Sacré Cœur*, and other institutions of the same nature, have brought about this radical change in the cloister life of Spain. Nowadays the romantic, old-fashioned convents, with their double jealousies bristling with spikes, and their melancholy gardens, enclosed in high walls, within which the life was purely contem-

plative and ascetic, are becoming rarer and more deserted. The religious institutions which gain in popularity are, as I have pointed out, the half-secular ones, which interest themselves in succoring the poor and educating girls. Among charitable institutions I must cite, as a recent Spanish foundation, the *Little Sisters of the Poor* (*Las Hermanitas de los Pobres*). In teaching, the guiding spirit comes from France. Our own nuns, who are, of course, much the same as their lay compatriots, are beginning to understand that in order to teach, it is necessary first to learn; and perhaps, in a year or two, the standard of female culture in the convents will rise—a necessary condition to their maintenance and prosperity.

In Spain the common people more than any other class preserve the national character and the fundamental ideas and feelings consecrated by tradition. I suppose this is the case in every country, and that the purest national types, moral and physical, are to be found among the commonalty and specially among the women. Still a great difference exists between the women in town, village, and country; and we may even say that in Spain there exist at least ten or twelve widely different popular female types.

Where can be found a greater contrast than that which is afforded by the women of the large Spanish towns, the *ouvrière* of *Cataluña* on the one hand and the "chula" of *Madrid* on the other. The Catalans have acquired already the special characteristics of a hard-working and very advanced race; and it may be affirmed that the native of *Paris*, neat and business-like as she is, is not more so than the woman of *Barcelona*, either as regards cleanliness, or diligence, or the conviction, if I may so express it, that work is a duty and a privilege. She differs from the *Parisienne* in being less wily and engaging with customers, if she is behind the counter, or in gaining a tip for any service she may render. But good order, the charming simplicity and neatness of her dress, a business-like and practical turn of mind, aspiration to comforts gained by the sweat of her brow, and a fund of healthy independence born of her devotion to work, make the *ouvrière* or manufacturing hand of *Cataluña* a woman of a late and civilized age in the full signification of the word. On the other hand, the

woman of the town quarter of Madrid,—a much more interesting subject for the artist,—is a survival of the past, a relic of old Spain; hers is the face which adorns fans and tambourines: she is the model that is used by students of manners, such as Mesonero Romanos or Perez Galdos. Descendant of the *majas* and *manolas* of old, the “chula” cultivates as an art an unabashed freedom of speech, a hasty and reckless temper, an intensity of feeling, and all the fervor of unbridled passions. The “chula’s” hands are as free and ready as her tongue, and she is capable of picking a quarrel with the sun itself; she is also capable of giving the clothes she has on to relieve misery. Noble and beautiful traits alternate in her with others equally coarse, shameless and barbarous. When the former are in the ascendant it is impossible not to love her. The conversation of the “chula” is full of wit, her actions are always determined by and spring directly from the heart or imagination; she never calculates, and her unreflecting brightness is as attractive as the spontaneity, mischievousness, and amusing sallies of a little child.

The “chula” is generous and disinterested, and does not fear to undergo cruel privations and incessant sacrifices to secure the comfort or satisfy the caprices of the object of her affections. As the bursts of feeling in the “chula” are not governed by reflection, it often happens that she wastes treasures of affection and passion on the most undeserving of mankind. With the labor of her hands, sometimes even with the wages of her shame, the “chula” often feeds and clothes some bullfighter out of work or some loathsome and degraded ruffian. Madrid abounds in couples, of whom the man lives only to satisfy his low and vicious tastes, passing his mornings in bed and his evenings at the café, continually drunk, and with the cigarette always between his lips, while the woman works like a slave so that her despicable companion may not lack money to enable him to continue his life of debauchery and idleness. It seems scarcely necessary to add that the “chula’s” affection leads her to such strange extremes that, though irritable and proud with others, from her lover she puts up with blows and all sorts of bad treatment; it would almost appear as if even humiliation and suffering bound her to him who in-

flicted it. After a beating from her “sweetheart,” the “chula” appears as affectionate as a turtle dove, and as docile as a lamb.

Needless to say, the “chula” is not exactly what may be called a model of strictness and austerity. Indeed, the ranks of prostitution draw many of their recruits from this class, from which, together with the lower orders of Andalusia, are chosen the Spanish bayaderas, who are known as singers of “flamenco” songs and dancers of “flamenco” dances. Nevertheless, to return to the general conception on which this essay is founded, I maintain that the “chula” (woman) is better than the “chulo” (man), in spite of all her faults. Warm-heartedness and acuteness, enthusiasm and disinterestedness, sometimes save her from infection in the polluted atmosphere in which she lives, and make her a brave and honest woman, while preserving all the impulsiveness and “gracia” of her class. Even after being dragged through the mire the “chula,” who deserves the name, does not entirely lose a certain element of attractiveness and romance, which is not to be found among such persons in Paris, where vice is purely a business transaction. If heart and feeling are required, they may be found in the “chula” of Madrid. If this woman were only capable of education! . . . But if she were capable of education (the difficulty crops up again) she would no longer be a “chula,” and her lively sparkle would be gone.

The Andalusian resembles the woman of the lower orders of Madrid, but she is more timid and religious, and in some towns like Seville and Cadiz, she is very orderly and attentive to her household affairs. The old stock prevails in the southern provinces; the cigar manufactories are the only industrial centres in Andalusia, and it is a well-known fact that the *cigarreras* form a separate and distinct class, differing from the *ouvrière*, who acquires imperceptibly a French type, or at least loses the picturesque air which is preserved in all its brilliancy by the *cigarrera*. Graceful descriptions of the cigar-makers of Seville have been written, representing them with bunches of roses in their hair, and their turned-up sleeves showing their olive-skinned arms, with their animated and free chatter, and their noisy and brisk activity. Nowadays when the notorious *pronunciamientos* are becom-

ing things of the past, riots among the *cigarreras* are frequent, and the office of manager of the manufactories of Seville or Madrid can only be held by a man of great coolness and energy. "These women," the head of the manufactory at Madrid remarked to me the other day, "are at the bottom deserving of sympathy; they have the best of hearts, and by good treatment you can do what you like with them; but their sense of justice is so fully developed and strong, that I pity that manager whom they should have reason to consider as unjust. They are capable of tearing him to pieces in a moment of excitement."

All the *ouvrière* class in Spain, as well as the cigar-makers, have been somewhat bitten with the Republican ideas so well fitted to flatter in theory that thirst of justice which is distinctive of the lower orders. But, by a seeming inconsistency which may easily be explained, the Republican *ouvrière* in Spain continues to be superstitiously religious, attends special services, and lavishes attentions on the saints and virgins of her choice; she preserves her respect for kings, for whom she conceives a loyal sentiment bordering on fanaticism if ever she receives from them some mark of kindness, or insignificant sign of good will and care. The Spanish woman of the lower orders preserves forever the recollection of kindness done to her, and, in short, of any trait of generosity and good feeling, even though no profit result to herself. The most insignificant actions, if they bear the impress of a kindly nature, move her to an incredible degree. Last year in one of the streets of Zaragoza, I noticed a blind man, who was groping among the stones of the road in search of a copper piece which he had dropped. I pitied the poor man, and taking a silver piece of the value of a franc from my hand-bag, I gave it to him. At the same moment I was surprised to hear a chorus of blessings showered on me by a group of poor women. I could not help laughing; a franc is such a small matter to provoke so much enthusiasm. I reflected afterward, and saw that the approval expressed by these women resulted from the fact that my conduct, though in no degree surprising, fell in with their inmost sentiments: each one of them would gladly have given the beggar a franc, or even more had she been able.

One of the most strongly marked types of women in Spain is the native of the Basque Provinces. She differs in every respect from the Spanish woman as imagined by foreigners, passionate, languid, and Eastern; on the contrary, the woman of Biscay, Guipuzcoa, and Alava is a figure with severe, one might almost say, harsh and rugged outlines, the most moral and Christian woman in all Europe. I appeal to social statistics, and I think they will not belie me. The Basque race is a race apart in Spain itself; it is believed on good grounds that the Basques are descended, if not from aborigines in the rigorous sense of the word, at least from the first tribe that migrated, ages ago, to the Iberian Peninsula. It is beyond question that the ethnical and moral characteristics of the Euskarian race mark it off from the other races of Spain, and it has no affinity with the inhabitants of the rest of the Cantabrian littoral in spite of the similarity of country and climate. Whereas the Asturian or Galician woman presents a rounded contour and a soft type of features, the Basque is hard and angular in outline, and unyielding obstinacy is written on her brow. Cleanly, industrious, and grave, her purity seems temperamental, for, as I have often heard it stated, many Euskarian peasant women are completely impervious to the tender passion. They marry because they regard it as a duty to have a household, and they aspire to maternity, which they do not admit outside the marriage bond. Their fidelity and purity, the merit of which I will leave moralists to discuss, are absolute. It is true that the general standard of morality in the Basque country is much higher than in the rest of Spain, and I need not repeat that to hope for very pure women where men are extremely immoral is signally inconsistent. Fifteen years ago the sister provinces still retained a lofty patriarchal stamp, a spice of Homeric virtue which did not prevent them, lying as they do so near to France, from being the most advanced and industrious part of our country, with the exception of Cataluña. The upholders of the "*fueros*" or legislative independence of the region assert that, since the termination of the Civil War, and the suppression of these venerable privileges, the Basque country is, little by little, losing the purity of its manners, the simplicity and innocence of its character,

and all its home-grown virtues. There is one more sacrifice that new Spain has been obliged to offer up on the altar of constitutional liberty. The Basque Provinces and Navarre have always been the hotbed of the Carlist rebellion; and those who are well acquainted with that country state that it would not surprise them if the insurrection broke out again and further bloodshed ensued, so tenacious are the Basques of the unyielding religious spirit and of federal monarchy.

The Basque woman, so insensible and unbending in the field of passion, shows herself ardent in that of politics when she believes her traditional beliefs endangered. During the Civil War the Basque women gave proof of a heroism equalled only by that of the Spartans. The mother of three sons, when the two elder had died on the battlefield, came forward and offered the youngest also, "for the Liberals to kill." A whole volume might be filled with traits of sublime fanaticism manifested during the Carlist war.

In other parts of Spain women do not manifest the same enthusiasm in politics or coolness in love as in the Basque provinces. On the contrary, it may be affirmed that the passionate romance now exiled from the educated classes has taken refuge in certain Spanish provinces; and every day the newspapers contain an account of some double suicide, resembling in the circumstances that of Prince Rudolf of Austria, with the difference that its hero and heroine are a poor soldier and a seamstress or a washerwoman. Only among the people is found the man who binds himself to his sweetheart with the many folds of the Spanish sash, and, carefully wrapping her skirts about her lower limbs, with a kind of posthumous jealousy, that modesty may not be offended in the death-struggle, first sends a bullet to her heart and then blows out his own brains.

In sketching rapidly a map of Spain arranged according to the various types of women, I should wish to mark them out in three or four principal divisions. A certain analogy exists between the Basques and the Catalans, in spite of the impassive nature and the respect for tradition of the former. Between the Andalusian and Madrid divisions the resemblance is very close. If it were my purpose to seek in a forgotten past the reason for this similarity

in character, I should say that it reveals the preponderance of the Semitic or African element. The woman of the central plateau, the Castilian, is a mixture of the Celtic with the original Iberian race. In spite of marked differences, some similarity exists between her and the Galician or Basque. The purely Celtic division, namely, the Asturias and Galicia, which so closely resembles the Basque Provinces in its physical characteristics and its climate, produces, thanks to the difference of race, a female who forms a complete contrast to her Basque sister. The Galician or Asturian woman is tender hearted, politics do not trouble her, and she cares nothing for the constitution, or whether Don Carlos or Alfonso XII. be king. Devoted to her children, she would not think of sacrificing them in the struggle for a social Utopia, and as regards susceptibility to the tender passion, it is sufficient to state that it rarely happens that a Galician peasant-woman goes to the altar without having already a family. We must not omit to state that, carrying out the ideas of Jean Jacques Rousseau, the peasant women of this Celtic division, though free in manners before marriage, are afterward generally faithful to their husbands.

Throughout the length and breadth of Spain the women help the men in agricultural labor, for the equality of the sexes, though denied by the written code and in social spheres in which life is idle, is established by the poverty of the peasant, the journeyman, and the farmer. In my own country, Galicia, women in delicate health, or with children at the breast, may be seen digging the ground, sowing the maize and wheat, and cutting the grass for the cattle. This severe labor raises no protest among the profound theorists who, on the least attempt to widen the sphere of women's activity in other directions, exclaim, full of pious horror, "Women ought to confine themselves to the bosom of their families, for their sole purpose in life is to fulfil the duties of wife and mother." The poor home of the needy peasant woman, where food and firing are wanting, and where the rain and storm beat in, is almost always empty. The mistress has been emancipated by a liberator, eternal, merciless, and deaf—Necessity.—*Fortnightly Review.*

MADAME FRANCE AND HER BRAV' GÉNÉRAL.

BY W. T. STEAD.

THE political problem in France is one of deep interest beyond the borders of the Republic. For it raises anew in the Centennial of the Revolution the great question whether there is or whether there can be in a democratic State any interdict imposed or maintained upon the absolute authority of universal suffrage. In England, politicians have accustomed themselves to regard the clearly expressed will of a majority of the electors as decisive. With us the phrases popular sovereignty, the will of the people, self-government, have come to mean in practice this: that there is no appeal either in the law or the constitution from the will of a majority of the electors as shown at a general election. The British householder is as absolute as the Tzar. As long as he is in doubt, other powers exist. When he has made up his mind, they simply disappear. The utmost that the most fervent partisans of the House of Lords now venture to maintain is that the Second Chamber may interpose for a season in order to place beyond all doubt the fact that the electorate has really made up its mind. But when that mind is made up beyond all doubt its decisions are obeyed.

General elections have come to be more and more of plebiscites, and the voice of the people, as audible at such elections, has come to be regarded as the only English equivalent of the voice of God. The people are a law unto themselves. No law is superior to their will. Their votes are the source of law. When they vote it is in order to declare what laws shall be abrogated or what laws shall be passed. It is becoming more and more impossible, therefore, for Englishmen even to imagine that the will of the voting majority for a time being can be or ought to be subjected to any limitation.

In France, however, the home of the Revolution, where men deal much more than they do in England in the magniloquent phrases which assert the uncontrolled sovereignty of the nation, the plebiscitary doctrine is still regarded by many politicians as a damnable heresy. This was bluntly expressed by M. Reinach in the *République Française*, after General

Boulanger's election for Paris, when he wrote:

"The will of the people, if it presumes to go against the law, is that of a drunken pasha; the duty of a Republican magistrate is to crush it."

The conception of the existence of a magistrate upon whom was imposed the duty of crushing the will of the people is so novel to the average British elector that he will probably be revolted at it. Yet we have only to turn to the United States to find in full force and practical operation a number of effective checks and limitations upon the national will—checks and limitations which impose upon the Republican magistracy in certain contingencies the duty which M. Reinach declares is imposed on the French Presidency. The will of the people, no matter how clearly expressed in plebiscitary elections, cannot effect any alteration in the American Constitution until certain rigorously imposed conditions, entailing the delay of years and the patient and prolonged verification of the force and persistency of the national will, have been scrupulously complied with. No majority, no matter how decisive, of the American people can place a law on the Statute-book which conflicts with the written constitution as interpreted by the Supreme Court; whereas, in England, there is no law and no institution which cannot be thrown into the melting-pot as soon as the British householder has had an opportunity of clearly making known his will. The only check upon the impatient will of the democracy is the Septennial Act. Once in seven years the householder becomes an autocrat, and those who are curious about such things will find in the agitation for shorter Parliaments the most significant and possibly the most dangerous symptom of the growth of what may be termed plebiscitary absolutism in Great Britain.

Lord Salisbury has frequently made known his anxiety for the adoption of American safeguards against the uncontrolled caprice of the voting majority. Democracies are, however, impatient of restrictions which impede the making of

their will immediately executive ; in England the natural forces of the national sluggishness have hitherto been potent enough to conceal and to minimize the dangers against which every constitution builder seeks to guard. We can afford to take the risk. But because we can do so, it does not necessarily follow that other nations can follow our example. In England we can afford, or at least we have hitherto been able to afford, to allow the voting majority to become periodically autocratic. If we make a mistake at one election we can rectify it at the next. That is because in England there is no power superior to the electorate, and it is only in countries where the electorate represents the supreme force that it can safely be invested with supreme power that is immediately executive. If that is necessary to the full exercise of national sovereignty, then it is well to recognize that France has not the conditions under which alone national sovereignty can be exercised. English people do not realize, and fortunately for themselves are never likely to realize, the enormous difference which the existence of an immense army makes in the conditions of government. We can do as we please, because whatever blunders we make nothing is irreparable. It is impossible for a free community, in which the soldier is an insignificant unit among the mass of citizens, to part with its freedom. We cannot, even if we wished it, vote ourselves into slavery. The French have that privilege. If for a moment we were to be seized with the caprice of servitude, we should no sooner experience its evils than we should resume our liberty. But in countries where there is a huge army, popular liberty, in the English sense, is impossible.

That is the fundamental distinction between England and France, and that is the difference which must never be lost sight of in attempting to form a just judgment upon the policy of our neighbors. The citizen cannot abdicate in England. In France, if for a single moment he were to lay down his prerogatives, he could never regain them except at the price of a revolution. We may make Mr. Gladstone dictator, or Lord Salisbury, under the veil of Constitutionalism. But as a breath has made them so a breath can unmake them. In France it is otherwise. In the Republic there exists, side by side with citizen-

ship, the armed nation. As long as the citizen retains firm grasp of the Executive power, the army will do his bidding. But, if in a moment of lassitude or impatience, he hands over the Executive power, the army can be used to prevent any further exercise of his sovereignty. If once, by any fluke, any individual, be he wise or foolish, has succeeded in scrambling into the place from which commands can be issued to the men with muskets, all constitutional safeguards disappear. Power passes from the men who vote to the men who shoot, and although the latter are the former in uniform, the dire enchantment of military discipline renders them the obedient instrument for the destruction of their own liberties. The man who wields the Executive power in France can order 2,500,000 adult Frenchmen to shoot whom he pleases, and they are bound to obey. An army is of necessity an unreasoning machine. It is a tremendous engine created, from first to last detail of its organization, in order to be the facile and obedient instrument of the will of the Executive authority. Hence the enormous peril to which free institutions are exposed in the French Republic ; hence the need for placing the most rigorous restrictions upon all ambitions that seem to tend toward the establishment of what the Americans call the One Man Power. For the one man who sits in the chair of the Executive is no longer a mere man. He is a being who can will with the force of 2,500,000 rifles, and can speak with the voice of all the artillery of France. Until Europe disarms, liberty in the English sense, popular government in the English sense, national sovereignty in the English sense, are impossible in France. The shadow of the sword obscures the light of freedom, and all that can be hoped for is a more or less wretched *pis aller* which will do duty as a substitute for liberty. A man who drives along a turnpike road can indulge in vagaries one-thousandth part of which would be fatal on the unfenced edge of an abyss. France is always on the edge of the abyss. Hence the peril of Boulangism. France is the last country in the world where men can afford to play tricks with the securities which the mature wisdom of the framers of the Constitution has enacted for the preservation of the liberties of the people.

II.

The Centenary of the Revolution, which has just been celebrated by the opening of the Exhibition in Paris, curiously coincides with the culmination of Boulangism. For a hundred years France has been experimenting with political systems, with the result that she has not to this day developed in the minds of the majority of the people the elementary principle of popular representative government. The evil spirit of absolute power is not exorcised even by the charm of a revolution. The demoralizing influence of despotism cannot be cut out like a tumor even with the knife of the guillotine. Rather is it like a cancer which, when the surgeon has removed it from one place, forms again in another. France has never purged herself of the virus of absolutism. Self-government in the English sense is still foreign to the traditions, the instincts, and the deepest convictions of the French. The proof of this is that France is at this moment divided into three camps. There are the Boulangists of all shades, whose one idea of saving France is to put a soldier into the saddle in the view that they will be able to induce him to ride in the direction of their hopes; there are the anti-Boulangists, who are ready to resort to almost any expedient in order to prevent the majority of Frenchmen, if they are Boulangists, imposing their will upon the minority; and there are the Revolutionary Socialists, to whom both Boulangist and anti-Boulangist are but fit to be used as fuel for the burning, who hold aloof from politics, and whose whole expectation is fixed upon the general overturn that is to inaugurate the millennium.

The very idea of bowing to the will of the majority of the adult persons in the community is alien to the whole political genius of the French people. They understand authority, and they understand anarchy. They do not understand the government of the people by the people and for the people. They distrust the wisdom, the sanity of the popular decision to such an extent that they are continually occupied with considering how to set it at naught. One of the most eminent Republicans in France, a man conspicuous for his devotion to democratic principles, said the other day: "What you do not understand in England is this. For the

sake of freedom it is necessary sometimes to disregard freedom. The Republic is the pledge and the security of our liberties. We mean to maintain the Republic by the aid of the majority of the people if we can get that majority on our side, but against that majority if that majority goes over to the other side. What would you have us do? Bow to the majority? Even if the majority were, in spite of our warnings, to vote for a candidate whose pretensions are fatal to the Republic? Never! never! That we will never do, notwithstanding all your protests. We will save the Republic, be its supporters minority or majority, come what may. Of course, in the end, if the nation will have Boulanger or any other person, we shall be compelled to submit. If I am the only Republican in France I cannot establish the Republic, that is quite sure. But so long as we have the power in our hands we must use it without hesitation to save the Republic." "So the outcome of one hundred years of the Revolution has been to leave the Republicans as despotic at heart as the Grand Monarque?" "The Revolution," he replied quickly, "was it, then, indifferent to the responsibilities of power? Did it not use that little instrument in the Place de la Concorde without stint to impose its will upon the country?"—which is, no doubt, true, and that little instrument, or something similar, is always the *ultima ratio* of French logic.

This habit of mind, which is confined to no section, is a monstrous inversion of the claims of the Catholic Church established in the political sphere. Every government, every system, regards itself as infallible, with a sacred mission to crush the heretic, by fair means if possible, but, if not, then by foul. That your principles ought not to be allowed to prevail until you have converted a majority of the adult population to your way of thinking, that the true sceptre of power in a democratic State is argument rather than authority, and that because you happen to be in power you have no more right to administer the law to prejudice your political opponents than you have to burn a man to death for disbelieving in the Trinity, these theories of politics are at a discount upon the other side of the Channel. In France all political factions are practically so many religious or irreligious sects,

each almost as intolerant as the Roman Church, and as fanatically convinced that the shortest cut to the Kingdom of Heaven is to give them supreme power to harry their adversaries. The very efforts which the more reasonable and truly Liberal statesmen make, in order to place some check upon the uncontrolled caprice of the voting majority for the time being, bring them perilously near the edge of the same pernicious doctrine. Nor are they as careful as they might be to avoid the appearance of evil. To talk, as M. Reinach writes, about crushing the will of the people, when that will has been declared at the polling booth, is to invoke, in phrase at least, the weapons of despotism in the cause of liberty. It is, indeed, an unfortunate position in which one faction wishes to assert popular sovereignty in order to consummate political suicide, and the other, to save the liberties of the people, is driven to deny the duty of rendering obedience to the national will.

In such an atmosphere Boulangism grows as naturally as mushrooms on a dunghill. For the moment that, however unavoidable such a departure may be, you depart from the democratic principle of counting noses and allowing the average man, even if he be wrong, to govern in his own way until he finds out by his own wit that he is mistaken, it is difficult to stop short of a despotism which logically ends in dictatorship. As the Catholic Church gravitated to the decree of infallibility, all authoritative political systems gravitate toward the sovereignty of the one man—it may be a Monarch, an Emperor, or a Doge, it may only be a masterful Prime Minister, or an omnipotent Mayor of the Palace. The craving to take short cuts to the millennium, the belief in the possibility of using authority to save men from themselves, opens the door to the Saviour of Society, and it is through that door that General Boulanger has entered to disquiet the Republic. His is a familiar rôle in French history, and, like all his tribe, he puts in the forefront of his mission the salvation of the Republic—by its annihilation—a kind of salvation not usually appreciated by the victim of the experiment. There has always been some one round whom the floating mass of discontent in solution tends to crystallize, but seldom has the process of precipitation been brought about by so insignifi-

cant a grain of sand. It is a product characteristic of our time. For Boulangism, whatever it may have of solidity and force, owes its existence to conditions which are among the distinctive creations of this century. General Boulanger may be a charlatan or he may be a hero. But whether charlatan or hero his present position is the triumph of *réclame*.

"Grateful and comforting," said Mr. Goschen, in explaining the substantial increase to the revenue from the growth of the national consumption of cocoa, "have not been without their effect. Cocoa is taking the place of coffee in the national breakfast cup, by virtue of the immense expenditure of rival cocoa manufacturers in advertising their wares, and the description of Epps' cocoa as 'grateful and comforting,' which meets the eye in every railway station, is largely responsible for the change." As it is in England with cocoa so it is in France with General Boulanger. He is the hero of ingenious *réclame*. Boulangism has worked the miracle of Aaron's rod in swallowing up all the other isms by virtue of the great modern art—the art of advertisement. The first Napoleon climbed to the Imperial throne by a ladder every round in which was a brilliant victory over the enemies of France. The Third Napoleon leaped into the vacant throne from the vantage-ground of his uncle's name. General Boulanger has neither victories to boast nor a name to be proud of. Yet by universal consent he is now the only man whose personality is visible throughout France: the only man to be feared as a foe or to be counted on as a friend. And all this is the work of the accomplished practitioner in the art of *blague*, the achievement of the professor of *réclame*, the crowning glory of the *claque* which has devoted its energies to the science of political advertisement. Great is puffery, numerous are the resources of a master in the difficult art of self advertisement; but who could have imagined that on the Centenary of the great Revolution, men would be gravely discussing whether a comparatively obscure soldier has or has not been advertised into a position from which he may establish himself upon the ruins of the Republic in the supreme seat of power occupied in turn by Charlemagne, St. Louis, Henry Quatre, Louis XIV., and Napoleon. The fact that he owes his

position to *réclame*—it must be admitted—does not necessarily prove that he is unworthy of it. There is a prejudice of old standing against those who thrive by the arts of the advertiser. The man of insight is superior to prejudices. The prejudice of the mail-clad knights against villanous saltpetre was as natural as the prejudice against the advertiser; but as gunpowder triumphed, so may the advertisement, and if so, the part of the man of foresight is not to disdain but promptly to utilize the weapon which will enable him to achieve his end.

Lord Randolph Churchill is the most distinguished example in our country of the position which may be won in a comparatively brief space of time by the adroitness which keeps a man constantly *en evidence* before the public. To make the elector think of you, keep yourself *en evidence*, never bore your public, but always keep up the interest in your performances, and you will soon distance much more sober and serious statesmen. The popular memory is terribly short-lived. The mind of the democracy must constantly be refreshed, otherwise it forgets. Politics have become the theatre of the masses, and the Merry-andrew is often more welcome to the pit and gallery than the most respectable of heavy fathers or the most imposing of heroes. That the destinies of nations should be entrusted to the least capable of governing because they are the more adroit in tickling the ears of the groundlings is undoubtedly a grave drawback to the new system; but, after all, it does not compare altogether unfavorably with the old methods of insurrection, of cabal and of intrigue, by which ambitious men have in other ages fought their way up to supreme power. Democracy, no doubt, is often very vulgar, and the necessity for advertisement is one of the phases of this defect.

But while in free countries not under the yoke of militarism the advertiser may be allowed to find his own level, the increased opportunities which the extreme publicity of our time gives to the dexterous organizer of a political *claque* should not be lost sight of as an additional peril, where the army supplies an automatic machinery for suspending liberty, if once an adventurer has advertised himself into power.

III.

General Boulanger has brought his black horse, Tunis, to London, and Londoners have now an opportunity of inspecting the chief theatrical property of the new Pretender. But it would be a mistake to imagine that his horse is his only claim to popular favor. Caligula made his horse a consul, but we have not yet arrived at a time when a horse can make its rider master of France. As the vine, deprived of its natural prop, will cast its tendrils round any thistle or hemlock that grows near, so the French craving for a savior is prepared to cling to any individual, no matter whom, if only he happens to be near and conspicuous. In the wilderness of commonplace mediocrity General Boulanger was just visible above his fellows. He had pleasant manners, he was a man of some decisiveness of character; his eye for effect was not trammelled by too much scruple; he was a soldier who had the advertising instinct of a circus manager. These four qualities may not have been of the first-class, but there were four of them, and no other candidate for popular favor had so many. The death of Gambetta left the field clear for a patriotic candidate. Gambettism was the direct descendant in the Republican line of Bonapartism, and Boulangerism is the heir of Gambettism. Had M. Gambetta lived, General Boulanger would have been a French general and nothing more. When Gambetta fell, General Boulanger's opportunity arrived. He is now the first Pretender to supreme power in France, and those who dislike him most admit that, after all, no one knows what may happen.

It is all the result of the French character, habituated to Monarchy and personal authority, and it only seems strange to us, because we have never fully mastered the fact that the French Revolution was never directed against the principle of the exercise of absolute authority by a minority over a majority. Whatever was the triumph of the Revolution, it did not legitimize the sovereignty of the majority. The result is that the spiritual successors of the men of St. Antoine are in more or less open revolt against all Government whatsoever. The conflict between these wildly anarchic discontents below, and the authoritative infallibilist Republicans

above, may attain sufficient development to lead the masses of the French peasants to subordinate every other consideration to the supreme necessity of placing in power a man who, like Captain Plunkett, would not hesitate to shoot. General Boulanger, being a soldier, is presumably such a man. There are many curious things about General Boulanger, but one of the most curious is the conviction with which he inspires all those who meet him that they can use him as their tool. No small part of his success has been due to this faculty. He has exercised it upon every party in turn, and often upon several parties at once. They have all either exploited him or hope to exploit him. The Republicans led the way. It was they who first conceived the possibility of getting a rise out of his popularity. How that popularity came about no one can accurately explain. All that is known is that about seven or eight years ago, when the Republic was still living in more or less dread of the Orleanists, who crowded the War Office and controlled the army, the leading Republicans discovered that General Boulanger was popular, not very popular, but a little more popular than any other General who was of a Republican way of thinking. Thereupon, as is the fashion among political men, they cast about in their own minds how they could best exploit him in their own interest. Republican Generals, with a dower of popularity, were not so plentiful that they could be disregarded by Republicans more or less alarmed at the strength of the Monarchists in the army. Hence M. Clémenceau entered into relations with General Boulanger, and it was this intimacy which gave General Boulanger his first stepping-stone to power. M. Clémenceau is now no doubt undecieved in the character of his *protégé*. He knew that General Boulanger had been one of the officers supporting the Duc d'Aumale, to whom he owed the grade of General. But he relied upon him to rid the War Office of the Orleanists, and so far as that particular task was concerned, his confidence was not misplaced. M. Clémenceau thought he could use him, and he persisted in that belief until long after every one else saw that it was the General who was using M. Clémenceau as a cloak to cover his own designs. But at last even the patience of M. Clémenceau gave way. He broke with

General Boulanger, and he has ever since continued to be his uncompromising opponent.

Deprived of his first political ally, thrown out of office, and despatched to the semi-retirement of the command of a district army corps, General Boulanger soon set an example of indiscipline by organizing an agitation, and making boasts which he first denied and then admitted. After serving a period under arrest of three days for indiscipline, he visited Paris in disguise to organize his political campaign. He was detected, ridiculed, and placed on half-pay. But ridicule has ceased to kill in France. General Boulanger stood as candidate in two Departments, and, being tried by a Council of Generals, was declared guilty of serious breaches against discipline, and dismissed. He at once plunged openly into politics. His qualifications, whatever they were in other respects, were balanced by certain very glaring defects. He had up to this time betrayed both the Monarchists and the Royalists. He had been overwhelmed with ridicule for his disguised breach of military discipline, and he had been disarmed and deprived of his military status by a Military Court. He was effaced, he was crushed forever, so exulted his enemies; and for a time Europe believed that the Republic had demolished General Boulanger, as completely as the Tzar had disposed of General Ignatieff—a much abler man than General Boulanger, and with far more substantial achievements to justify his position in the State.

The fixed idea that General Boulanger was a useful tool for any one to handle was far from being disposed of. He was no sooner dropped by one party than he found others eager to renew the experiment. This time he was taken up by two parties, representing the extremes of French politics. M. Henri Rochefort, the Labouchere of the Republic, and M. Naquet, the Republican senator who is notable as the author of the Divorce Law in France, hastened to attach themselves to the discarded Minister. He welcomed his allies with the same good humor that he had received the advances first of the Orleanists and afterward of the Republicans. Together with these advanced men, came a still more questionable contingent of political adventurers, headed by M. Laguerre, a man not unfitted to play the rôle

of Morny to a new Napoleon. Less disreputable allies were found in the Conservative rank and file, but so far as leaders went, General Boulanger has conspicuously failed to attach to his banner a single politician of standing and repute. The Republican deputies stood firm. There was no visible trace of sympathy in the army with the disclassed General. No respectable Monarchists or Imperialists joined his committee. His personal adherents in the Chamber and the Senate could be counted on the fingers of one hand. Nevertheless, the very aimlessness and apparent stupidity of the man stood him in better stead than much more commanding qualities. All the groups that were discontented with the Republican administration of the last ten years saw in him a rallying point. Had he been a stronger or an abler man they might have feared. They all thought they could use him for their own purposes and then fling him on one side. When they had sucked the orange, they could throw away the skin. But what if the orange itself were not an orange, but the sucker of an octopus? That was a possibility which they would not contemplate. So the combined malcontents elected him as the representative of the Nord, one of the most solidly respectable and industrious Departments in France. Then followed his election for other departments, which encouraged him to attempt in January the crowning achievement of his electoral ambition. A vacancy occurred for Paris, and General Boulanger was nominated for the city of the Revolution. The Republicans were so confident of success that they nominated a political nonentity as his opponent, and bade all the world witness the crushing defeat that they were about to inflict upon General Boulanger. The world waited, and lo! instead of a crushing defeat of General Boulanger, the General came out at the head of the poll for the most Republican city in the Republic by a majority of 80,000 votes.

From that moment it was evident that the confidence of the Republicans in the devotion of their rank and file to the Republican cause was misplaced. General Boulanger, of course, has never wavered in his protestations of devotion to the Republic. But a Republic minus Parliamentarism, and *plus* a plebiscitary President like General Boulanger, would be so like the Roman Republic under Augustus,

that it is hardly worth wasting time with such juggling of phrases. General Boulanger's success would mean General Boulanger master of France, and to save France from such a master seems to the Republicans the first duty which they owe to the Republic.

IV.

What, then, is the secret of the strength of General Boulanger? How comes it that on this Centennial of the Revolution the Republic should be endangered by the pretensions of a disclassed soldier, without ideas, without political character, and without as many respectable men in his *entourage* as would fill the seats in a first-class railway carriage? To answer that question, difficult though it may seem, is, after all, no greater task than to account for the appearance of many a married couple in the Divorce Court. France has been living with the Republic for eighteen years. Now she is dissatisfied, and in the Nord, in Paris, and in nearly a dozen other elections, she has given the Republic notice that she prefers the attentions of General Boulanger. Whether this coquetry on her part will develop into a regular separation, after which she will be subjected to her present military gallant instead of her previous Republican spouse, remains to be seen. It will not be the fault of the other party to the intrigue if it does not so develop, and there is no doubt that the husband is seriously alarmed. For the moment he sleeps more peacefully, as he has driven the Don Juan across the Channel out of the reach of the telephone, and is amusing his inconstant wife with a round of festivities at the Exhibition. But he sleeps uneasily, and the pistol-shot that was aimed at President Carnot caused him to meditate with some alarm and horror upon what might have been if Perrin had been a better shot.

France, in short, is the Madame Bovary of the Continent. Boulangism is not a serious affair so much as a distraction. She is bored to death with her Republic. *Ennui* is the cause of more marital infidelity than *la grande passion* itself. Boulangism is the outcome of *ennui*. The Republic, like Gustave Flaubert's unfortunate hero, is most respectable. Its position is incontrovertibly legal, and in its own way it endeavors to do its duty. But it bores France beyond all description. It has

brought neither beauty, nor glory, nor the ideal into her life. All this is brought the more vividly before her by the recollection of the tragic splendors of the revolutionary era. The mean sordid life of the provincial *ménage* of Flaubert's apothecary appears on a larger scale in the annals of the third Republic. So Madame France diverts herself with General Boulanger. *Voilà tout !*

There is a difference between the Bovary household and that of Republican France. Madame Bovary was childless. The Republic has had many children, and none of them are particularly beautiful. Some are homely and well behaved, but others are little monsters. None are the ideal children that the romantic mother dreamed of, when she contemplated the joys of family life. Dropping the metaphor, which, however, explains better than anything else the existing situation in France, the Republic has been too humdrum to excite the enthusiasm, while it has not been virtuous enough to command the admiration of the French people. It would be an injustice to ignore the many good deeds of the Republic. It has, at least, managed to survive for eighteen years—no small achievement for a French Constitution. It has kept France out of any European war. It has fortified the frontier, renewed the arms and refashioned the army of France. It has established a *régime* which, if not heroic, has at least secured for France the solid blessings of a greater measure of liberty of speech, liberty of meeting, and liberty of the press than Frenchmen have ever enjoyed before under Republic, Empire, or Monarchy. In addition to these excellent achievements, the Republic has dowered France with a system of public education far superior to anything that has existed before. These are the good deeds of the Republic.

But while a thousand bees may gather honey unnoticed, the presence of a single hornet attracts universal attention. So the solid but unobtrusive virtues of the Republic are forgotten in the irritation that has been produced by certain great and glaring faults which have been committed under the Republican *régime*. First among these was the adoption by M. Ferry of what may be called a predatory policy of Colonial Extension. Englishmen will remember the passionate execration which Lord Beaconsfield's Jingoism ex-

cited in the minds of the Gladstonians in 1878-80. That passion was pale and colorless compared with the frenzy of hate which the Tonkin policy of the French Jingo excited in the minds of the French people. There is hardly a considerable village in France which has not had to mourn the loss of some of its sons in the malarial delta of the Red River. To shoot down the Black Caps whom China sent to harass the invader on the borders of Tonkin, M. Ferry sacrificed the lives of hundreds and thousands of French youths. In England the ties of family are loose and slight compared with those which unite parents and children in France. The loss of a son, especially of the only son, is often to them the annihilation of all that the world has to give of hope and joy. The scenes at the curious funeral ceremonies, which are performed by proxy in the provincial village for every son of France who was beheaded or impaled by the Black Caps on the Chinese frontier, were most touching. The whole village turned out, habited in black, to accompany the bereaved parents to the church, where the curé said mass for the repose of the soul of him who had been delivered over to death to serve the policy of M. Ferry. In some villages this sombre ceremony was repeated two and three and four times, and the rude but tragic pathos of the scene where the wailing mother had not even the consolation of a grave for her dead boy, was of the kind that sinks deep into the hearts of an intensely domestic people. Hence there grew up in the French nation a deep and passionate detestation of M. Ferry, which, notwithstanding the opposition offered to his policy by the Republicans of the school of M. Clémenceau, attached itself to some extent to the Republic under which such a policy was possible. The peasant hated it because it slew his son, the patriot because it played the game of Germany, by directing French energy and French resources to the hopeless task of draining the Serbonian bog of Tonkin anarchy, the bourgeois because it cost money, and every one else because it cost many sacrifices and gave no return either material or moral. The extent to which this detestation pervaded all classes may best be imagined by the fact that when by dint of assiduous canvassing, and corruption wholesale and retail, there seemed a prob-

ability that M. Ferry would be elected President in place of M. Grévy, it was quite on the cards that the populace of Paris would have sacked the Elysée and compelled the election of another President. The story of the part played by Louise Michel and M. Paul Deroulède in that eventful moment, when angry Belleville waited but for the telegram that the Tonkinois had been elected to march on the Elysée, is more like the annals of 1793 than anything which has occurred in our time since the suppression of the Commune. It is an open question whether if the people had broken out in insurrection against the Tonkinois, the troops could have been relied upon to shoot. The mere menace, however, sufficed. But the incident casts a gleam of light searching and unpleasant as to the relations which exist between France and her Republic.

Another evil of the Republic has been the extent to which the reputation of the Administration has been tainted by corruption. This cannot be more accurately and succinctly put than by saying that to France the Republic has become very much what the Metropolitan Board of Works was to London. The Board of Works was a much maligned body. It did a very great deal of good, solid work with great efficiency and praiseworthy public spirit. The worst that can be alleged against it leaves unscathed the reputation of the majority of its members, and detracts little from the great sum of solid benefits which it had conferred upon the metropolis. But all these things were forgotten when London felt that the Board of Works was corrupt. France feels toward her Republic as London felt toward the Board of Works. The corruption is not even alleged to be universal. None pretend that it is worse than the corruption that prevailed under the Monarchy, or that it can for a moment be compared to the corruption that reigned rampant under the Empire. The democratic custom of washing dirty linen in public creates an altogether false impression of the dirtiness of the *ménage*. Nor can it be said that when the evil was brought to light the Republic hesitated in taking the most drastic measures in punishing the guilty. The Republicans did not whitewash their Mr. Robertson, they got rid of him, and a President fell because his son-in-law was corrupt. But all this avails

nothing in the estimation of Madame France. She feels that her Government has lost caste, and she does not like it. Hence for the moment her mood is to be for any one who is against the Government, and, as General Boulanger is against the Government, there is no knowing but that she may be for General Boulanger.

Another grudge which France owes to the Republic is the extent to which the Jews and their Gentile rivals of *la haute finance* have been allowed to engulf the country in their octopus embrace. The kings of the Bourse have become more and more the real monarchs of France, and they "have not brought prosperity in their train." The crash of the Comptoir d'Escompte, the failure of the Panama Canal, and similar misadventures could not possibly have been averted either by Monarchy or by Empire, but they have occurred under the Republic, and angry investors, smarting under the loss of their capital, complain not so much that the Republic should have sold itself to the Jews, but that the purchasers forget to pay the dividend. To serve Mammon is not inspiring, but to serve Mammon for naught is intolerable.

The days have long since gone by when France was the eldest son of the Church, but many of her sons and still more of her daughters are still profoundly attached to the ancient faith. To-day, among all the symbolic imagery that has been employed to adorn the Exhibition, and all the wealth of imaginative sculpture employed by the architects to set forth the secret of the glory and the riches and the grandeur of France, the Cross alone is absent. Heathen mythology and the occult lore of the world have been ransacked to supply suggestions as to the source and origin of the material display which has been collected to dazzle the eye in the shade of the Eiffel Tower. But neither in the central dome, nor in any humble niche, is there to be discovered a single memorial of the fact that you are in the land whose sons built Notre Dame and followed St. Louis to the Holy Sepulchre.

The Republic is fanatically anti-Clerical. It has no religion but that of irreligion, no real creed but Gambetta's watchword, that Clericalism is the enemy of the Republic. There is much excuse for this. When the priests had power they abused it. They are paying for it to-day, as all

intolerance must be paid for sooner or later. The same measure they meted out to Freethinkers is being meted out to them, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over. That is probably almost the only text in the Sermon on the Mount which the Republic heartily accepts. But the Republican intolerance is in its turn creating its Nemesis. France is not devout. But when a woman is bored by her husband, she need not be very devout to find her religious susceptibilities shocked by his aggressive unbelief, especially if she suffers material inconvenience from his want of faith.

Without attempting even to touch upon the great dispute which rages between the Republic and the Church, attention should be drawn to one phase of that controversy which has had a direct influence upon the success of Boulangism. The expulsion of the Sisters of Mercy from the service of the hospitals, which was one of the crowning strokes of anti-Clerical fanaticism, is said to have given General Boulanger the 80,000 votes by which he defeated M. Jacques in the Paris election. Not even in the midst of the revolutionary frenzy of a century ago was it believed to be possible to dispense with the Sisters. Only in this latter day, the Republic, having no more important enemies to deal with, banished them, for the avowed reason that *religieuses*, to whom time was but the ante-chamber of eternity, could not be entrusted with the care of the dying without abusing their position for purposes of proselytism. Those who regarded the patient as a being whose existence terminated at death could not tolerate the presence in the hospital of those who regarded the deathbed as the threshold of another world. Therefore the decree went forth that the nursing of the sick poor must be entrusted to lay nurses. The nuns were driven out, and Sairey Gamp was installed in their place. The result has been unfortunate, to say the least. To begin with, the lay nurses cost 80 per cent. more than the Sisters whom they superseded. That is universally admitted even by the fiercest anti-Clericals. But this is by no means the least evil connected with the change. The Sisters, before being intrusted with responsible hospital duties, passed through a novitiate of several years' training. The change practically substituted untrained for skilled labor, and

paid for the untrained service nearly double the price. At the same time the contributions of the charitable to the cost of the hospitals dwindled by nearly 50 per cent. In 1876 they stood in Paris at 1,589,000 francs. In 1885 they had fallen to 800,000 francs. The professional staff of the hospitals took alarm. Ninety-five doctors, including Jews, Protestants, and Free Thinkers, protested against the change, in the interests of the poor. Only eight remained silent. They looked at the matter solely from the point of view of their profession. But their protests were unheeded, and the cruel change was accomplished. Ten years' experience enables Frenchmen now to see the justice of these protests. There is, in place of economy, extravagance; in place of efficiency, incapacity; in place of the devoted service of those to whom nursing is at once a passion and a duty, there is, in too many instances, the mere perfunctory discharge of irksome responsibilities. Worse than all else, the whole *morale* of the service has been transformed. A great profession—in France there are 150,000 Sisters whose lives are devoted to "the service of God's poor"—has been practically transferred from women of good life to women who regarded purity of life as an exploded superstition. It would, of course, be as obviously unjust to say that all lay nurses were open to this accusation, as it would be to claim that all the *religieuses* were vestal virgins. Womanhood in both asserts itself for good and evil whatever the nature of the service. The horrible thing that was done by the removal of the Sisters was that a great profession, by which the women of France had earned an honorable livelihood, was transferred *en bloc*, by a single stroke, from the region of the morality of the cloister to that of the *coulisses* of the opera. Whatever might be said against the career of a Sister of Mercy, it was at least not regarded as a normal incident of her calling as hospital nurse that she should "meet the wishes" of a doctor or a patron, if she did not expect endless difficulties to be thrown in her way in her profession. To have effected that change in any country is a crime against civilization, compared with which even such enormities as the Tonkin war fade into insignificance. But to have done it in France, where the career of the woman

without fortune, who is neither married nor *religieuse*, is practically assumed to be that of the courtesan, is indeed to establish the abomination that maketh desolate in the very Holy of Holies. The natural results have followed. Frenchmen have not entirely lost the reverence for a womanhood which gave Joan of Arc to the Calendar, and has contributed an imperishable ideal to the imagination of mankind. The substitution of the lay nurse for the Sister of Mercy, with the long train of disorder and license that has followed, has disgusted many, and filled not a few with a readiness to vote for any and every opponent of the Republic which disgraces its escutcheon with such achievements as this.

All these causes combine to predispose the French people to support General Boulanger, not because they believe in his ideas, if he has any, or trust in his "secret," which he so jealously preserves, but because to support him is the most effective mode of expressing their discontent with the Republic. The sailor in Byron's verse, who swore simply from not knowing how else to vent his feelings, exactly resembled the Frenchmen who are voting for General Boulanger. Boulangism is simply a popular mode of saying "Damn."

V.

The problem before the Republic is whether it can win back the affections of France. Judging from the policy upon which they have embarked, the Ministry have not much confidence in anything but striking down their hated rival. It is an open secret that if General Boulanger had not escaped to Brussels he would have been lodged in Mazas. As it is, he is being tried before the Senate for various high crimes and misdemeanors. There is a general idea in England that the Senate has been constituted as an exceptional tribunal to try General Boulanger by an *ex post facto* law. That is not the case. The Senate is the constitutional tribunal before which all persons accused of General Boulanger's alleged offences must be sent for trial. Most of the Boulangists voted some years ago for sending M. Ferry for trial before the same tribunal. It is just now the opinion in Paris that the tactics of prosecution have been successful. General Boulanger, they say, has been discredited by his flight. His funds,

which have hitherto never failed him, are beginning to dry up. It is doubtful, however, whether the fact of his enforced absence from France would not be more than compensated for by the advantage which it gives him of posing as a martyr. The policy of changing the rules of the game as soon as you feel that are losing never commands devotion or inspires respect. The Republicans can no more destroy Boulangism by gerrymandering the constituencies, substituting one form of electoral district for another, than Charles Bovary won back the affections of Madame by throwing obstacles in the way of her visits to her lover. The real evil lies deeper. The Republic is not popular. It is tolerated as an inevitable evil rather than regarded with passionate devotion. The German Empire shows itself more mindful of the welfare of the common people than the Third Republic. It is staid, humdrum, commonplace, and slightly stupid. A drab Republic may be a very useful thing, but it is not exactly the ideal of France, not even when the even tenor of its way is variegated by Tonkin fooleries and the sport of nun hunting. Nor must it be disguised that General Boulanger is in many respects a formidable antagonist. Louise Michel, whose instincts are as sound as her judgment is unfortunately untrustworthy, persists that he was an honest fellow before he took to politics. M. Paul Deroulède, a noble-hearted idealist, if any such exist in France, believes in him implicitly. And in his speeches it must be admitted that General Boulanger has shown a gift for sounding the chord which vibrates most intensely in the popular heart. He stands, he is always telling his countrymen, for the greatness and majesty of France. But he is not less mindful to declare that he is the champion of the poor and the oppressed and of those who have no helper. All this, of course, may be but the stock-in-trade of the professional Lovelace, bent upon completing the conquest and the ruin of his victims. But even if General Boulanger be, as M. Blochwitz says, the reincarnation of Catiline, a Catiline who can make such a speech as this, which General Boulanger addressed to the Trades Unions of France, is not to be despised :—

"You ask me, my friends, whether I will be with you. Yes, within the limits of my pow-

er; for you would be the first to smile if I, who am nothing, were to promise you that, single-handed, I would undertake to see that your just claims were satisfied. What I can promise is, that I shall support them to the utmost of my ability, that I shall never cease to demand the cessation of the crying abuses committed by the shameless intermediaries who pilfer, or, to use the real word, who rob you. My life, moreover—not my political life, for that has been but a short one, but my military life—is a guarantee for the future. I have ever upheld the small against the great, the weak against the powerful. A General, an officer who has a grievance, nearly always succeeds in obtaining redress. A non-commissioned officer, a private, is hardly ever listened to. Against such doings I have always set my face; and let me tell you I am convinced that in this, and in this only, lies the whole secret of what is called my popularity, a popularity which drives the Parliamentary party mad. The privates and non-commissioned officers whose time of service expired some years back have understood that I always exerted myself to improve their condition. When they returned to their homes, doubtless they said, 'Ah! in Boulanger's time things went on better than before: the private soldier was more comfortable; he was better treated.' What I did for the poor and humble of the Army I shall never cease to do for the poor and humble of every category. I don't use the words 'poor and humble' to hurt your feelings, for it is no fault of yours that you are among the weak who struggle against the strong. It is rather the fault of bad laws, which do not permit you even to manage your own affairs. You may, therefore, count upon me. But, in my turn, I must be able to count upon you. The strength which is ascribed to me is derived from you, and my own interest, even if my sympathy were wanting, would be a sufficient inducement to me to keep my engagements."

The result of the election proved that the poor and humble in Paris did count upon him. Whether they will transfer their affections to M. Tirard and M. Rouvier because General Boulanger is being tried before a tribunal packed by his political enemies remains to be seen.

The situation is full of peril. That General Boulanger's success at the approaching elections would be fatal to the Republic need not be discussed. It is obvious, but is made all the more palpable by his protestations to the contrary. The electoral combination that would place him in office would dissolve into its elements on the day after his election. He would, therefore, be compelled to look out for some firmer ground on which to stand than the passing fragments of his Boulangist majority. He would not have far to seek to discover the only basis of even temporary security. Once installed in the Elysée he would have ready to his hand an army of a million men. He would be less than human if he did not endeavor to use that army to consolidate his power. Thus France would find as the result of Boulangism that she had exchanged the Parliamentary Republic for a Military Despotism—tempered by assassination. She will do well to beware lest, having taken up the rôle of Madame Bovary in mere *ennui*, she may have to persist in it to its ghastly close.—*Contemporary Review*.

THE WIFE'S LOVER.

BY AUGUSTA WEBSTER.

I HAVE a lover, I. 'Tis long indeed
 Since from my husband's lips sweet praises came,
 Since all my pains have earned one small thanks' meed,
 Or one poor fault of mine gone free from blame:
 But then my lover! All I do is best;
 No plan, no deed, but makes him new surprise
 That I should be so skilled, so kind, so wise;
 Whether I work or sport or sit at rest,
 That way I am dearest, he most proud of me—
 Only that sometimes he will take a spite
 At some light task he deems for me not light,
 And, gently tyrannous, have me let it be.
 Well, he forgets: we have been wed so long:

But in my heart I have him, who but he ?
My lover in whose eyes I did no wrong.

I am not lonely quite though day by day,
Evening by evening, I am thus alone,
My lover never has quite gone away
Who talked with me—ah, in how dear a tone !
Who looked at me whene'er he spoke or I,
And when he looked 'twas softly : not a word,
However light, I spoke him fell unheard ;
Even he'd speak for sake of my reply.
Ah, I remember, though to him 'tis nought,
How in the earlier years he could not find,
With me not near, a pleasure to his mind ;
How, hurrying home, from room to room he sought
For me, me sole, me he could never spare,
Me whom he needed for his every thought,
Whom his heart needed as his life the air.

A star may long have perished, yet its beam,
Reaching our world, shine and exist to us :
Our happiness, however spent it seem,
Exists to me, sending its brightness thus.
'Twill last, I think, for all my life-time yet
And keep me from the darkness I might know
If in this world there were no long ago,
If, being his wife, I could like him forget.
I might be wearier (life's a drowsy round),
I might be lonelier, might shed foolish tears,
But for the love, the lover, of far years,
But that some trifling thing, a scent, a sound,
A gift he gave me then, a book we read,
Brings all that *was* anew, and I have found,
Though he forgets, the lover whom I wed.

He will remember when it is good-bye,
His hand that tenderly will hold mine fast
Will be again my lover's while I die ;
And afterwards when he recalls the past
I know 'twill be as though through all our life
I had been what I used to be to him,
As though our sunshine never had grown dim
And I had been his love as well as wife
Always. He'll think 'twas always ; he'll, I gone,
Forget I wearied him and pleased him ill,
Forget, not the old love, but this long chill.
Reading, through tears, my name upon my stone,
He'll think he misses me, as though I had been
Some one he always needed, prized, now, still.
'Twas once, and he'll forget the while between.

I have not lost my lover ; no, not lost ;
No more than lilies have been lost whose root
Is in the earth while the dead leaves are tost
On chilly gusts and autumn is afoot :
Within the root there live the bud and leaf,
And in one's heart of memory the flowers
Live on that were abloom in happy hours.

I have my lover ; I make little grief ;
 I have my lover, him who took my youth,
 And kept it very happy some years long ;
 But youth has waned : yet in my heart too strong,
 For I desire youth's happiness, in sooth,
 Of being loved and praised, and that's gone by.
 Well, I am merry at the true, true, truth :
 Not lonely, I ! I have a lover, I !

NEW LIGHTS ON THE CENTENARY OF THE REVOLUTION.

THE French Revolution is one of those grand historical epochs which has an eternal fascination for writers and readers. Regarding it merely from the picturesque point of view, no more dramatic tragedy has been ever enacted on the stage of the world. We are reminded in every act and scene that truth may be stranger than any fiction. Sensation crowds on sensation as we are hurried through a succession of shocks and surprises. The causes of that tremendous revolt of humanity were as remote as the effects have been far-reaching and permanent. From the chaos of wrecked institutions, abuses, and privileges, which reproduced, on a gigantic scale, the iconoclasm of the fanatics of the Reformation, from the throes of the sanguinary wars which desolated Europe, emerged a new order of things. Till the rise of the military dictatorship, when chance or Providence helped the Man of Destiny, and a stray cannon-shot from the batteries before Toulouse might have changed the future of Europe, the ablest, the most resolute, the most unscrupulous of politicians, were powerless to arrest or divert the torrent they pretended to direct. Turgot, Necker, Montmorin, the representatives of an *effete régime*, when they had recognized the necessity for concessions and reforms, were tied by the old traditions and paralyzed by court influence and intrigues. "Too late" may be said to have been the epitaph of the old order of things. The authors of the Revolution, the apostles of its fast-succeeding phases, had not only to bend to the popular will, but were the slaves of their own crochets or caprices, and of the passions that were heated to the boiling-point. The constitutionalists disappeared in the convulsions of anarchy. The links that might have bound the future to the past were rudely snapped one after another.

Narbonne followed Necker into exile. The astute and time-serving Talleyrand, the complacent servant of all possible masters, sacrificed ambition to prudence, and resigned himself to a temporary eclipse. The doctrinaires and the ingenious authors of cut-and-dry systems of laws, were speedily relegated with their works to obscurity, only too happy when they could save their necks. The Girondists, in spite of their eminent personal characters and eloquence, and the cordial support of some of the distant provinces, fell beneath the axes they had been sharpening themselves. Lafayette, who might have played the part of a patriotic Napoleon, was the mere plaything of ironical fortune, and never showed himself equal to his unrivalled opportunities. After truckling to the troops he nominally commanded, he left his country as an object of general contempt, to be confined in the casemates of a German fortress, and only set free by the intercession of an American. Mirabeau, as great in his vices as his intellect, with the fatal defect of inherent dishonesty, was prematurely removed from the scene by death, when he had already been compromised in the suspicions of the nation. Revolutionary France was centralized in Paris, and Paris was left an open field to the lust for blood and the ambition of adventurers. Never did obscure ambitions have such an opportunity, or run through a more rapid course of startling vicissitudes, and never did unbridled passions break away in such riot. The Reign of Terror was to be succeeded by a military dictatorship ; but, in the mean time, no wonder there was a revulsion through all Europe—even in sympathetic Sweden and Republican Switzerland—against the atrocities that scandalized the civilized world. No wonder the absurdities almost surpassed the atrocities, when the orators

of the clubs and the Mountain were the panders of the mob; when a frenzied lunatic like Marat was the mouthpiece of popular feeling; when provincial attorneys and provincial barristers, who had broken down in the practice of their own professions, intoxicated by absolute authority, had been driven to proscribe or be proscribed. It was a time of strange inconsistencies, and it is little to the point that the organizers of licensed assassination, who played the leading rôles, were not without touches of redeeming virtues. For many ruffians of the second rank, whose power for mischief was enormous, there is nothing to be said. Marat can only plead insanity in extenuation of his crimes: the diabolical inventor of the *Noyades* and Republican marriages of the Loire was simply a monster who anticipated the wishes of his superiors. And the brutal and cowardly Barras, the betrayer of all factions in turn, whose subtle volubility sent so many to the guillotine, has been blasted to eternal infamy by Macaulay in the most trenchant and vigorous of his less-known essays. But Danton, the man of the massacres of September, though capable of any crime in his ruthless determination of purpose, though, like Raoul Rigault of the Commune, he could revel in sensuality with a light heart when the tumbrils were being daily emptied at the guillotines, was nevertheless susceptible of pity when atrocities were prompted by his colleagues.

The causes of that tremendous revolt of humanity, we said, were remote—and indeed they had been working toward an almost inevitable crisis ever since the rise and consolidation of the French nation. A Frenchman, M. Jusserand—at present *chargé d'affaires* of the French Legation in London—has remarked, in the fascinating book he has recently published on "English Wayfaring Life in the Fourteenth Century," that even the sturdy vagrants who swarmed on our highways, and with whom the peasants strongly sympathized, tended directly toward the growth of free institutions among us, and to the peaceful solution of troublesome questions. While in mediæval France, on the other hand, "during and after the wars, the roads belonged solely to pillaging brigands, who were born workmen or knights." The peasants hid themselves, and were taught to endure in silence. The rising

of the *Jacquerie* was but an impotent outbreak of despair, fruitful of horrors but barren of results. Through the middle ages, the peasants and the petty burghers were alike the helpless slaves of innumerable tyrants perpetually in revolt against the king, and generally at war with one another. Nothing beyond the walls of the fortified towns and the baronial strongholds was spared in the savage reprisals that followed the fluctuations of those struggles. It is still a mystery how men lived in those days, and a marvellous proof of the natural fertility of France. Nor did things change much for the better after the consolidation of the monarchy under Louis XI. and Richelieu, so far at least as the lower orders were concerned. Except during the remorseless wars of religion, there was less bloodshed at home, and life was held on a somewhat more reliable tenure. But to some nine-tenths of the miserable French masses, the life was not worth living. The peasant might hold on to it instinctively, but he could look forward to nothing; he could hardly call his soul or his life his own, and anything he saved by any chance was the seigneur's. He was oppressed by intolerable *corvées*, ground down by capricious and gratuitous exactions, and the *Renaissance*, which let in light upon the dark barbarism of Europe, brought anything rather than relief to him. On the contrary, it gave an impulse to the refinements and extravagances of luxury, for which he had to pay. France emerged from sanguinary feudalism to fall under the *régime* of the bloodsuckers. The kings, who were continually in debt, set the example of extravagance; the gay courtiers were compelled to follow suit; the centralization round the Court drew the great nobles to Paris, where they squandered their substance on riotous living, mortgaged their lands beyond probability of redemption, and recklessly entered for the race to ruin. Their stewards had orders to send money on any terms. The methods of the genial East were applied to the inclement West, where it was less easy to keep soul and body together. On the rare occasions when the seigneurs visited their estates, they saw nothing but wasted forms and sullen faces. All the State revenues were collected by farmers, who, having paid heavily for the contracts, were bound to make the best of

them. The general condition of the people was that of squalid poverty. And nothing shows more clearly the grievous oppression to which they were subjected, than the vast fortunes accumulated by the viziers of these occidental sultans, and by the chief controllers of finances in the worst times. It is true that Mazarin was notoriously parsimonious, nevertheless he kept up a great establishment, and yet he is said to have bequeathed by his testament no less than forty millions of francs. Fouquet, again, was as notoriously profuse. Among his other follies he built the marvellous palace of Vaux, and laid out the gardens with their statuary and fantastic water-works, which no one could afford to keep up after his fall. Yet, had he not been bled to death for political reasons by Louis XIV. and Colbert, he would probably have died as wealthy as Mazarin. These are but two examples among many; and it is a significant fact that the sumptuous magnificence of Fouquet, and the generous patronage he extended to men of letters, has been glorified even by modern historians. They judge him according to the perverted sentiment of his contemporaries. They seem to forget that his ill-gotten gains were the fruit of intolerable extortion, speculation, and swindling; and that after he had satisfied his boundless personal extravagance, he had to rob and grind for the good of the Treasury.

The Church might possibly have saved the State, had it stood between the sufferers and their oppressors. At least it might have offered them the consolations of religion; and what would have been more to the purpose with starving and desperate men, as proprietor of the fairest domains in France, it might have set an example to other landowners. The Church, with all its wealth, had done nothing of the kind, and it paid dearly for having failed in its duties. In fact it had renounced its mission, and Church and Court had been confounded. The bishops and high dignitaries, with rare exceptions, were courtiers, profligates, and shameless time-servers. Many of the best of the abbey and the richest benefices had been bestowed upon laymen, illustrious for their dress, their duels, and their gallantries. So, while the "aristocrats" and the secular authorities were dreaded and detested, the clerical orders were detested

and despised. When the fashionables of Paris took to playing with fire and encouraging the audacious encyclopædists and the spread of their free ideas, the gospel of liberty, equality, and the rights of man, eloquently preached by Voltaire and Rousseau, vindicated in argument by D'Alembert and Diderot, was eagerly welcomed as a new revelation of light, by a nation that was groaning and travelling in misery. Dumb suffering began to sigh for expression in the shape of the violent language that leads to violent action, and the stolid acquiescence born of habit in the course of ages, gave way to a swelling sense of intolerable injustice. But the impulse to the revolutionary movement must come from Paris, in which the money of the country was spent, and which consequently, in ordinary times, had been tolerably contented. And when the cup of national abuses and offences was full to overflowing, when a listless and incapable king had become the custodian of effete or corrupt institutions—circumstances, with a succession of years of dearth, conspired to drive the Parisians desperate. Necker never showed the qualities of statesmanship more than when he strove hard to alleviate the prevailing distress. Had it been possible to pour provisions in plenty into the starving city, it is almost certain that the Revolution might have been indefinitely deferred.

As it happens, two books have appeared simultaneously, and immediately before the celebration of the Revolutionary Centenary, which have great and permanent historical importance. We do not say that they throw floods of fresh light on the Revolution; after so much indefatigable research and all that has been written on the subject, that would be impossible. But they tell us incidentally much that is new: they place the events of the times in singularly striking points of view; and they give a series of historical portraits and sketches which irresistibly impress us as remarkably lifelike. One is the "Life of Madame de Staël" by Lady Blennerhassett, executed on a comprehensive and almost colossal scale. It is written in German, and the English translation, which is somewhat compressed, conveys an indifferent impression of the original. The other is the "Diary and Correspondence of Gouverneur Morris," some parts of which had been used before in the his-

tory of Jared Sparks, but which are now edited and reproduced in a complete form by Morris's granddaughter. Comparing the one narrative with the other, we are struck by their general agreement on matters of essential importance. Certainly it would be difficult to single out two contemporary witnesses of greater credibility or with better means for obtaining exact information. Both were much in Paris through the revolutionary period; Morris, indeed, hardly quitted it. Both were foreigners, and consequently should have been comparatively impartial, for although Madame de Staël became thoroughly French in tastes and sympathies, she was Swiss by birth, and always prided herself on being a Catholic-minded citizen of the world.

The gifted and accomplished daughter of Necker had been brought up from her girlhood among French statesmen. Marrying the man who became Swedish Minister, she was sheltered under the flag of the sympathetic Scandinavian Power, which had been the first to recognize the Revolutionary Republic. For long she was the regular purveyor of intelligence for King Gustavus. She used, and may be said to have generously abused, her diplomatic privileges to protect the friends who were proscribed in the Terror. She voluntarily shared her father's exiles, and more than once she was forced to fly herself; but Paris was still a loadstone with perpetual attractions for her, and she would always return to the city of her predilections till Buonaparte pronounced the definite sentence of expulsion. Considering his contempt for political women, he could have paid her no greater compliment. It was a recognition of the political consequence she had asserted at no little risk, by her talents, her social gifts, and her indifference to the dangers which might have shaken firm masculine nerves. Since she had done the honors of her father's house during the illnesses of her invalid mother, she had been reigning as one of the recognized queens of the *salons*. When the aristocracy had closed the hotels, and her rivals had sought a refuge at Coblenz or in London, she still had her regular receptions at the Embassy, and reigned in solitary state. She drew around her politicians of every party and of all shades of opinion, short of the most extreme. Narbonne, Talleyrand, and many other men

of somewhat less conspicuous mark, were her familiar friends, and made her their confidante, so far as they confided secrets to any one. Abused and assailed by the Royalist satirists for her excessive Liberalism, denounced by the orators of the clubs and the Left of the Assembly for her reactionary opinions and associates, courted by the leaders of what would now be called the Right and the Left Centres, she was enthroned in a sort of political confessional, and revelled in the luxuries of political gossip.

Morris, though a man and of a very different type, was in a somewhat similar position. He was a neutral, who mixed in the most influential society, and who had made politics his passion. Strangely enough he landed at Havre in January 1789 on the very eve of the impending troubles. He brought with him the best introductions from Washington and other friends; he had been on friendly terms with most of the distinguished Frenchmen who had helped his countrymen to their independence; and, moreover, he had come to Paris at a time when Lafayette the Liberator was the idol of the populace, and when the mere fact of being an American citizen was a recommendation. He made the most of his many advantages, and he must have been a remarkable man. He had come to Paris on commercial business, although subsequently, for a short time, he was American Minister. He had always a keen eye to the main chance, and he never missed an occasion, at the tables of men in power, of turning the conversation to the contracts and concessions for which he was in treaty: he cleverly labored to reconcile the vital interests of France with the legitimate profits he expected from his various speculations; and while his French acquaintances were being ruined, exiled, or guillotined, he contrived to amass a handsome fortune. But keen as he was in looking after the dollars, and though his shrewd entertainers must often have seen through him and smiled, he became as much of a personality in his way as Madame de Staël. His opinion carried great weight; it was asked and given in the highest quarters, and he was consulted in the most critical emergencies by the men at the helm of the State. After Montmorin and the other ministers came to know and appreciate him, he was never

kept dancing attendance in their ante-chambers. He was buttonholed after official dinners, and drawn aside for quiet and confidential conversation. He even drew up memorials at the personal request of the king, containing detailed programmes of constitutions which might possibly be promulgated by way of compromise. He had always the courage of his opinions, and, in his frank expression of them, he showed sterling independence of character. If we may trust his own reports of his outspoken expostulations with Lafayette—as we believe we may—when Lafayette's constitutional sensitiveness must have been aggravated by the apprehension of a fall, the provisional dictator, with all his faults, must have been the most good-natured of men.

Morris had his weaknesses also, though they helped him rather than otherwise. A good-looking man, he had an ungraceful gait, for one leg had been amputated after a carriage accident, and he stumped about on a stout piece of hickory. But he was unremitting in his attentions to the fair sex, at a time when the influence of the sex was great. He believed that he might have boasted any number of *bonnes fortunes*, had he been less considerate of the lovers and husbands who were his friends; and he was proud of the facility with which he could turn his compliments in the shape of indifferent verses. The compliments, the verses, and the *hommage* which he punctiliously paid, assured him the *entrée* of sundry boudoirs, and strengthened his platonic *liaisons* with beauties of the first fashion. When politics were of vital interest to everybody, these informal gatherings of two or three intimates were so many exchanges of news, where secrets were revealed and rumors were discussed. The well-informed American gave at least as much as he got; but it is significant of the manners of the time, and of that ascendancy of feminine influence, that nowhere did he pick up information of more importance than in the boudoirs and the bedrooms he was wont to frequent. Ladies received before they rose, as a matter of course, and without provoking a shadow of scandal from the most censorious. But Morris, although in his character of man of the world he soon accustomed himself to the license of Continental manners, was somewhat taken aback by an incident which happened soon after his ar-

rival. We mention it here, because it speaks volumes as to the moral causes, and the looseness of lives, which had been working steadily, though insensibly toward the Revolution. A *Père aux Cerfs* could only have been possible in a country where such an incident could appear nothing unusual. The beautiful Comtesse de Flahault had made an appointment with him, and he found her in the bath. It is true that appearances, if not decency, had been preserved by milk having been mixed with the water to make it opaque. "She tells me it is usual to receive in the bath." He may well remark elsewhere, and before the freshness of his Transatlantic innocence had been rubbed off,—“Everybody agrees that there is an utter prostration of morals—but this general position can never convey to the American mind the degree of depravity. It is not by any figure of rhetoric or force of language that the idea can be communicated. An hundred anecdotes and an hundred thousand examples are required to convey the rottenness of every member.” Nor was the honesty better than the morality. He goes on to say,—“There is one fatal principle which pervades all ranks. It is a perfect indifference to the violation of all engagements. . . . The great mass of the people have no religion but their priests, no law but their superiors, no morals but their interest. These are the creatures who, led by drunken curates, are now in the highroad *à la Liberté*, and the first use they make of it is to form insurrections everywhere.” Mr. Morris had very considerable prophetic gifts, and we are the less surprised at his having been so generally consulted, when we find how often his sharp political intelligence has cast with accuracy the horoscope of the future. Here, he says—and he had only been in France for three months—that, considering the materials from which the great edifice of freedom must be constructed, he fears it will fall and crush the builders.

We are told that two of a trade can never agree, and Morris would seem to have intuitively foreseen the day when he and Madame de Staël, as historical portrait-painters and anecdote-mongers, would be brought in casual juxtaposition by an accident of the modern book-trade. At least he was one of the very few men who was not favorably impressed by the lady at first sight. The Maréchal de Castries

had taken him to dine with the Neckers, when the ex-banker of Geneva was Premier of France. "In the *salon* we find Madame de Staël. She seems to be a woman of sense, and somewhat masculine in her character, but has very much the appearance of a chambermaid. A little before dinner M. Necker enters. He has the look and manner of the counting-house, and being dressed in embroidered velvet, he contrasts strongly with his habiliments. His bow, his address, etc., say, 'I am the man!'" Count Guibert, a friend of the family, quoted by Lady Blennerhassett, paints, on the occasion of Madame de Necker's marriage, a very different and extremely attractive portrait. He speaks of her great black eyes, sparkling with the fires of genius; of hair with the gloss of ebony falling over her shoulders in rich profusion. And Sainte-Beuve declared, judging from a veritable picture painted in her youth, that the somewhat high-flown description of Guibert was fully justified. It is certain she had won the heart of the brilliant Narbonne, and she held him under her spells till they were parted by his exile. To her devoted affection, by the way, Narbonne owed his life, when she hid him in her husband's embassy from the fury of the September mob. Lady Blennerhassett touches on their relations delicately, though giving Madame de Staël's candid confession that Narbonne was the only man she had ever loved. Morris, who had every means of learning the truth, does not beat about the bush at all, but bluntly avers that Narbonne was her lover. Though, indeed, a lady who had but a single lover in those days might well have taken credit for her character and her constancy; and the mystery—scandalous at the best, and infamous at the worst—which enveloped the birth of Narbonne himself, illustrated the morality of the preceding generation. We have already quoted Morris on the morals of the French. Here is another passage; and it must be remembered that he was by no means intolerant of vice, and little addicted to the use of strong language: "Paris is perhaps as wicked a spot as exists. Incest, murder, bestiality, fraud, rapine, oppression, baseness, cruelty; and yet this is the city which has stepped forward in the sacred cause of liberty. The pressure of incumbent despotism removed, every bad passion exerts its peculiar energy."

That was written *apropos* to the murder of an innocent baker, when the mob, who had been howling for bread, with a brutal refinement of cruelty, brought the head on a pike to his unfortunate wife, who died of horror at the shock. Such were the people—half tigers, half monkeys, as their own sarcastic countryman described them—who, suddenly broken loose from all control, had virtually become the Government of unfortunate France.

The food question, as we have said, was at the bottom of all. The troops were told off to guard the trains of carts and wagons which carried corn and flour into the capital; there was something like a threatening of civil war when hungry Rouen stopped supplies intended for Paris; and Morris regards it as one of the most sinister signs of the times when pork was quoted at 16 sous the pound. To be sure, he was looking out for a contract for importations from America. Yet in those days of dearth, when the children were dying of sheer exhaustion, the people must be amused, and kept, if possible, in good humor. Even in 1791 and 1792 the public misery was mocked by brilliant illuminations of the Tuileries and the gardens; nor does it ever seem to have occurred to the wretches who came to stare, that it was a scandalous waste of the public money. It need scarcely be said that there was nothing to illuminate for; things were going steadily from bad to worse. The recklessness and callousness that are born of despair in times of great and general calamity, have often been remarked. We know how Boccaccio has painted society during the plague of Florence, and similar scenes of dissipation occurred when London was being depopulated by the great pestilence. As many of the light-hearted French, as had still money to squander, disported themselves on the burning volcano, when it was already enveloping them in smoke and flame. Morris tells how in 1790 the Bois de Boulogne was more frequented than ever by lovers, duellists, and idlers of all descriptions. The haunts of vice and infamy in the Palais Royal never drove a more roaring trade, though now and then their patrons might be drawn away to listen to the ferocious oratory of the demagogues who were shrieking for blood in the gardens. The very murderers themselves took life pleasantly and easily, when refreshing them-

selves in the intervals of their labors. When Madame de Staël at last sought safety in flight, during the September massacres, Lady Blennerhassett describes the scenes that met her eyes, as she was driven as a prisoner through the streets :

" People refreshed themselves in the wine-shops and coffee-houses as carelessly as if nothing unusual were going on. Songs broke through the darkness; dancing and eating went on, while dreadful forms, uttering curses in their drunken sleep, lay with their weapons across the doors or on the curbstone covered with the sanguinary traces of their day's work; and columns of smoke rising from the Tuileries suggested the dangers of fire which the plundered palace had narrowly escaped."

Morris kept his diaries most carefully, so that his comparative silence as to the deeds of horror that were daily being enacted around him is ominously significant. It shows how easily good-hearted men may become familiarized to matters of every-day recurrence, however revolting they may be. He seldom cares to note the execution of any single sentence by the blood-tribunals, however illustrious or notorious the victim. He only makes exceptions in the cases of the king and queen, or occasionally of some one with whom he had lived in intimacy. But he does think it worth while to describe the massacres of September, when most of his French friends were naturally in mortal terror, and his own residence had been searched for arms by an uproarious band, supremely indifferent to the sanctity of a legation :—

" This morning (Sept. 2d) I go out on business. Madame de Flahault takes the same opportunity to visit her friends. On our return we hear, or rather see, a proclamation. She inquires into it, and learns that the enemy are at the gates of Paris, which cannot be true. She is taken ill, being affected by the fate of her friends. I observe that this proclamation produces terror and despair among the people. This afternoon they commence the murder of priests who had been shut up in the Carmes. They then go to the Abbaye and murder the prisoners there. This is horrible.

" The murdering continues all day (Sept. 3d). I am told that there are about 800 men concerned in it. The Minister of Parma and Ambassadors of Sweden have been stopped as they were going away."

" And still (Sept. 4th) the murders continue." Writing to Mr. Jefferson on Sept. 10th, he says, " We have had one week of unchecked murders, in which some thou-

sands have perished in this city." He merely spares a line to the memory of M. de Montmorin, with whom he had been latterly in constant and confidential relations, mentioning that he had been murdered in the Abbaye with the rest. He must have been gradually becoming familiarized with horrors, till familiarity bred something akin to indifference.

Both Morris and Madame de Staël, while keenly interested spectators of the political aspects of an unparalleled movement, for long had believed themselves comparatively safe. Morris, as an American citizen, and afterward as the American Minister, was a *persona grata* to all parties. When the mob stopped his carriage in the streets, he showed his wooden leg as a certificate of identity, and was sent on his way with cheers for the Transatlantic Republic. The daughter of Necker had claims on the gratitude of the crowds, of whom the liberal distributor of grain and the advocate of reforms had once been the idol; and though the wife of the Swedish Minister might be fiercely denounced from the tribune, it was scarcely likely that anything worse than expulsion could happen to her. Yet both showed considerable courage and nerve, for they must have been aware that, had the people and the agitators known all, the sanctity surrounding ambassadors might scarcely have saved them. Morris, Republican as he was, and because he was a Republican, was disgusted and scandalized by the excesses of the Revolution, and labored hard to reconcile the king with the nation by establishing a constitutional monarchy. Indeed, when the Revolution had barely broken out, he had been too aristocratic in his ideas for many of the aristocrats. Madame de Staël, after trimming and hesitating between her fond dreams of a free Republic and the terrible realities, was swayed by her generous sympathies in favor of the falling dynasty. Both she and Morris would have gladly propped the throne; and when they saw that the throne was hopelessly undermined, they heroically risked compromising themselves to save the king and his family. Nothing in history is more dramatically exciting than the successive chances of escape offered to the vacillating and ill-advised monarch, which were obstinately and perversely rejected, as if he had been judicially blinded. The succession of acci-

dents which baffled him in the flight to Varennes, when he had actually got his foot on the threshold of his prison, was only the climax of a long series of mistakes and mischances. Morris had a project for the king's rescue, which is not disclosed in his papers, and he suggested a plausible scheme for at least sending away the dauphin to travel under the charge of tutors and governors. At the time the proposal was made, it appears to have been practicable. Had the direct heir to the crown been then placed in safety under the guardianship of armed Europe, events might have taken a very different course. We know exactly what Madame de Staël's plan was; it was deliberately matured, and would probably have succeeded. In the June of 1791, she wrote to Malouet: "The king and the queen are lost. I offer myself to save them. Yes; I, whom they regard as their enemy, will set my life on the chance, though on the other hand I confidently hope to place the royal family in safety without sacrificing either them or myself." Her scheme was this: she was to buy a marine residence which was for sale in the neighborhood of Dieppe. She was to travel backward and forward once or twice, taking her son with her, and accompanied by a man and a maid, who closely resembled the king and Marie Antoinette. After one or two journeys, the substitution of the royal family for their representatives would have been comparatively safe. Malouet approved, and hastened to speak to La Porte, the superintendent of the royal civil list. La Porte likewise assented, but soon came back in sad vexation to announce that the king and queen would not accept the proposal. Their reasons strangely illustrate the illusions which lured them on to remain, while escape became daily more difficult. The Court had been treating with the leaders of the Jacobins, and had persuaded them for large sums of money to promise to insure the tranquillity of the Faubourg St. Antoine.

In fact, until things had gone too far, the Court relied upon bribery and corruption, although they should have known that the ordinary chiefs of the factions had no power to sell anything that was worth the buying. They were only masters of the populace so long as they were the slaves of its will and the panders to its

passions. Mirabeau at one time was well worth buying, no doubt: he might have done much at the beginning had he been given a free hand; but the wise counsels of the revolutionary Aithophel were scoffed at by short-sighted courtiers, and before he died he was already discredited. Danton undoubtedly took money subsequently; but if he had the power, he could scarcely have had the desire to help; for no one of the revolutionary leaders was more grimly in earnest or had a more rooted antipathy to monarchical institutions. It is true he had occasional moments of compunction, and would willingly have spared the life of the king, could he have done so with safety to himself. But his real mind was disclosed in his memorable answer to Ségur, who had boldly reproached him with having been the author of the September massacres, when the prisoners were in his charge as Minister of Justice. "You forget," was his reply, "whom you are addressing. You forget that we are the *canaille*, sprung from the gutter, that we should be driven back to it if your ideas were ever realized, and that we can only reign by force of terror." Others of the Jacobins were more or less freely bribed—men who could do nothing, and who never meant to do anything. The folly of the courtiers is almost beyond belief, when they gave credit to the professions of self-confessed traitors, whose conduct and promises were in glaring contradiction. In fact, in that atmosphere of universal intrigue and venality, we cannot withhold a certain measure of admiration for Robespierre, though he may have been kept straight by his constitution rather than his conscience. The bilious and blood-thirsty little dictator, according to the testimony of his bitterest enemies, seems to have merited the epithet of the incorruptible: he coldly signed his promiscuous death-sentences without fear or favor; and he led an ascetic and irreproachable life, when his *confrères* of the blood-tribunals were revelling in sensuality.

The way for Napoleon's dictatorship was prepared by the faults, foibles, and failures of all his forerunners, who are portrayed in these volumes. A succession of prominent men missed the opportunities, more or less magnificent, which were offered them in the swift revolutions of the wheel of fortune. Necker was a thoroughly honest man; he was a capable

financier; he had advanced ideas and strong popular sympathies, and for a time he enjoyed great popularity. With his sound practical common-sense he reminds us often of Mr. W. H. Smith; he had many of the qualities of a competent statesman, and in quieter times might have been eminently successful. But he had nothing about him of the man of the world; he had neither tact nor versatility; he had none of the arts of conciliation, and was too stiff and formal to unbend. He had to contend with tremendous, if not insuperable difficulties, in the shape of an exhausted treasury, overwhelming national obligations, a starving people suddenly enlightened as to their wrongs, and an army as defenders of order that he himself had pronounced unreliable. His memorable interview with the brilliant Mirabeau is sufficient to explain his political collapse. Lady Blennerhassett tells the story picturesquely. He had been by no means blind to the weather-warnings, but he failed to read them rightly and be guided by them before it was too late. Malouet, who seems to have been always wide awake, had put strong pressure on Montmorin and Necker to try to come to terms with the formidable tribune. "They hated Mirabeau, but as yet they did not fear him." Malouet was eloquently persuasive; Necker said nothing, but kept his eyes fixed on the ceiling, "which with him was a special sign of indecision." However, he yielded so far as to assent to a meeting.

"Mirabeau came to it unfortunately without Malouet, and found himself in presence of the stiff, reserved man, who addressed him in the coldest tone. 'M. Malouet tells me, sir, that you have certain proposals to make. What may they be?' At this address, Mirabeau stepped back, took the measure of the man who had so addressed him with a look of contempt, and answered: 'My proposition is this, to wish you a very good morning.'"

And away he went. Yet at that time the fate of the dynasty and the future of France was being decided in the stormy debates of the States-General; and Madame de Staël, with all her admiration for her father, admits that he had none of the fiery eloquence of Mirabeau, and was no match for him in debate. He does not appear to have been actuated by jealousy, and indeed his noblest feature was his disinterestedness. Stupidly rather than wantonly, he threw away the chance of secur-

ing himself the support of an invaluable ally.

Of Mirabeau so much has been said and written that there is little new to be added on the subject. Madame de Staël, who was present at the first meeting of the States-General, was fascinated by his leonine bearing, his broad shoulders and shaggy hair. She could not take her eyes off the man. Yet his reception was by no means favorable. His vicious reputation had gone before him, and he was naturally detested by his fellow-nobles. Morris says that he was hissed, though not loudly. When he died, his dealings with the Court were generally unsuspected. Lady Blennerhassett says that only three men had been taken into his confidence, and two of these were Narbonne and Talleyrand. He well knew how to choose his confidants, for the discretion of both, unless under extreme temptation, could be trusted. Madame de Staël had no reason to love him, and she shrank instinctively before his cynical strength of will. But she shared the feelings and the fears of those who surrounded her; she felt that great possibilities of saving the State had vanished with him; nor could she refrain from the language of regretful enlogy:—

"The powerful impression he had made on Madame de Staël, the strong sympathy he had extorted from her, grew still more intense, when the curtain had dropped upon this life, clasped in the embrace of the passions like the snakes of the Laocoon. Still under the impression of the loss, she glorified the man, 'who had been strong enough to speak of order without the fear of despotism, of the security of all without fostering the suspicion that he was thinking of exceptions in the interest of the few.' The great oak was fallen; and now nothing could be said of what was to come."

Morris, who had no personal reasons to fear him, liked him as little, and judged him even less favorably. He had said, *apropos* to a motion on the national credit, "This man will always be powerful in opposition, but never great in administration. His understanding is, I believe, impaired by the perversion of his heart." He went with all the world to look on at the funeral.

"It has been an imposing spectacle. It is a vast tribute paid to superior talents, but no great incitement to virtuous deeds. Vices, both degrading and detestable, marked this extraordinary creature. Completely prostitute, he sacrificed everything to the whim of the moment. *Cupidus alieni, prodigus sui*:"

venal, shameless, and yet pretty virtuous when pushed by a prevailing impulse, but never truly virtuous, because never under the steady control of reason or the firm control of principle, I have seen this man, in the short space of two years, hissed, honored, hated, mourned. Enthusiasm has just now presented him gigantic: time and reflection will shrink that stature."

Lafayette was in all respects the reverse of Mirabeau, though both were for a time almost supreme by the favor of the people. Lafayette had known nothing of a *jeunesse orageuse*, and was naturally inclined to be the champion of order; while Mirabeau had cynically yet respectability at defiance—had ruined himself almost beyond redemption—and deemed all means were good for his personal ends. Mirabeau, as Morris said, was grand even in his vices; whereas Lafayette, though naturally chivalrous, was essentially small, and raised to power as the creature of circumstances. The one was resolutely imperious of will, and would have insisted on the control of the Court that had bought him; the other must have been plastic beyond all our previous belief, and morbidly susceptible to each breath of the popular caprices. There is nothing more curious in the volumes of Morris than the account of those interviews of his with Lafayette, to which we have already made allusion. Lafayette unbosoms himself in moments of depression. He tells Morris that he is only anxious to step down from his high place, though Morris does not believe that for an instant. On the other hand, Morris stretches the privileges of friendship to lecture Lafayette on his vacillating attitudes, with a contempt he scarcely affects to conceal. He says:—

"I have known my friend Lafayette now for many years, and can estimate at the just value both his words and his actions. He means ill to no one, but he has the *besoin de briller*. He is very much below the business he has undertaken, and if the sea runs high, he will be unable to hold the helm."

We might multiply reports of their eccentric interviews. We give a single one by way of example. In November 1790,

"He asks my opinion of the situation. I give it *sans ménagement*, and while I speak he turns pale. I tell him that, . . . as to himself, his personal situation is extremely delicate; that he nominally but not really commands his troops; that I really cannot tell how he is to establish discipline among them, but that unless he can accomplish that object, he must be ruined sooner or later. . . .

He says that he is only raised by circumstances and events, so that when they cease he sinks, and the difficulty comes in how to excite them. I take care not to express, even by a look, my contempt and abhorrence, but simply observe that events will arise just enough of themselves, if he can make a good use of them, which I doubt, because he cannot place any confidence in his troops."

On one occasion, however, as related in *Madame de Staël's Life*, Lafayette really showed resolution. It is true he was spurred to it by a double motive, for both his ascendancy and his life were seriously threatened. Morris, who, for the most part, was behind the scenes, was puzzled, with other people, by the Duke of Orleans's sudden departure for England, in the autumn of 1790, on a mysterious mission. Morris shrewdly suspected the mission to be a mere pretence, and, as it appears, he was quite right. The General had waited on the Duke and said—

"Monseigneur, I fear that the head of a personage of your name will soon fall on the scaffold." Then, as the person so addressed turned pale, he added, "You have had the intention of having me assassinated. You may be assured that, an hour after me, a similar fate awaits yourself." As the Duke asserted his innocence, the General answered, "That he was bound to accept his word of honor; nevertheless he had such convincing evidence in his hands, that the Duke must either quit France in four-and-twenty hours, or be brought before a court of justice!"

The Duke prudently elected to go, and petitioned the king to find him a pretext, and probably Lafayette recollected that at one time there had been a serious idea of making Monseigneur Lieutenant-General of the kingdom.

We hear a great deal in both books of the Bishop of Autun, who was saved through the Terror by his unflinching tact, by the zeal of his devoted feminine friends, and by the prudence which kept him back from urging his pretensions to place,—for his capacity was soon recognized by the cabinet-makers and wire pullers who were casting about for "Saviours of Society." He was a frequenter of the innermost circle at the Swedish Embassy; he was in constant and cordial relations with Morris. Rivarol had predicted that he might be anything he pleased, and he had been appointed by the Assembly, on the 14th July, one of the members of the committee to draw up the constitution. But like all men of fine susceptibilities, he was ner-

vous; and with all his tact, in February 1791, he was already in mortal apprehension, though he had better cause for alarm afterward. Morris writes:—

"Go to the Louvre; see Madame de Flahault. She is ill in bed; play sixpenny whist with her. The Bishop of Autun is horribly frightened for his life. When she got home last night she found in a blank envelope a will of the Bishop making her his heir. In consequence of some things he had dropped in conversation, she concluded he had determined to destroy himself, and therefore spent the night in great agitation and tears. M. de Saint Foi, whom she roused at 4 o'clock in the morning, could not find the Bishop, he having slept near the church in which he was to consecrate two Bishops newly elected. At length it turns out that, pursuant to repeated threats, he feared that the clergy would cause him this day to be destroyed, and had ordered the letter not to be delivered till the evening, meaning to take it back if he lived through the day."

It shows the high opinion Morris had formed of his talents, that on the day of Mirabeau's death, there is this entry in the diary:—

"I tell the Bishop of Autun that he should step into the vacancy he has made, and to that effect preach the funeral sermon, in which he should make a summary of his life, and dwell particularly on the last weeks in which he labored to establish order; then dwell on the necessity of order, and introduce properly the king."

Talleyrand did not care to bid for the perilous pre-eminence, nor did he put himself forward to preach the funeral discourse. But he did administer the last sacraments to the dying Mirabeau, and we know nothing in history more ludicrously shocking than that blasphemous profanation of the holy rites. It is interesting, throughout Madame de Staël's Life, to trace Talleyrand treading dexterously among naked sword-blades—making friends with all parties in turn,—with Feuillants and Constitutionalists—Girondins and even Jacobins.

Narbonne, like Talleyrand, had saved his head by flight, shortly before the September massacres. Bollman, the Hanoverian, had given shelter to Narbonne the night before both started for England, passing the guards at the city gates in the character of Englishmen. Bollman cleverly sketches and contrasts Narbonne and Talleyrand in his correspondence with Varnhagen von Ense:—

"Narbonne is rather tall, strong, and stout in build, but there is something attractive, noble, and superior about him. His wit and the wealth of his ideas are inexhaustible. He is full of every social virtue. He inspires courage in the most despondent. He never ceases to charm, and when he chooses he can fascinate an individual or a whole society alike. There is only one man in France who comes up to him in this respect, and who, in my opinion, far outstrips him, and that is his friend M. de Talleyrand, formerly Bishop of Autun. Narbonne labors to please, and betrays his wish to do so. Talleyrand makes no effort, and he is always calm, dispassionate, and at his ease. Narbonne is more brilliant; Talleyrand is more refined, pleasing, and neat in conversation. Narbonne does not by any means suit every one; the very fastidious do not care for him. He has no power over them. Talleyrand, without being less morally corrupt than Narbonne, can move even those who despise him to tears."

Madame de Staël, compromised, suspected, detested, and continually denounced, having sheltered certain of her friends in the Embassy, having successfully begged the lives of others from Manuel, then a member of the Commune, had nevertheless lingered on in Paris, till her life, or at least her liberty, seemed in extreme danger. She had decided at last to leave, as it chanced, on the very morning of the 2d September. Her friends implored her to delay her departure, and not to start in a moment of such intense excitement. It was characteristic of her high courage and generosity that she declined to comply. She had made an appointment to pick up upon the road another of the refugees, the Abbé de Montesquieu, and to take him with her to Switzerland, disguised as her servant. She would not throw him over, and so her preparations went forward. She had determined to take her departure as befitted her rank, and got into her lumbering coach, drawn by six horses and laden with luggage, with servants in her liveries. The liveried servants and the aristocratic equipage were a rash and ostentatious defiance to the mob. "The cracking of the postillions' whips attracted a crowd of old women, who threw themselves like so many furies upon the horses, screaming that the travellers must be kept back—that they were carrying off the nation's gold to the enemy." More formidable assailants were attracted by the shrill clamor, and the postillions were compelled to drive to the section of the quarter. Thence she was conducted to the Hôtel

de Ville, and the way lay across the Place de la Grève, where the blood of the victims of the 10th of August was scarcely yet dry. The drive lasted three hours at a foot's pace, amid the howls and murderous threats of the mob. The National Guard to whom she appealed for assistance, answered with scoffs and jeers. Fortunately she found a chivalrous friend in the *gendarme* seated with her in the carriage, who pledged himself to protect her at the risk of his own life. Getting out of her coach at the Hôtel de Ville, she made her way up the stairs through a forest of pikes. Neither the terrible ordeal she had gone through, nor the sanguinary associations of the place, had greatly shaken her nerves, when she found herself in the presence of Robespierre. Collat d'Hubois and Billaud Varennes were acting as secretaries to the "incorruptible one," who exercised despotic powers of life and death. Billaud Varennes, by the way, had not shaved for a fortnight, so his aspect was even more repulsive than it ordinarily was. The hall was crowded with the dregs of the populace, who were shouting *Vive la Nation!* The envoy from Parma, who chanced to be present, and to whom she naturally turned for assistance, chose to disclaim her. Indignation brought about a reaction from her alarm and discouragement. "As he would not apparently help me in this trouble, I determined to do the best for myself." She claimed her rights as wife of an Ambassador, and showed her passports. Her papers were pronounced irregular, and it might have gone hard with her, had not the friendly Manuel made his appearance, and once more come to her help. He spoke in her favor, and left the Commune to deliberate, while he led her and her maid into a side-room. "From the windows they could see the murderers with their sleeves turned up, and bloody hands, returning with wild cries across the Place de la Grève." She waited in suspense for six mortal hours, till Manuel returned, and partially relieved her mind. After dark he escorted her back to the Embassy, where she was to be detained till she procured fresh passports. They were brought her next morning by Tallien, who was commissioned by the Commune to accompany her to the *barriera*, where he resigned his place to the *gendarme* who was to travel with her to

the Jura. A very singular incident had occurred while she was waiting the decision of the Commune. Her loaded carriage, standing at the door of the Assembly, might well have tempted the rapacious and lawless mob. To her astonishment, she saw a man in the uniform of the National Guard clamber on to it and defend it from all attacks. The individual accompanied Manuel when Manuel came to release her. He proved to be no less a personage than Santerre, the Commandant of the National Guard—"the detestable ruffian," as Boswell calls him, who showed Johnson and the Thrales over his brewery on their visit to Paris in 1775. He declared he had been actuated solely by gratitude for Necker's distribution of grain to the starving population of the Faubourg St. Antoine. Madame de Staël saw through the shallow pretext, for it was clear that, in those hours of massacre, he should have been at his post, protecting the victims who were being slaughtered in the prisons. The heroic woman did not profess to thank him, but merely told him that he might have been better employed.

With that dramatic and suggestive episode of the Terror, we may bring our notice to a close. But we must add, by way of postscript, a final quotation from Lady Blennerhassett, in which she sums up some of the most striking incidents of the tragedy. She is writing of the retrospect after the 9th Thermidor and the fall of Robespierre.

"On the vast battle-field he had spread over the whole of France, Madame de Staël counted a host of dead who had crossed her path as friends or enemies. Camille Desmoulins, the *gami*s of the Revolution, who had once fastened Necker's green cockade on his breast, and had invited to his wedding Robespierre, the gloomy guest who was afterward to join bride and bridegroom in death; Barnave, who had sought to extinguish in his blood the flame his words had kindled; Malesherbes, the honor of the magistracy, with whom a whole battle was lost; Danton, who had foreseen the day when 'Cato would be deemed a fool and Caesar a necessary evil'; Victor de Broglie, Custine, and with them so many others, who had stood up under the colors of the Republic for the ideal of their youthful days,—all of them, the leaders and those they led astray, had fallen alike beneath the edge of the axe. Others, like Chamfort, Clavière, and Roland, had sought escape by the dagger, the Archbishop Loménie de Brienne and Condorcet by poison. . . . Even those who had led evil lives died heroic deaths. While the Abbé Emery was preparing her for death, Eglée, a

courtesan, sentenced for attempting to save the queen, exclaimed to a fellow-victim who went weeping to the guillotine, 'You dishonor yourself.' The Duc de Biron, that typical representative of a limitless enjoyment of life, hesitated to fly, bade defiance to the judges, implored forgiveness of God and the king, and was, said an eyewitness, never more handsome

than on the tumbril which drew him to the place of execution. Even Philippe Egalité, before the revolutionary tribunal, recovered his princely presence of mind. Asked if he had nothing to say in his defence, he answered that he would rather die to-day than to-morrow."

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

R. I. P.

BY GEORGE HOLDEN.

ONCE more we pluck the wind-flower in the wood,
And hear the cuckoo calling from the hill,
Each in its place, responsive to the Will
That bade them be, and "saw that they were good,"
And to the wind and wave said, "Peace, be still!"

Peace! let us hold our peace. The rain fell fast,
The troubled skies before the strong wind driven;
Now, like a lowly penitent forgiven,
A smile across the tear-stained face hath passed,
And sobbing Earth is reconciled to Heaven.

Peace! let us hold our peace. She is not here,
To bid the bluebell welcome as of old;
And when the sapphire woodland we behold
We bow the head, and say she held it dear
To watch the awakening earth her wealth unfold.

Peace! let us hold our peace—her peace is ours;
Here, as we wander through the woods alone,
Heart whispereth unto heart in happy tone,
What need, amid the newly-risen flowers,
To read "Resurgam" written on the stone!

Peace! let us hold our peace!—our peace is hers;
Beyond our voices she hath found her rest;
The silent evening burneth in the west;
And by her own still-tongued interpreters
The peaceful message is made manifest.

Then leave the wind-flower quiet in the wood,
The primrose in its place beneath the hill;
Seeing she ceaseth not to work His will
Who looked upon her life, and saw 'twas good,
And to the woman's heart said, "Peace, be still!"

IN TIPPOO TIB'S COUNTRY.

BY C. N. BARHAM.

LIFE in Central Africa is a serious business, but occasionally one sees its humorous side. I had left the missionary station

Mamboia, where I had been hospitably entertained, and with my band of bearers plunged into the forest. Knowing that

the district was infested by robbers, broken men, and fugitives from the justice of Mirambo, the great and enlightened king of the Wanyamwezi, we kept a sharp look-out. On the second day of our journey, M'tosi, the most intelligent man I had with me, called my attention to a dark mass sticking in the dead branches of a distant tree. Bringing my glass, one of "Theobald's" best, to bear upon it, I perceived that it was a man.

Now a man perched in a tree in Central Africa is an object calculated to arouse the suspicions of the most incautious traveller. Accordingly we approached the spot with great care, keeping a sharp look-out. But our precautions were needless, our fears groundless. The poor fellow was harmless, for he was dead. Perhaps he had been one of Tippoo Tib's victims, for that notorious half-caste Arab and slave-dealer, fondly trusted by Stanley, and later by the luckless Major Barttelot, was at the time engaged in setting to rights the marauding tribes in the neighborhood of Lake Tanganyika. Or, like a certain historic traveller, he might have fallen among thieves. There he was, shot through the back, gibbeted in the tree. Ignorant as to who might be near, for "fate often walks about loose" in African forests, and not desirous of candidating for strange burial places, I pushed on. It was no easy matter. The jungle grass was coarse, thick, and high, reaching in some places far above our heads. More than once some reptile, probably venomous, glided sullenly from the track; and many a winding pathway reminded us that we were in perils in the wilderness—in perils of wild beasts as well as of robbers. Toward evening I reached a village, small, but strongly stockaded round, as is customary, for protection from Arab assaults.

As my band approached the village, the headman came out to wish us welcome. But his brow was clouded, his eye beneath was sad. And as he conducted us to the spot where we were to pitch our tents, I observed the almost complete absence of that curiosity which the presence of a white man seldom fails to excite among the tribes. Why was this? Were we in danger? On reflection I felt somewhat reassured. The chief, whose name I learned was M'tanzi, seemed troubled and thoughtful rather than morose.

That night I had another attack of fever, and as it was some days before I had sufficiently recovered to be able to unpack my bales of gray calico, red handkerchiefs, and brass wire, and make the customary presents to M'tanzi, I lay in constant apprehension of the forcible serving of an African writ of ejectment—a short and summary process.

But the fever at last left me, and, weak but convalescent, I summoned M'tanzi, and prepared to do my duty. The chief, tastefully attired in two yards of gray calico, and wearing a necklace of hippopotamus ivory, while a piece of Turkey red twill was gracefully folded across his manly breast, attended the ceremony of unpacking with befitting gravity, and took his honorarium as readily as any of his more highly civilized brethren could have done. His wives and relations, too, had to be remembered; and a complete suit of clothes, consisting of a bead necklace, was presented to the youngest member of his numerous progeny.

That same night, or rather in the gray of the early morning, a runner came into the village with intelligence that the chief of a neighboring but larger township was advancing to attack the chief. This piece of news fully explained to me the sombre thoughtfulness of M'tanzi. At once all was confusion. The prowess of Uluma, the invader, was known and feared. Hitherto with him it had been customary to come, and see, and conquer. As morning advanced, watchmen announced the approach of the foe. Then M'tanzi seemed to show the white feather. Silently the women and children were withdrawn into the forest, we being compelled to accompany them. The chief, with about fifty fighting men, his available force, armed with bows, spears, and nondescript weapons, only to be described as worn-out gaspipes transformed into muskets, brought up the rear. It was a painful and pitiable sight; the women, among them M'tanzi's favorite young wife, wept as the primitive village, home of their youth, scene of their early hopes and loves, as of later family cares and woes, was thus abandoned. But it was the leader's will, so we stealthily marched off into the forest.

From a slight elevation, securely hidden by mimosa bushes, I had a good view of the place so lately left.

Suddenly, with a shout, Uluma and his followers dashed into the open, and, discharging a shower of arrows and musket balls, rushed up to the stockade. No replying fusillade greeted them. This seemed to cause them some surprise, and, for a moment, they stood and looked at one another. Fine fellows they were; not a man of them stood under five feet ten inches in height. Their nearly black bodies, wholly naked, and smeared with rancid butter and red ochre, shone and glistened beneath the rays of the morning sun. A formidable foe. I felt thankful that we were not called upon to resist the attack of such redoubtable warriors.

I started, and rubbed my eyes. What did I see? There was, yes, surely there was, some one moving on the roofs of the huts. It must be said that the houses in this part are so built to the stockade that they form a sort of terrace. "Theobald's" glass showed me that, on this terrace, a woman, aged too I perceived, was walking. If it had been a man he would have been transfixed by an arrow; if a young woman she would have been seized; but as it was an old woman the soldiers disdained to notice her. She was carrying something carefully concealed in a blanket. At any other time I should have concluded that she was out on the "loot," but this was clearly impossible now.

Slowly, with faltering steps, the old woman approached the spot beneath which stood the puzzled chieftain with his followers. But, once arrived there, the bel-dame became transformed. With a swift movement, and with startling energy, she threw her burden into the midst of the ranks of the foe. Instantly all was confusion. The grave stern warriors leaped and sprang like young roes on the mountains, and showed themselves more active than the most agile professor of the light fantastic art. They moved with leaps and bounds, rushed here and there like men demented, or stricken with witch doctor's uncanny charms. In two minutes not one remained in the neighborhood of the stockade.

But now I noticed that M'tanzi with his men had left their place of refuge, and

become invisible. A little while elapsed, and then a wild shout of rage and fury, M'tanzi's war-cry, burst upon the ear. Then was heard the clash of arms, mingled with the shout of the victor and the shriek of the vanquished. These soon became feebler, died away in the distance, and all grew still. Hours passed, then the victor, M'tanzi, returned. Joyfully the women and children rushed back into the village. The victory had been complete. Of Uluma and his warriors not one escaped.

And now the mystery was explained.

The foe most dreaded by the African, when on the war-path, is the useful toiling bee. It is plain that these insects, if once angered, would be able to impress many a good point on the naked skins of fighting men. Aware of this peculiarity of his countrymen, M'tanzi had succeeded in turning his knowledge to a good account. When he withdrew from the village, which his sagacity showed him was useless for the purposes of defence, he left behind him one of the old and useless women of his tribe, a weazened, fearless old hag, with instructions to throw down a prepared hive of bees on the heads of the attacking party at the moment when they should deliver their assault. This, he wisely argued, would disorganize them, so that he, taking advantage of their momentary panic, would be enabled to strike a blow which they would not readily forget. All fell out as that wily leader anticipated; and the bees, entering into the plans of this astute Central African Napoleon, fought as if the fate of empires depended upon the industry with which they plied their stings.

The victory was celebrated with war dances, carousals, and drunkenness. I feared that, amid this hellish saturnalia, our safety might have been endangered; but no one molested us. Unable to check such revolting revelry, thoroughly wearied, I withdrew into my tent, and at length fell asleep. And, as I slept, I dreamed that I was busily engaged in a Kentish orchard hiving a swarm of bees, which had been disbanded after having served as special constables in London.

THE SPIRITUAL FATIGUE OF THE WORLD.

DR. LIDDON, in the new volume which he has just published under the title of "Christmas-Tide Sermons," begins with two striking sermons on St. Thomas, in which he suggests that one of the modern maladies, which palliates though it does not justify a good deal of its unbelief, is "a morbidly active imagination which cannot acquiesce in the idea of fixed and unalterable truth." Such a malady of imagination there no doubt is, and it shows itself in morbid activity; but this morbid activity is more often, we believe, the inability to rest which is due to over-fatigue, than the inability to rest which is due to abundance of life,—the restlessness of fever, not the restlessness of overflowing vitality. Look at such a book as Amiel's "Journal," of which Mrs. Humphry Ward has just issued a new edition, with a portrait in which Amiel looks out upon the world with tired eyes that seem to be discerning in every new glimpse they take of life, some fresh difficulty which his strenuous but wearied soul cannot surmount. "*Que vivre est difficile, O mon cœur fatigué!*" are the words with which his long scrutiny of himself concludes; and perhaps the most characteristic thing in a journal full of characteristic things is this,—"*Am I not more attached to the ennui I know, than in love with pleasures unknown to me?*" "*Attached to the ennui I know!*"—is it not the condition of half the souls which are yearning for faith and unable to attain it? Shelley declared nearly seventy years ago:—

"The world is weary of the past,
Oh, might it die or rest at last!"

But since Shelley made that declaration, the world has grown more weary of the present than it was then of the past, and now, too, seems to be so weary of the future that it yearns after some modern form of the Nirvana doctrine of the Buddhists. When Mrs. Humphry Ward makes her dying hero, Robert Elsmere, declare that he can neither ascribe nor deny personality or intelligence to God, is it not obvious that the predominant feeling in that tired mind which is dying of its spiritual struggles, is something like Amiel's "*Que vivre est difficile, O mon cœur*

fatigué!"—the difference being, however, that Amiel was really dying when he so wrote, and that physical exhaustion may have prompted the exclamation; while there is no reason at all to suppose that Mrs. Humphry Ward intended her imaginary hero's deliberate judgment to be symptomatic of the physical exhaustion of his condition. Robert Elsmere's fatigue is purely intellectual and moral, not physical. Yet he can neither affirm nor deny the eternal spring of life in God, for it is at least clear that if God may be denied personality and intelligence, he must also be denied what forms part of the very essence of life to all human experience. Dr. Liddon might even have suggested, what is not, we think, at all improbable, that when St. Thomas anticipated, as he remarks, "something of the positive spirit of the modern world," and was so anxious "to escape illusions and to arrive at truth by experiment," that he would trust only his own senses, it was just because he was more subject than the other Apostles to this dejection and weariness of the soul. Does not the suggestion, when Christ prepares to return to Jerusalem to restore Lazarus to life, "Let us also go that we may die with him," read like the cry of an affectionate but weary soul that could see no end to all the tragic elements which were gathering so thick about our Lord, except death, and had not a glimpse of the new life and refreshment that was about to spring from that great collapse of their recent hopes? Indeed, the question which forms the subject of Dr. Liddon's second sermon on St. Thomas, "Lord, we know not whither thou goest, and how can we know the way?" has all the air of a mind that had almost exhausted itself already in the effort to follow the vivid but mystic teaching of his master in tracks to him new and strange; and if so, there is less reason to wonder that when he was told that Christ had appeared to the ten Apostles in Jerusalem, he found the statement a new demand upon his spiritual nature to which he was hardly equal, so that he devolved, as it were, upon his senses the responsibility of faith. "Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails and thrust

my hand into his side, I will not believe."

There is the same tone of fatigued spiritual feeling about a great deal of the scepticism of to-day. As Dr. Liddon says, men are impressed by the apparent difficulties of Christianity, and ask to put their hands into the print of the nails if they are to receive it; but in all probability they would not find it any the easier to believe if they could do so; they would immediately explain it away as subjective illusion. Most likely they have not vivid life enough in themselves to enter into so great a manifestation of the divine life:—

"For we, brought forth and reared in hours
Of change, alarm, surprise,
What shelter to grow ripe is ours,
What leisure to grow wise?"

Is it not this want of vivid life in themselves which makes men like Amiel at once unable to believe and to disbelieve, unable to reject so great and natural a consolation for the soul as faith, and yet unable to accept it? Dr. Liddon finds fault with the Poet-Laureate for saying:—

"There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds."

But there we think that he does not quite give the significance which Tennyson meant to be given to the epithet "honest" doubt. There is a healthy doubt which may properly be called "honest," and which is in many men and women the beginning of true faith; but it is not the doubt of mere hesitation and *ennui*. It is not even the rather sickly faith which the Poet-Laureate describes in some lines which perhaps better deserved Dr. Liddon's stricture than the line praising "honest doubt":—

"I falter where I firmly trod,
And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the world's great altar-stairs
That lead through darkness up to God,

"I lift lame hands of faith, and grope
And gather dust and chaff; and call
To what I deem is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope."

This "faint" trusting of the larger hope, this double mind of which the one self shrinks and suffers in the shadow, while the other only totters feebly toward the light, betrays, we think, a good deal more of the morbid tendency of the day, than doubt which faces calmly and boldly the

testing of its true significance. We feel quite sure that a vast deal of the spiritual lassitude of the day is due much less to the magnitude of the obstacles to hearty faith, than to the fatigue of spirit with which those obstacles are regarded. The modern world is far too full of small cares and interests, and the modern conception of life and its duties is far too favorable to the frittering away of life on a multitude of petty distractions. As Dr. Liddon says in the sermon we have referred to, a great deal of the scepticism of the day is due to the insufficiency of people's knowledge of Christianity, to their very superficial acquaintance with it, the complete absence of any preparation for sound- ing its depths, and surveying its wide horizon, and apprehending the inner harmonies of its spiritual teaching. And, in fact, this is often impossible with the meagre amount of life which remains to be thrown into the search for spiritual truth, after all the other excitements of life have been provided for. There is now no adequate economy of human strength for the higher objects of life, too much a great deal being lavished on its petty interests. People are attached to their religion much as Amiel said that he was attached to his *ennuis*. They have not the strength requisite either to give it up or to give themselves up to its demands, and so they hover in a miserable state of nervous tension on the boundary that divides faith from doubt, their worldly energy being diminished by the anxious glances they cast over their shoulder at the faith which they half-believe, and their spiritual energy being "sicklied o'er by the pale cast" of sceptical hesitations. Christianity cannot be understood in any degree without being approached with a certain passion both of hope and fear. The whole history which led up to it, the whole history which has flowed forth from it, has been a history of spiritual passion, and there is no meaning in Christianity at all if it be not true that divine passion is as deep-rooted in the eternal spirit as infinite reason itself. If men come to Christ with exhausted natures, they will never know what there is in him. And they do come too often to the study of his teaching with the mere fag-end of their powers, with heart and mind both battered and fevered by the contending interests and pleasures of a life

that is much too full of small excitements. No doubt Christianity offers a new life of its own, and an inexhaustible spring of that life; but it offers it only to those who can give a life for a life, who can give up the whole mind and heart that a new mind and a new heart may be substituted in their place. There must be the power to exult even in suffering for a great end, in those who would really understand the passion of Christian teach-

ing; and the power to exult in suffering for a great end takes an intensity of nature which is very easily extinguished by a life of minute distractions and of widely distributed affections. A generation of which the most impressive characteristic is its spiritual fatigue, will never be truly Christian till it can husband its energy better, and consent to forego many petty interests that it may not forego the religion of the Cross.—*Spectator*.

LITERARY NOTICES.

HISTORY OF THE PEOPLE OF ISRAEL. FROM the Reign of King David up to the Capture of Samaria. By Ernest Renan, Author of "Life of Jesus." Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Those who have read the first section of this fascinating book, however their religious sympathies may have been offended, will feel impelled to follow M. Renan in his radical and remorseless study as a religious critic. Even more than in his "Life of Jesus," the author strikes deep at the very roots of philosophical belief. In the latter-named book, while the divine and supernatural side of the Saviour was denied and ignored, his marvellous perfections as the ideal man of all time were set forth with a superb literary skill and sympathy which to persons going no further on the side of theological doubt than did the late Theodore Parker, would present a not unacceptable picture of Christ. The destructive character of Renan's later criticism, fully foreshadowed in the first part, which brought the history of the nation of Israel down to the time of King David, is now fully developed. The spirit and result of this criticism cannot be better expressed than in the language of the *Athenæum*:

"In estimating M. Renan's work, we are confronted with the initial difficulty that he approaches his task with conceptions of its nature radically different from our own. He writes in his preface: 'It has never been established by observation that a superior being troubles himself, for a moral or an immoral purpose, with the things of nature or the affairs of mankind.' This negation, according to M. Renan, is the whole outcome of human thought and experience up to the present time. If this be so, it is an inadequate conclusion when he proceeds: 'An extensive transposition, therefore, requires to be effected in all the religious ideas we have inherited from the past.' What we have to do is not to transpose, but to abolish. Religion, once found to be purely subjective, is evidently doomed, because its sanctions are essentially objective. For a

time, indeed, while superior persons such as M. Renan know the secret of its unreality, the weak and ignorant may find in it a restraint or a consolation; but this fiction cannot last, and Christianity will sink from a religion to a superstition, and from a superstition to an antiquarian curiosity. Theism, except it will content itself with a god of the Epicurean fashion, will share the fate of Christianity, and the Bible will be regarded, as M. Renan now regards it, as nothing more than a record, more or less interesting, of a certain stage in the evolution of human error. What has hitherto been believed to be of its essence, as it is certainly, amid many varieties of expression, its own constant claim, to be the history of a divine purpose and government, will have disappeared altogether."

The foregoing quotation in no way overstates the inevitable result of Renan's conclusions, and they are enforced throughout the whole volume by his deductions and comments, though he himself would scarcely admit the charge, perhaps. M. Renan sees nothing in Hebrew history except that of a nation evolved out of savagery to a high place in the spiritual development of mankind by purely natural forces; and finds in the biblical records satisfactory proofs of the continual outcropping of the most cruel and sensual passions, repressed or modified by precisely the same influences which have disciplined other peoples in their struggles upward.

We can best illustrate the iconoclastic spirit of our author by citing his summary of the character of King David, who first consolidated Israel as a nation, and who, by common consent, has hitherto stood as one of the most heroic and attractive figures in ancient history. The poetic genius and spiritual devotion which crowned his ability as ruler and administrator are denied him. M. Renan says: "Not a single emotion of pure piety seems to have discovered itself in this essentially egotistical mind closed against any disinterested idea." He is described as cruel and designing, essentially selfish, never generous except on calcu-

lation, supremely cunning in making the crimes of others his own stepping-stones. We are told that he carried the virtue of toleration so far as not to hesitate in the least to sacrifice to other gods than to Jehovah, when it would serve his policy. The authorship of the psalms, or any of them, is denied him, and his heroism as a general and soldier is seriously impugned. The great ruler, the civic genius, the skilful warrior, the "sweet singer of Israel," is brought down to the commonplace level of a crafty and selfish despot, who thought of nothing but his own selfish aggrandizement during his long and prosperous career. He excuses the traditional backsliding of Solomon on the ground of toleration of others' opinions, and rehabilitates the reputation of Ahab as a monarch whose wickedness has no ground in the views of modern scientific thinkers, and who was overthrown by a conspiracy of rebellious fanatics with infinitely less excuse than that which inspired the English Rebellion of 1640. These are but samples of M. Renan's radical views.

Yet while our author assails the Old Testament Scriptures on that side which has given them authority and value in the eyes of the religious world, he does full justice to their immense influence as a spiritual factor in the history of civilization. He says:

"The Bible and Homer have never supplanted each other. They remain at the two poles of the world of poetry, and the plastic arts still continue to draw their subjects from them, for although the material details are without art in themselves they are full of noble suggestions. The heroes of these grand histories are always young, healthy, and strong, scarcely at all superstitious, passionate, simple, and grand. With the exquisite narrative of the patriarchal age, these heroic anecdotes of the times of the Judges have created the charm of the Bible. The narrators of the latter epochs, the Hebrew romance writers, and even the Christian authors, have taken all their colors from this magic palette. The two great sources of unconscious and impersonal beauty were thus opened up at the same time among the Aryans and the Semites, about 900 years B.C. Mankind has lived on them ever since. The literary history of the world is the history of a double current which has flowed from the Homeric poems to Virgil, from the Biblical narrative to Jesus, or, it may rather be said, Evangelists. These old tales of the patriarchal tribes have remained, side by side with the Greek epic, the great delight of succeeding ages, formed for the æsthetic guidance of generations less pure. . . . The exquisite idylls of the Iahveist, full of noble imagery, resembled a morality play in which horror of violence and an antipathy for the savage man was expressed under every form. The school which had created the twin books never came to an end. Ardent zealots continued, during many centuries, to inculcate the same doctrine of a righteous Iahveh, the protector of the right, the defender of the weak, the destroyer of the rich, the enemy of worldly civiliza-

tions, the friend of patriarchal simplicity. The prophets were indefatigable propagators of this ideal. The Jewish Book of the Beginnings is, at the present time, printed in millions of copies. But it never proved a more powerful lever than at the remote date when, scarcely established in its definite form, it maintained in a few ardent souls the sacred fire of justice, of moral discipline and of religious puritanism."

THE TWO CHIEFS OF DUNBOY; Or an Irish Romance of the Last Century. By James Anthony Froude. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

This is Mr. Froude's first venture, we believe, in the domain of fiction, and it almost ceases to be fiction, if we assume the motive and spirit of the worker in imaginative literature to determine the character of his work. Even the historical novelist is, for the most part, guided by the ambition to paint the general characteristics of a period, or to present some dramatic and startling episode in the past. Mr. Froude has written his romance, as he chooses to call it (though it lacks the main features which distinguish ordinary romance, writing), with an intense and earnest purpose, that of throwing a fresh light on one of the most curious and perplexing problems in political history, the impracticability and almost insuperability of the Irish question, with which England has wrestled in vain for several centuries. Mr. Froude is known as a determined opponent of Home Rule, as an historical critic antagonistic to all the theories which to-day guide a large and increasing section of English political thinkers. He stands on much the same ground as the historian Lecky, though he is far more bitterly partisan and utterly lacks Lecky's judicial temperament. Like Lecky, however, he gives full weight to England's unutterable stupidity and cold-blooded selfishness in her treatment of the Irish. On the other hand, he gives due value in the equation to the peculiar qualities of the Irish race, which make them so contradictory and impracticable a people to deal with; and it need hardly be said that he is almost a fanatical advocate of the beauties of Anglo-Saxon civilization with all its faults of method, motive, and administration. Yet with all of our author's tendency to see things from the one side, he is not, even in the book before us, the nature of which would excuse the attitude of the special pleader, deliberately unjust. He nobly vindicates his sincerity and conscience as a painter of historical pictures, for this Mr. Froude always is, even in the graver exercise of his art.

We will not attempt to offer any description of the story, which is made the vehicle of his

study of Ireland in the middle of the eighteenth century, in the period which followed that effectual subjugation, which had its beginning with the battle of the Boyne. Those who would fully grasp the relentless treatment of the Irish by successive English Parliaments have only to read Lecky, and they will also appreciate at the same reading the excuses offered to the English for their policy by the infatuation of their helpless victims. Mr. Froude describes with the same glowing and picturesque pen which makes his histories so delightful, the complex conditions of Irish life, simple enough outside, but so intricate under the surface. "The Two Chiefs of Dunboy," Morty Sullivan, the dispossessed master of an estate, a fanatical Irish patriot, one who had been out with the Pretender in '45, a soldier of Continental reputation, an impetuous, embittered man, yet, on the whole, a noble and generous spirit; and Colonel Goring, an English soldier and high-minded gentleman, sincerely Christian, and animated by the finest instincts, but devotedly loyal to his party and king, who had come into the possession of the estate of Dunboy—these are the two central figures of a striking narrative. The series of circumstances evolved out of the political condition with the tragic fatality of a Greek play, which lead Morty Sullivan to stake his honor in the terrible game he plays, and to commit murder without meaning aught but a fair duel with his enemy, is presented with masterly skill. The minor characters are admirably painted, and some of the leading Anglo-Irish politicians of the period are shown with a vigorous but grave satire which indicates how carefully Mr. Froude has studied the period.

The book is eminently readable as an interesting and competent politico-historical sketch. No one can fail to get a more vivid notion of Irish affairs and the continuous causes which have been culminating for the last century and a half to make Ireland England's white elephant from its perusal. Romance, as it is called, it does not deal with love, sentiment, and the tender passions, which are the essence of romance to many readers, but with the highest and most austere emotions which can stir rugged natures, and which enter into the difficult problems offered for solution to the statesman and thinker.

GREIFENSTEIN. By F. Marion Crawford, Author of "Mr. Isaacs," "Dr. Claudius," "A Roman Singer," "Zoroaster," "A Tale of a

Lonely Parish," etc. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

Those who have carefully watched the career of Mr. Crawford as a novelist will cordially recognize the increasing skill and artistic power which rule his work. His first book, striking as it was for so many reasons, was extravagant, crude, and unthinkable in its main motive, absurd in some of its accessories. The Mr. Crawford of to-day has attained a decorum, balance, and reserve which give his work some of the finest qualities of the fictionist. He does not believe with Mr. Howells, that fiction should disdain the highly wrought, the morbid, the tragic, the sensational, for he finds all these not uncommon in actual human life. But he has acquired the art of treating such themes in a noble and dignified manner, which lift them far above the atmosphere of claptrap and melodrama. In the powerful romance before us (for such it is rather than a novel, so far as these two orders of fiction are differentiated), Mr. Crawford reaches a climax in the earlier chapters, involving a murder and a double suicide, appalling even of its kind. Yet out of this unpromising beginning, created to act as the hinge on which the whole scheme of the story revolves, our author succeeds by his charming art in developing an interplay of motive and character that offers us pictures of life full of ennobling sweetness, and charged with the finest and truest feelings that raise human nature to its upper levels. The characters of Max Greifenstein, of Rex von Reisenbeck, and of Hilda, not to speak of the quaint and lovely old gentlewoman, Frau von Sigundstrom, however they may be lifted above the tame average of man and woman, are so simple, strong, and genuine, so true to what we recognize as righteously human, that we are little disposed to criticise the author, if occasionally he slips into the fantastic and absurd as minor elements in the machinery of his story. The terrible vengeance and self-immolation of the two elder brothers, repulsive as the fact is in itself, is treated by the author with a reserve and dignity which redeem it. This of itself is an artistic feat worthy of high credit. Mr. Crawford has become noted for his creation of splendid women and of imagining love-scenes of great beauty and passion. Nowhere has he done better justice to his talent in this way than in the work before us. The scenes where Hilda calls back her lover from the grave by the intensity of her love, and where she consoles him when first crushed

by the revelation of the tragic family secret, are more delightful with every reading, and are gems of their class. Rex is in many ways the hero of the book, as much as is his cousin and half-brother Max. The conception is more complex, the character more quaint and fresh, the strength and greatness of the man more marked. But like Hilda, we love Max the more simple and unpretending as he is. Many readers will take peculiar pleasure in the descriptions of German student life in the earlier chapters. No more vivid and picturesque sketches of the student in all his phases has ever been given, and they alone would make "Greifenstein" a notable novel.

IN THE WIRE GRASS. A Novel. By Louis Pendleton, Author of "Bewitched, and Other Stories." (Appleton's Town and Country Library.) New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This pleasant novel is a story of Georgia life after the war, in those early days when the South had just begun to recover from its misery and depression. There is nothing unusual or dramatic in the motives, the style is very simple and unpretentious, the life depicted that of ordinary people. But the story is well told, and the events which flow so naturally out of the quiet surroundings link themselves closely with such sketches of character as to interest the mind of the reader, even if he or she be one of the confirmed sort, accustomed to strong condiment to stir a jaded palate. Mr. Pendleton's pictures of Southern life are such as to make us sure that he knows his ground at first-hand, and is perfect master of his material. It is not every novelist, even of every clever one, of whom we can postulate these facts in analyzing his work.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

THE Société des Gens de Lettres, acting in concert with the International Literary Association, is now holding a congress at Paris for the discussion of matters affecting authors. The opening meeting was on the 20th of June, and it was expected that M. Jules Simon would preside. Seven questions have been submitted for discussion, all of them relating to the desirability of further legislation in the interest of authors; and papers were read on the subjects of science in contemporary literature and Russian literature in France.

A NEW year-book, specially prepared for business men, will be issued by Messrs. Cas-

sell & Co. next month under the title of "The Year-Book of Commerce." This work will form an annual statistical volume of reference, showing the movement of the foreign trade and general economic position of the leading countries of the world. It has been compiled under the authority of the London Chamber of Commerce, and is edited by Mr. Kenric B. Murray. Among the contributors will be Lord Brassey, Dr. R. Giffen, H. C. Burdett (secretary to the Stock Exchange), Mr. J. S. Jeans (secretary to the Iron Trade Association), Major Craigie (secretary to the Central Chamber of Agriculture), Mr. George Martineau, Mr. John Corbett, Mr. E. D. Millet (of Berne, Switzerland), Mr. Boverton Redwood, Signor Luigi Bodio (Rome), Dr. Becher (Berlin), M. E. Fournier de Flaux (Paris), etc.

THE town and university of Jena celebrated on the 25th and 26th of last month the hundredth anniversary of Schiller's installation there as Professor of History. In the afternoon of the first day a memorial tablet, affixed to the "Griesbach-house," where the poet delivered his lectures, will be unveiled. On the evening of the same day the "Brant von Messina" will be performed. Next day various public festal acts will take place, to be concluded with the obligatory *Fackelzug*.

By the death of M. Gaston Planté, which recently occurred in Paris, electrical science has lost one of its most zealous cultivators. The great attention which in recent years has been bestowed upon secondary batteries has forcibly reminded the scientific world of Planté's early work. Thirty years have passed since he presented to the French Academy his paper, "Sur la Polarization Voltaïque," a subject to which his attention had been called while engaged as chemist at the works of Messrs. Christoffe & Co. Shortly afterward he described to the Academy his "Nouvelle Pile Secondaire d'une Grande Puissance." The well-known Planté cell consisted of a plate of metallic lead as one element and a leaden plate coated with oxide as the other. The battery afterward celebrated as Faure's accumulator was only a modification of this arrangement, in which one of the lead plates was coated with litharge, and the other with minium. The study of secondary batteries continued to occupy much of M. Planté's attention during the later years of his life, while quietly working, under the disadvantage of failing health, in his Parisian laboratory. Occasionally, however, his energies were diverted

from electricity to other departments of science, as exemplified by the researches which he published on the lignites of the Paris basin.

MR. FISHER UNWIN announces for immediate publication "Chopin, and Other Musical Essays," by Mr. Henry T. Finck, author of "Romantic Love and Personal Beauty," containing papers on German opera, the difference between the German and Italian vocal styles, and the philosophical relation between music and morals.

MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHN & Co. have issued the collection of early letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle, edited by Mr. D. G. Ritchie. In addition to those of Mrs. Carlyle, the volume will include eleven unpublished letters of Carlyle, dealing chiefly with his studies in connection with the projected History of German Literature and his "Cromwell."

M. LOUIS GAYET, chaplain of St. Louis des Français at Rome, will shortly publish the contemporary documents relating to the beginning of the Western schism, from the Vatican archives. A French translation and an elaborate study of the documents will accompany the original text. Mr. David Nutt is the English agent for this work.

MR. FRASER-MACKINTOSH, M.P., is going to print "Letters of Two Centuries," a series of two hundred private letters, chiefly written by or addressed to members of Highland families more or less connected with Inverness and the North. One of them is dated in each year of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and they are introduced by explanatory and illustrative remarks. They have already appeared from week to week during the last four years in the *Scottish Highlander*.

MR. MERCER's letter about Sir John Hawkwood in the *Athenæum* of May 11th has prompted Signor Marcotti to write and explain, as Mr. Mercer spoke of the forthcoming biography of Hawkwood as the joint production of Professor Marcotti and Mr. Temple Leader, and sometimes as that of Professor Marcotti only, "that Mr. Temple Leader alone took the initiative to illustrate and to reconstruct the biography of his famous fellow-countryman. With this intention he had already collected and put in order many important documents, and he never ceased to be an assiduous and efficacious coadjutor in the research of unedited documents, in the study of histories and chronicles, in the redaction of the work,

and in the superintendence of the two editions."

"By the way" (says the *Athenæum*), "we may take this opportunity of saying that Messrs. Macmillan have, in consequence of Mr. Marion Crawford's abandoning his intention of writing a life of Hawkwood, given up the idea of including Hawkwood among their 'English Men of Action.'"

LORD BRASSET has placed the Sunbeam at the disposal of Lord Tennyson, who will cruise in it as soon as the weather fulfils the promise of May.

MAJOR-GENERAL DONALD MACINTYRE, V.C., whose "Hindu-Koh: Wanderings and Wild Sport on and beyond the Himalayas," will be immediately issued by Messrs. Blackwood & Sons, formerly commanded the Prince of Wales's Own Goorkhas, and is distinguished both as a mountaineer and Himalayan sportsman. The Prince has accepted the dedication of the volume.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co. have in the press an English edition, prepared under the author's sanction by Mr. William Smart, Lecturer in Economics in Queen Margaret College, Glasgow, of Professor Böhm-Bauerk's treatise on "Capital and Interest." This monograph contains a statement and criticism of the various theories of interest.

THREE candidates only have formally presented themselves for the Greek Chair at Cambridge, Dr. Fennell, Dr. Jackson, and Professor Jebb, Mr. Archer-Hind not standing, although the new Professor of Logic at Oxford is not one of the electors. This is the first time the chair has been open to laymen, and it is significant of the change that has come over Cambridge that no clergyman has offered himself. The election takes place on Monday week.

MESSRS. LONGMANS will publish early in June the first volume of the Gifford Lectures on Natural Theology, delivered by Professor Max Müller at Glasgow during last November and December. This first course consists of twenty lectures on the definitions of Natural Religion, the proper method of its treatment, and the materials available for its study.

A MRS. TEMPLEMAN writes to the *Academy* as follows:

"Mr. W. E. Jones, of the North Library, Liverpool, corrects the oft-repeated error that Captain Marryat was the author of 'Rattlin the Reefer.' It is undoubtedly the work of Mr.

Edward Howard, who wrote the 'Old Commodore' and other novels, also a life of Sir Sydney Smith, and much else that appeared in the *Metropolitan* and various magazines. Mr. Hannay in his lately published life of Captain Marryat assigns 'Rattlin the Reefer' to its true author. It would have been better had he been equally careful in other statements, or rather had refrained from unwarrantable assumptions. The ideas conveyed as to Captain Marryat's parents are most misleading. His father, who is described as 'a hard and dry man of business, with the provincial Dissenter probably never melted out of him,' was, on the contrary, esteemed as a large-minded and large-hearted merchant prince, whose society in social intercourse was found 'charming.' The presumption that of Captain Marryat's mother 'there is nothing to be supposed at all' is truly surprising to those who remember her strongly marked character, her wit and general cleverness; also that it was from her Captain Marryat was said to have inherited his talents. It seems a sweeping conclusion to arrive at that a boy must have been badly brought up because he was remarkably high-spirited and unmanageable. Why should his training have been different to that received by his brothers and sisters, whose characters were always steady and well regulated?"

DR. ALBERT COHN's invaluable Shakespeare-Bibliographie for the two years 1887 and 1888 continues to be in every respect a model of what such a work should be. Here may be found duly recorded the now remote reverberations of the Donnelly-cipher, which seem to have scarcely at all extended to Germany. But Germany produced during the two years thirty-six editions of separate plays, as compared with twenty-nine for England and America, thirteen for France, and eleven for Russia. There were also translations into Danish, Finnish, Modern Greek, Croatian, Polish, Portuguese, Roumanian, Ruthenian, Swedish, Spanish, and Hungarian. Australia is represented only by the Book of the Melbourne Shakespeare Society.

THE King of Sweden, who takes a very active interest in the meeting of the International Congress of Orientalists, to be held at Stockholm in September, has invited Professor Max Müller to be his personal guest during the Congress.

MESSRS. GEORGE BELL & SONS have in preparation a series of handbooks on athletic games,

to be called the "All-England" series, which will be issued, with illustrations, and bound in cloth, at a very low price. The first volume, to appear before the end of the present month, will be "Lawn Tennis," written by Mr. H. W. W. Wilberforce, secretary of the All-England Lawn Tennis Club, with a chapter for ladies by Mrs. Hillyard (Miss Bingley). During June and July, this will be followed by "Cricket," by the Hon. Ivo Bligh; "Rowing," by Mr. W. B. Woodgate; and "Sailing," by Mr. E. F. Knight, author of "The Cruise of the Falcon." Other volumes that have been arranged for are: "Football"—Rugby, by Mr. H. Vassall, and Association, by Mr. C. W. Alcock; "Athletics" and "Cycling," both by Mr. H. H. Griffin; "Fencing," by Mr. H. A. Colmore Dunn; "Boxing," by Mr. R. G. Allanson-Winn; and "Wrestling," by Mr. Walter Armstrong.

THE printing of Dr. Ginsburg's Hebrew text of the Old Testament according to the Septuagint has begun.

MISCELLANY.

STRANGE MESMERIC PHENOMENON.—The following strange mesmeric story appears in *Lucifer*, the magazine of the Theosophists, edited by H. P. Blavatsky:

"I will tell you now a strange case. You remember, perhaps, that for over five years before my coming to meet you in Paris (1884) I suffered almost constantly from a violent pain in my right arm. Whether it was rheumatism, neuralgia, or anything else I do not know, but besides great physical pain, I felt my arm becoming with every day more powerless, so that when rising from sleep I could hardly lift or even move it. This made me dread final paralysis. Then I went to Paris. You also remember the little old gentleman called M. Evette, the mesmerizer who tried to cure you by magnetism, only without any results. It was you, I believe, who suggested that he should try to cure my arm of the pain I was suffering from, and you will remember also that from the evening when he first tried a few passes from the right shoulder downward, I felt better. Then he visited us regularly every day for some time and never failed to mesmerize my arm. After five or six *séances* my arm was entirely cured, all pain had disappeared, its weakness also, to such an extent that my right arm suddenly became stronger

than my left one, which had never given me any trouble. Soon after we parted. I returned to Odessa, and never feeling any pain in that arm from that date to this New Year's Day—i.e., during four and a half years, I very soon lost every remembrance of my past suffering.

"But lo, and behold! On January 1st, 1889, I suddenly felt with dismay that my right arm was painning me once more. At first I paid no great attention to it, thinking it would soon pass over. But the pain remained; my arm began once more to feel half-paralyzed, when finally I found it in just the same condition as it had been nearly five years before. Still, I hoped that it was but a slight cold, which would disappear in time. It did not, however, but became worse. My disillusion as to the potency of magnetism was a complete and very disagreeable one, I assure you. I had labored under the impression that magnetism cured once for all, and found to my bitter regret that in my case it had lasted only four and a half years! . . .

"Thus I went on suffering till the end of the month, when one fine day I received the January number of the *Revue Spirite*, which I go on subscribing for now, as I did before. I began to look it through, when suddenly, under the title of *Obituary Notices*, my eye caught these lines: 'Le 15 Janvier courant, on portait en terre la depouille mortelle de M. Henri Evette, magnétiseur puissant.' (On January 15th were buried the mortal remains of Mr. Henry Evette, a powerful mesmerizer.) I felt sorry for the good old man, evidently the same that we had known, when suddenly a thought struck me. January 15th now style, means with us January 3d in Russia. If he was buried on that date, then he must have died on January 1st or thereabouts, since in France, as elsewhere, people are rarely buried before the third day after their death. He must have died, then, on New Year's Day, precisely on that day when the long-forgotten pain had returned into the arm he had so successfully cured some years before? What an extraordinary occurrence! I thought. I was thunderstruck, as it could never be a simple coincidence. How shall we explain this? Would it not mean that the mesmeric *passes* had left in my arm some invisible particles of a curative fluid which had prevented the return of pain, and had been, in short, conducive to a healthy circulation in it, hence of a healthy state, so far? But that on the very day of the mesmerizer's death—who knows? perhaps at

the very hour—these mysterious particles suddenly left me! Whither have they gone? Have they returned to him and their now lifeless sister-particles? Have they run away like deserters, or simply disappeared because the vital power which had fixed them into my arm was broken? Who can tell? I would if I could have some experienced mesmerizer, or those who know all about it, answer me and suggest some explanations. Does any one know of cases where the death of the mesmerizer causes the diseases cured by him to return in their former shape to the patients who survive him, or whether it is an unheard-of case? Is it a common law or an exceptional event? It does seem to me that this case with my arm is a very remarkable and suggestive one in the domain of magnetic cures."

SMALL-POX AND VACCINATION IN BELGIUM.—In Belgium there is no law compelling parents to have their children vaccinated; and though children before admission to school, and workmen sometimes before being employed on public works, are usually obliged to show a certificate of having been vaccinated, there is a very large number of totally unvaccinated persons in the country—more, probably, than in most other European countries. Besides, revaccination is rather the exception than the rule, and primary vaccination is too often very inefficiently performed, so that when an epidemic of small pox comes it claims a great many victims. Dr. Titeca has recently been endeavoring to stir up professional opinion on the subject of the sadly unprotected state of his fellow-countrymen; and Dr. Dejae has just written an article in the *Scalpel* in which he mentions what occurred in his own locality when there was an epidemic. There were one hundred and seven cases among non-vaccinated and sixty-eight among vaccinated. Of the first-mentioned series, however, more than eighty per cent were serious, and among the second, or more or less protected cases, there were under fourteen per cent of grave cases. Again, in the Belgian army, where vaccination and revaccination are required, there is a minimum of small-pox. There is, it seems, an anti-vaccination league, but this body finds little need to carry on an active propaganda, as indifferentism, which is peculiarly rife in Belgium, seems to answer its purpose. Medical men are attempting to influence public opinion in favor of a compulsory law, but it is very doubtful if they will get many people to listen to good advice.—*Lancet*.

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PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

SCIENTIFIC USES OF THE EIFFEL TOWER.—M. Janssen, of the Institute France, is of opinion that the Eiffel Tower will have many scientific uses. One of the greatest difficulties of meteorological observations is the disturbing influences of the station of observation itself. How, for example, can a true deviation of the wind be observed if a purely local obstacle causes it to deviate? and how can a true temperature of the air be determined by a thermometer influenced by radiation from surrounding objects? Thus, the meteorological elements of great centres of habitation have to be taken outside those centres, and at a certain height above the soil. The Tower, since it rises to a great height, and, from the nature of its construction, does not modify in any way the meteorological elements to be observed, will get over this difficulty. A height of 300 yards is in itself not a negligible quantity from the point of view of rainfall, temperature, and pressure, but these circumstances give all the more interest to the institution of comparative experiments on variations due to altitude; the electrical interchanges between the soil and the atmosphere can also be studied to advantage. Special arrangements can be made for avoiding accidents, and results of great interest should be obtained. He recommends also the institution of a service of meteorological photography. A good series of photographs would give forms, movements, modifications which the clouds and atmospheric conditions undergo from sunrise to sunset. Thus a history of the skies would be written on a radius not hitherto dealt with. In physical astronomy various other observations might be taken, especially in relation to the study of telluric spectrum. M. Eiffel announces that three laboratories have already been arranged on the Tower. One will be devoted to astronomy, and the second will contain registering apparatus from the central bureau of meteorology, and will be devoted to physic and meteorology. MM. Mascart and Cornu expect to draw great advantages from its use in the study of the atmosphere. The second is reserved for biology

and micrographic study of the air, to be organized by M. Herocque. M. Cailliet is arranging a great mercurial manometer, with which he expects to obtain pressures as high as 400 atmospheres.—*British Medical Journal*.

THE STORING OF OXYGEN.—One of the industries now followed in London is that of separating and storing oxygen from the atmosphere. This curious industry has an application in the maturing of spirits and the improvement of beer. This is far from being the only application of pure oxygen, for which the price is good, but it is notable, and no doubt distillers and bonders will give heed to the discovery. It is said that the oxygen, in contact with spirits, accomplishes, in a few days, what is done by from three to five years by nature. The oxygen gets rid of the fusel oil quickly, and as this is the most injurious property of spirits, the consumer has an interest in the matter as well as the producer. A maturing effect is also produced on beer by admixture with oxygen, and obviously this gas is of high value for the whole tribe of effervescing waters.

THE DEAREST BOOK IN THE WORLD.—The *Bulletin de l'Imprimerie* contains the following query, which I think (says the Paris correspondent of the *Bookseller*) likely to interest your readers. "What was the highest price ever given for any book? We leave this question to be decided by competent authorities among book-lovers. We may, however, venture to say that we know of one for which a sum of 250,000 francs (£10,000) was paid by its present owner, the German Government. That book is a missal, formerly given by Pope Leo X to King Henry VIII of England, along with a parchment conferring on that Sovereign the right of assuming the title of 'Defender of the Faith,' borne ever since by English Kings. Charles II made a present of the missal to the ancestor of the famous Duke of Hamilton, whose extensive and valuable library was sold some years ago by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, of London.

The book which secured the highest offer was a Hebrew Bible, in the possession of the Vatican. In 1512 the Jews of Venice proposed to Pope Julius II to buy the Bible, and to pay for it its weight in gold. It was so heavy that it required two men to carry it. Indeed, it weighed 325 pounds, thus representing the value of half a million of francs (£20,000). Though being much pressed for money, in order to keep up the 'Holy League' against King Louis XII of France, Julius II declined to part with the volume.

TYPHOON SEAMANSHIP.—The escape of H.M.S. *Calliope* from Samoa during the typhoon which proved so destructive to the German and American fleets on the coast, has naturally been the subject of a question in Parliament. This question was designed to bring out the information whether the escape of the ship is due to her superior qualities of construction or to superior seamanship. We have no doubt that the answer should be given to the last branch of the inquiry, though, of course, without prejudice to the former. The officer in command probably had had previous experience of South Sea hurricanes, which taught him to "cut and run" in the face of that which he saw clearly was setting into Samoa. To rely upon anchors in such circumstances is sheer fatuity; safety exists only in the open sea, and therefore it is conceivable that the Admiralty owe the safety of the *Calliope* to the presence of mind, forethought, and promptitude of her captain. The writer remembers once being "caught" while lying at Aspinwall. A tornado came up almost without notice, but fortunately steam was up at the time, and we put to sea, obtaining shelter some leagues down the coast. Her Majesty's ship *Rosario* lost her topgallant masts, although she also got out in the nick of time. Meanwhile the storm wrecked everything that remained behind, besides breaking from their moorings and destroying the wooden quays. In such places as the gulf of Aden there is no salvation from a cyclone which sets in shore, but to cut and run. We suspect H.M.S. *Calliope* has taught both Germany and the United States a lesson in typhoon seamanship.—*Broad Arrow*.

THE TRUE REASON—WASH DAY MADE EASY.—There is reason in everything, but not every reason given is true. About washing clothes, for instance, common sense and the chemistry of everyday life teach us that certain things

must be done, while others may be left undone. Clothes must be made clean, sweet, pure and wholesome without either injuring the fabric or the hands of the laundress. If these objects can be attained, it does not matter as to what methods are used, and the soap or soap powder, no matter what it is called, that will admit of the most varied methods of use is the handiest. Some things, however, are important to observe. The dirt and all soap must be entirely removed from interstices of the clothes and all microbes must be destroyed. The only and easiest way to do this is by heating the water in which the clothes are contained to the boiling point. The boiling water, by constant self-agitation, is forced through the interstices of the fabrics, and thus cleanses them from dirt, and disease-breeding microbes, as they can be cleansed in no other way—and without in any manner injuring the fabric. As there is no royal road to learning, neither is there any easier, surer or safer way of washing clothes clean and freeing them from all disease-breeding microbes or bacteria than by using PYLE'S PEARLINE, and to strictly follow the directions accompanying each package. Above all things, avoid any soap or soap powder that does not work to best advantage in hot water.—*American Analyst, N. Y.*

THE ART of lithographing was perfected through suggestions made by accident. A poor musician was curious to know whether music could not be etched upon copper. After he had prepared his slab his mother asked him to make a memorandum of such clothes as she proposed to send away to be washed. Not having pen, ink, and paper convenient, he wrote the list on the stone with his etching preparation, intending to make a copy of it at leisure. A few days later, when about to clean the stone, he wondered what effect aquafortis would have upon it. He applied the acid and in a few minutes saw the writing stand out in relief. The next step necessary was simply to ink the stone and take off an impression.—*Pittsburg Dispatch*.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

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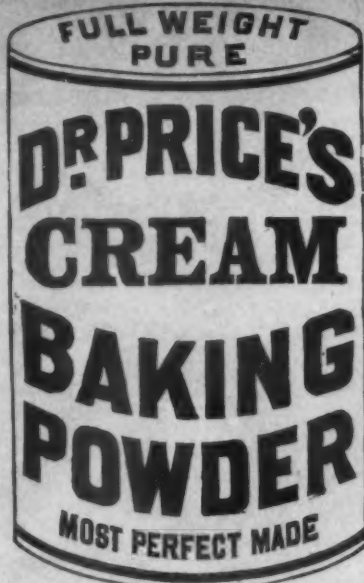
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